Collier's

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May 24, 1952 • *Fifteen Cents*

Must You Retire at 65?

Herbert Hoover Recalls

THE 1932 CAMPAIGN AGAINST F.D.R.

"America's Tibet"
The Arizona Strip

Washington's Most Glamorous Women
See Page 62

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32
PA X17JA53

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new Sheaffer's TM*

pencil-slim

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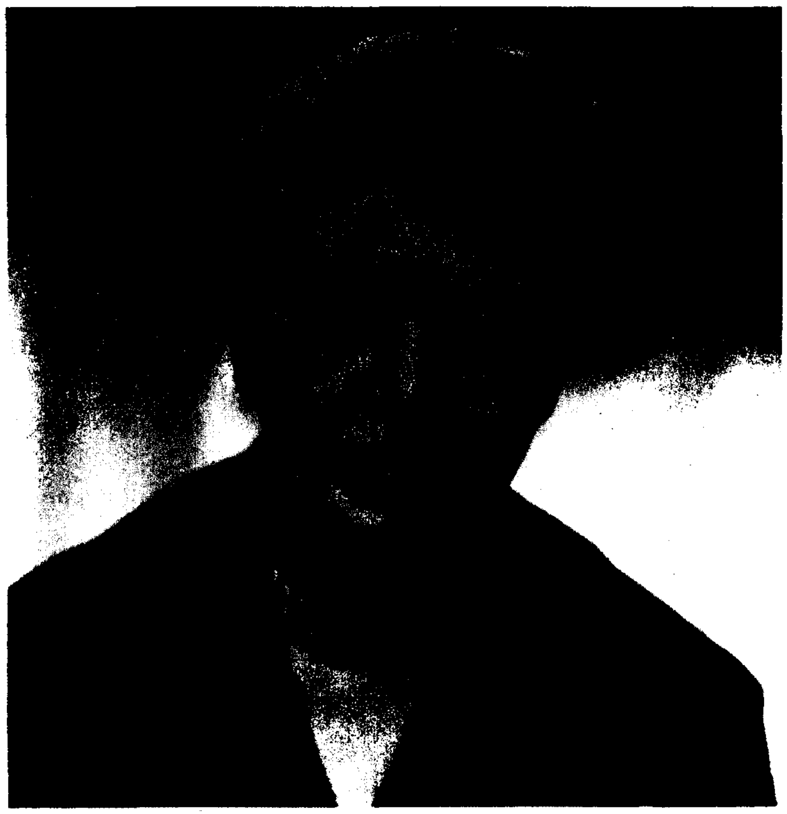

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

World-famous wife and mother; Senior United States Representative of the United Nations General Assembly; author, radio and television commentator; internationally respected and admired for her interest in, and understanding of, all peoples.

HONORABLE CHARLES EDISON

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MR. RUPERT HUGHES

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at any price. They wear
the seventy-five dollar
Zenith hearing aid.

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Jewelers…

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May 24, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Which city has the most beautiful and charming women in the country? Almost any town in the Union could claim top honors, but Diplomat magazine, a journal devoted to Washington, D.C., society says the prize city is the nation's capital. To prove it, Diplomat has drawn up a list of 11 of Washington's loveliest ladies. Collier's brings you three of them on the cover (l. to r.: Mrs. Albert Cox, Jr., Mrs. Meade Patrick, Mme. Tyabji) and all 11 of them on page 62 in one striking photograph.

Week's Mail

Wonder Weapons

Editor: The article on Our Wonder Weapons (April 5th) overlooked Project Cyclone, the nation's largest and oldest guided missiles simulation center, which each week "launches" and "tests" more missiles than all the other test ranges in the country.

Project Cyclone, located in the heart of New York City, is operated by the Reeves Instrument Corporation, and has a nerve center of "electronic brains."

These brains, or REACs (Reeves Electronic Analog Computers) as they are called by the Navy, can imitate, by electronic computation, the exact character and behavior of a missile without having an actual weapon constructed.

In other words, before any weapon is built, the REAC tells the scientists if the missile will fly, how fast it will travel and if it will react properly to its controls and "hit the target." If the machine says a missile will "flutter" at 2,000 feet, engineers have learned to accept the verdict, for the weapons always follow the REAC's predictions. REAC simulates every real condition of flight including launching, wind velocity, wing icing, atmospheric noises, snow, rain and antiaircraft fire.

The REAC is not limited to wartime progress but is daily solving problems of construction, aero- and hydrodynamics, chemical concentrations and even those including development of new automobile springs. Hank Harris, New York, N.Y.

Information on Project Cyclone was declassified by the Navy too late for inclusion in Collier's article.

. . . I enjoyed your comprehensive and certainly informative article on guided missiles. But, in view of the times and circumstances in which we are now living, does it seem wise, for security reasons, to publish pictures and diagrams of our important weapons? What does author Bill Davidson think?

Barbara Groschen, Jacksonville, Fla.

Bill Davidson thinks it's all right. So does the Defense Department, which has reviewed the article and finds in it no violations of security. Incidentally, there were no diagrams of guided missiles with the story.

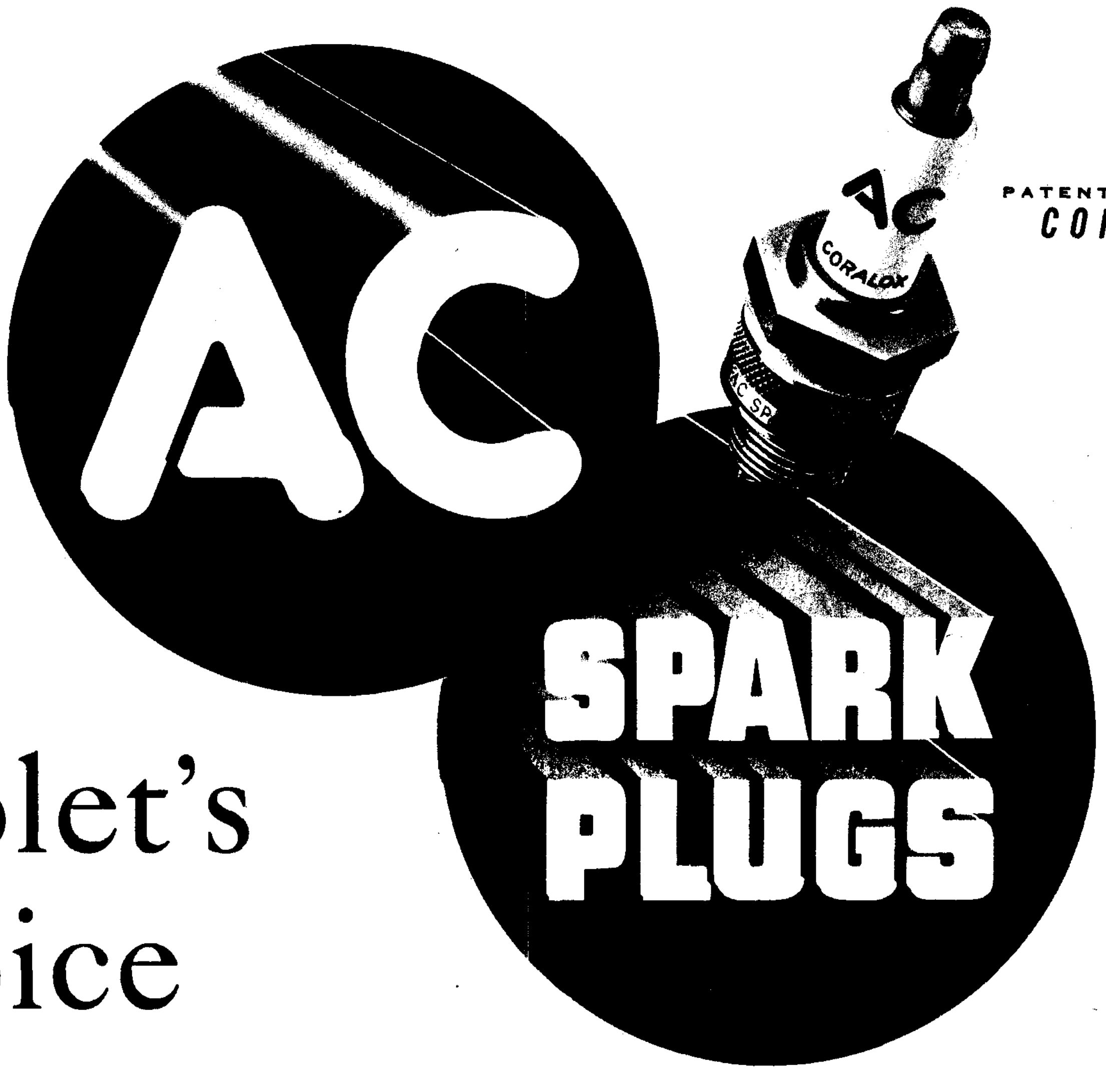
Raves for Rackley

Editor: May I congratulate you on your excellent article concerning the Jessop Steel Company and Frank Rackley (Young Man of Steel, April 5th). I have been wondering when someone was going to give this man and his crew their just due. I've heard nothing but good said for this man who has almost singlehandedly saved so many people's jobs.

I know of what I speak as I am an ex-employee with six years of service until the last layoff. Your article sure tells the truth about people's credit being cut off, and losing their homes. I've experienced both.

I've been back to put in an application.

(Continued on page 10)



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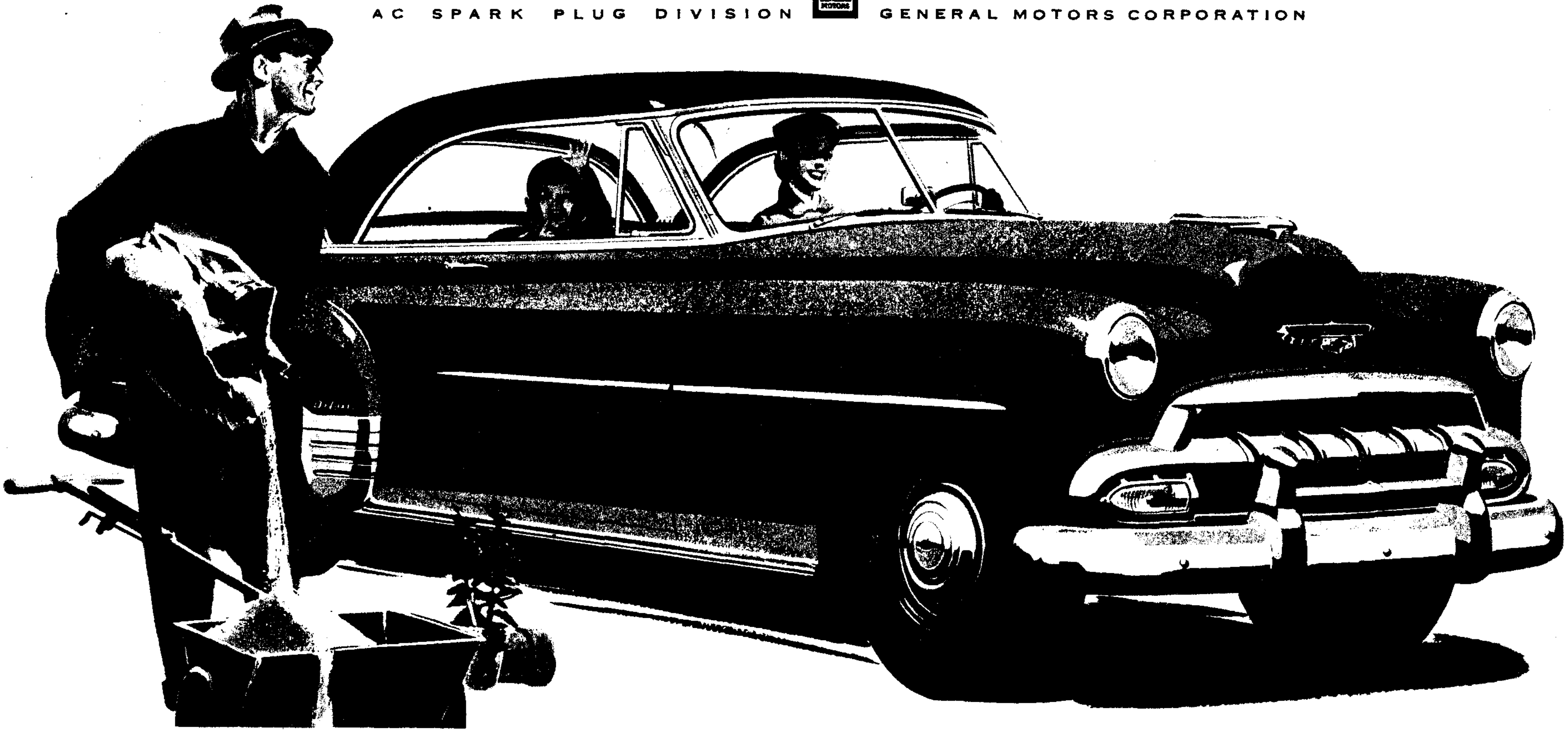

[redacted] [redacted]

[redacted] Nut [redacted]

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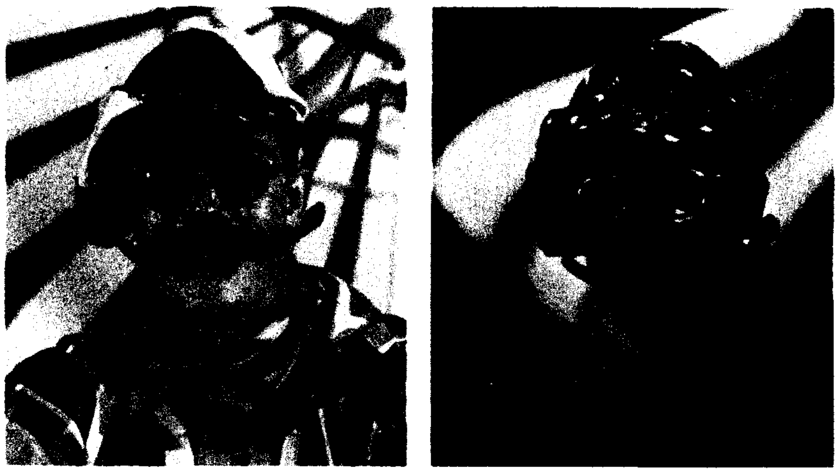
Toasted
Almond Bar
10¢

TRY THIS ONE FOR SIGHS

Maybe not love at first sight, but first bite, because underneath that wrapper . . . mmmm . . . big golden almonds smothered in double thick pure milk chocolate . . . poured extra-scoop style over a heaping helping of dreamy, creamy whipped nougat. Go ahead—try this one for sighs.

MARS® [redacted] [redacted] BAR 10¢



Face under ordinary light . . . . . . glows under ultraviolet

Light Fantastic

IMPROVING on nature has long been an old California habit. Recently, a South Pasadena firm, Ultra-Violet Products, Inc., decided that the time had come to do something about the night: to their taste, it was too black. Their dramatic answer to the problem was fluorescent paint.

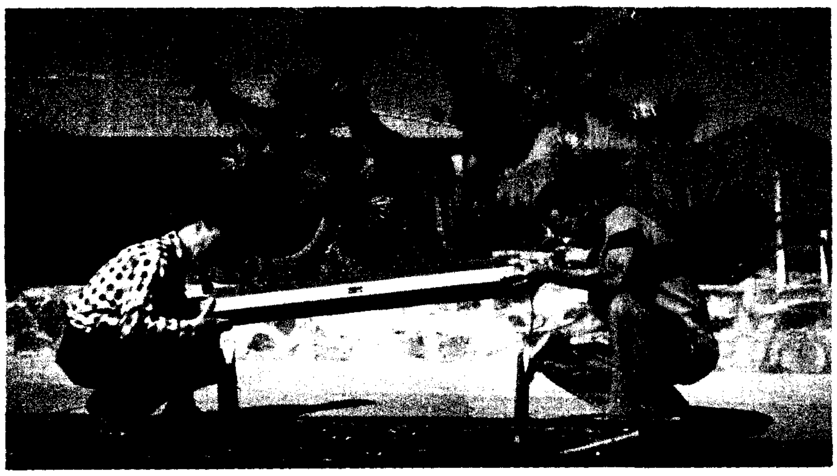
The process, called "lightscaping," is designed to transform the great outdoors after dark with exotic color. Fluorescent paint, which does not glow in the daylight or under ordinary artificial light, is sprayed on flowers, trees, lawns and walks. Then, strategically placed ultraviolet spotlights are turned on and the treated areas come alive with a soft, glowing, fluorescent brilliance.

Intrigued homeowners in California have taken to the idea, but the most ambitious "lightscaping" project yet undertaken has just been completed at the Apple Valley Inn, 110 miles from Los Angeles in the Mojave Desert.

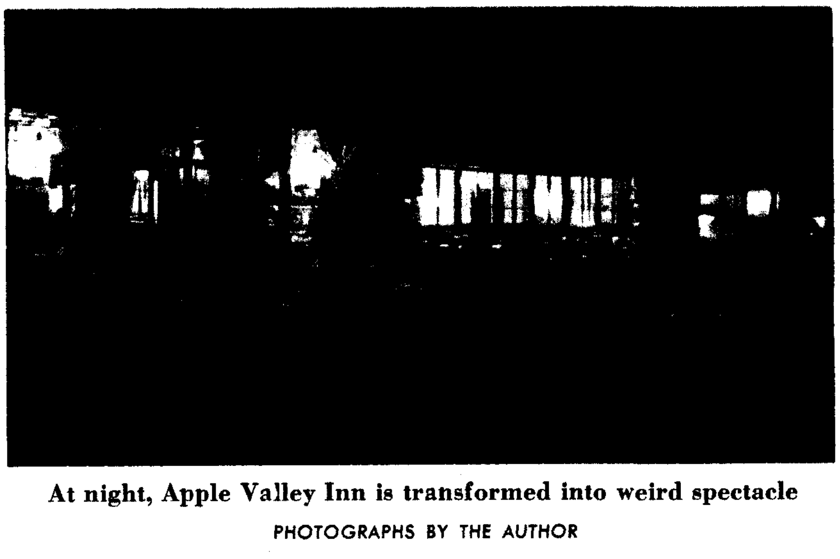
The fluorescent paint was liberally sprayed on Joshua trees, bushes and flowers, and lights were erected. The cost: $10,000.

At the *première,* Apple Valley Inn proved that if night must fall, it can also glisten. Over a thousand guests were given treated costumes, wore fluorescent make-up and enjoyed themselves with luminous balloons, masks and handkerchiefs.

Only the bartenders complained. "The garden," one said very firmly, "is no place to get a glow on." JOHN FLOREA



Ultraviolet lamp is set up in fluorescent-paint-treated area



At night, Apple Valley Inn is transformed into weird spectacle

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

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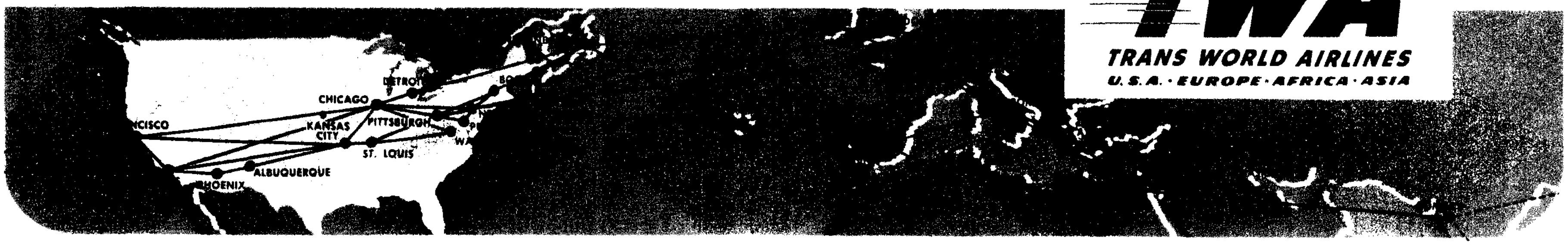

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

With June just about yonder when battalions of brides will be marching up and down thousands of church aisles, Mr. Ridgie Middleton demands that we say something about his Association for the Suppression of Bridegrooms' Pictures. Says Mr. Middleton in behalf of the ASBP, "We read of the radiant loveliness of the bride, the solemn splendor of the service, the bewitching beauty of the bridesmaids, and we glow with refined romance. And then we look at the photo of the honeymoon-bound happy pair coming down the church steps and the dream is shattered. Let me ask you frankly: Could anything be more insulting than the impression the public gets of a befuddled, feeble-minded, simpering merry-andrew at her side? No! All would be lovely if it weren't for the seemingly fatuous smirk on the bridegroom's face. I have organized the Association for the Suppression of Bridegrooms' Pictures and ask your support."

★ ★ ★

Don Allen reports in the Des Moines Register that that Iowa city has issued a 52-page report about itself that can be read and understood by any average intelligence in 30 minutes. No bafflegab, gobbledygook, bureaublah or other officialese. No unintelligible tables of statistics. No groanful graphs. Twenty-two pages of recognizable pictures. This radical departure from municipal report formula is under heavy attack by the political opposition. They say it can't possibly be accurate. Too simple.

★ ★ ★

And Mrs. George B. MacNilles overheard two argumentative fellows in Indianapolis, Indiana, discussing dogs. (She was so eager to let us know that she put two air-mail stamps on the envelope.) One fellow said his dog was treated just like a member of the family. The other fellow replied: "Yeah? And how do you get by with that with the S.P.C.A.?"

★ ★ ★

Collier's own sports expert, Tom Meany, has discovered a bridge in Virginia on which there's a sign with this warning: "It is unlawful to jump or fall willfully from this bridge. Violators will be punished to the full extent of the law of gravity."

★ ★ ★

It was on one of our frequent meanderings that we met an old-time Tammany Democrat, who, shaking his head sadly, told us the story of the late George Washington Plunkett. Mr. Plunkett was a Tammany Hall prophet and philosopher who flourished about the turn of the century. Known far and wide as "Honest Graft" Plunkett. On one occasion, Mr. Plunkett unloaded a political truism which, according to our regretful old Tiger, has not been heeded in some careless quarters. "You can do just about anything to the people, as long as you don't get them mad," said Mr. Plunkett. "You can take their dough as long as you give some of it back. You can raise their taxes, as long as you give them something they can see in return. But the minute you get them good and mad, it's time to pack your bag and take off for a nice long vacation, leaving no forwarding address."

★ ★ ★

Just as we began to worry about Dr. Arthur Robinson, of Volcano, California, we got a letter from him. A brief one. The doctor says that the guy who boasts he's a self-made man is often relieving his parents of an awful responsibility.

★ ★ ★

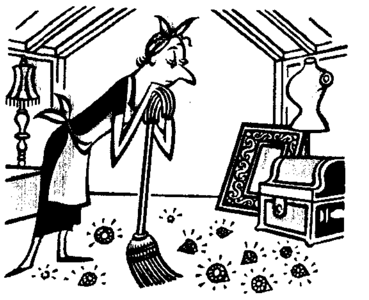
We've met an Argentine who is meandering around these 48 to get a breath of fresh air. He says, yes, it's true that Argentina's bully boss, Perón, has warned shopkeepers they've got to be more courteous to customers and not keep them waiting in line. But this, he adds, is merely a suggestion of Peronish respect for the rights of others. When the government in Argentina really wants to set a good example in correct behavior, it steals a newspaper. For some vague reason, our Argentine prefers not to have his name mentioned.

★ ★ ★

For some time now, the Honorable Thomas P. Henehan (D., Chicago), member of the Illinois legislature, has been pondering the failure of our adult citizenry to vote in larger numbers. His thinking has not been in vain. He suggests that the government "should allow an income tax credit to every person who shows proof of having cast a ballot." Thus old 48 will not decide whom to vote for this fall until we've read the party platforms and learned which side offers us the most dough for our support.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. J. P. Marliot, of Burlington, Vermont, read an economy hint in her newspaper. The hint: "Salvage that boxful of unstrung pearls and sew them one by one in a scatter arrangement to your small, head-hugging hat." But Mrs. Marliot wasn't satisfied. She wrote to the newspaper: "Thank you, but what shall I do with all these unset diamonds that are scattered all over the attic floor?"



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

A new book we've read has us shaking our head in bewilderment. The hero actually is a store, created by a country boy in whose eyes genius blazed even when he fought the mercantile world on $12 a week. He was the author of the retailer's deathless slogans, Come and Get It, The Customer Is Always Right and Give the

AROUND THE CLOCK WITH ADMIRAL

10 AM Mother dusts and Susie dances to Admiral's built-in radio.

1 PM TV home economist demonstrates latest home-making ideas.

4:30 TV kiddies' show entertains Susie and her big brother Jimmy.

6:30 Radio dinner music or news makes family mealtime pleasant.

8:00 TV time for Mother, Dad, Jimmy and teen-age sister Jean.

10 PM Radio music by Admiral, footwork by Jean and friend Bill.

5 6 7 8 9 10 12 14 16
Admiral
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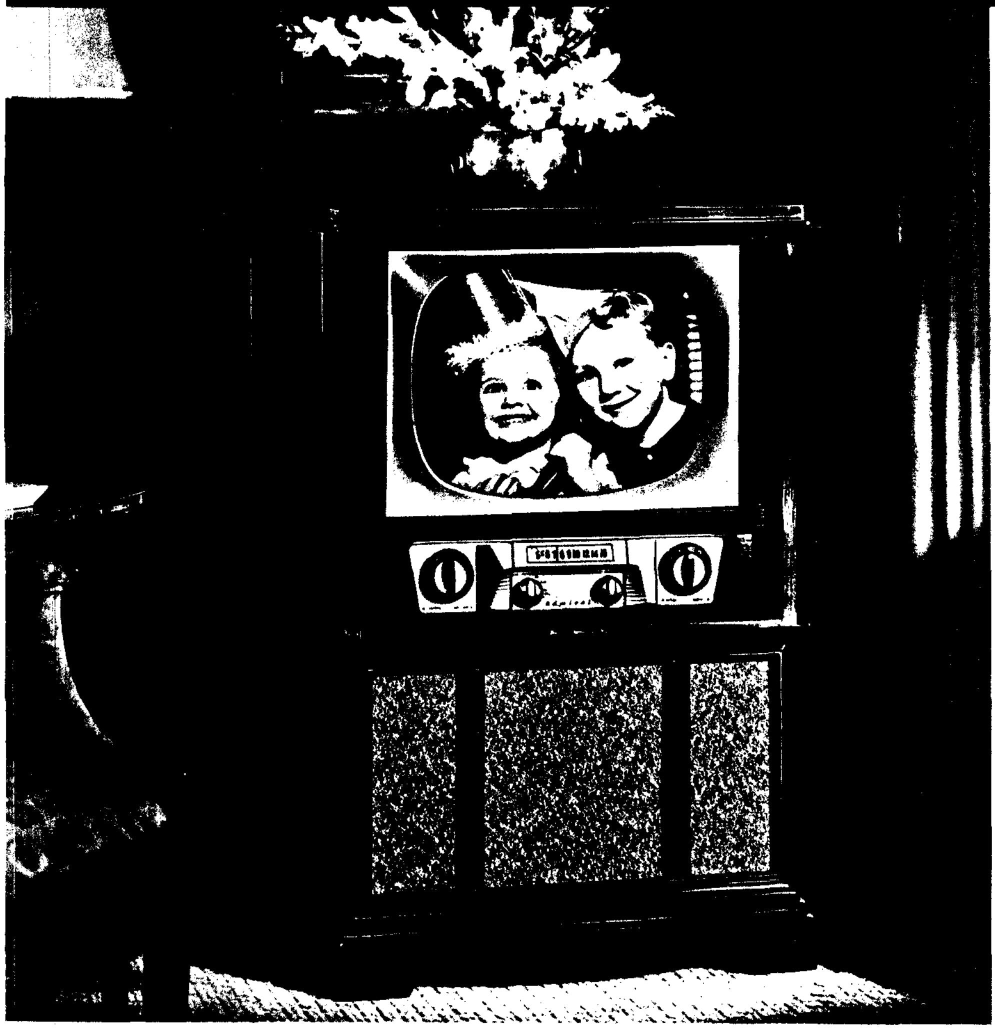
TV or Radio at the flick of a switch—and what a radio! Super-powered, super-sensitive . . . worth $100 if purchased by itself!



Model 47M26—Admiral 17" TV console with built-in radio. Walnut or mahogany. $179.95
Admiral TV prices, *including Federal excise tax and warranties,* start as low as

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Admiral

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"MAÑANA"

Procrastination—"let's put it off until tomorrow"—is a dangerous habit, particularly when your insurance is involved.

Tomorrow may be too late!—So if you have not checked your insurance lately, to make sure it covers today's inflated values, don't wait another moment!

Call an America Fore insurance man today. He can tell you what coverage you need for proper protection against loss.

For the name of a nearby America Fore insurance man or claims office, call Western Union by number, ask for Operator 25.

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AMERICAN EAGLE FIDELITY and CASUALTY
INSURANCE COMPANIES OF NEW YORK

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR POLICIES

America Fore
★ INSURANCE GROUP ★

Lady What She Wants. The latter slogan is the title of the book. The authors: Lloyd Wendt and Herman Kogan. Rand McNally & Company are the publishers. Cost: $4.50. It's the story of the Marshall Field store in Chicago. Wish we had room to tell you more.

★ ★ ★

And the Bessemer, Alabama, Kiwanis Tomahawk, says: "The church is a hospital for sinners; not a club for saints."

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Jo LaDow, of Boston, Massachusetts, advises us she's feeling physically better than she has in years. "Why, I used to find that $10 worth of food shopping on a Saturday was almost too much for me to carry home, or even out to the car at the curb. Today I can put it in my handbag and run home like a girl of sixteen."

★ ★ ★

Tourist season well under way. Old 48's readers and correspondents full of fresh air. Travel may widen the kids, but it puzzles them too. Gentleman from Dubuque, Iowa, just called up. Didn't catch the name. Anyway, he said that he was in New York with his family seeing the sights. Grant's Tomb amongst them. When his ten-year-old son saw the tomb, he read aloud the bold inscription: Let Us Have Peace. "Dad," said the lad, "what does that mean?"

★ ★ ★

Wes Izzard, of the Amarillo, Texas, News, has located a traveling salesman who has just covered his beat with as little success as possible. So he wired his home office: "If Joe Stalin wants any more territory, he can have mine."

★ ★ ★

We don't remember having asked Mr. Abel Z. Corning where he'd been. Nevertheless, Mr. Corning informs us from Bangor, Maine, that he's not been anywhere. "Never was one for traveling," says Mr. Corning. "Can't remember that I ever been more than 40 miles from home, and that not more than once. Traveling is unsettling. It gives folks ideas. Makes them change their minds. Me, I like mine the way it is."

★ ★ ★

Two nice girls got to talking about a third. We're putting this down exactly the way Mr. Al Clapp, of Trenton, New Jersey, told us. One of these nice girls said that the third girl (absent unfortunately) owned some very chic clothes. And the second nice girl replied: "It would chic them up a lot more if they had sense enough to dig up a decent frame to be chic on."

★ ★ ★

A California weatherman tells the world that melting snow is not responsible for floods. This should be a comforting thought as you rest on your oars while rowing up and down Main Street.

★ ★ ★

Got to quit now. Not feeling too well. Just read a bubbling piece by Cholly Angelino in the Los Angeles Examiner about "champagne sauerkraut."

★ ★ ★

Cabbage with a sparkle? Ulp!

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

So far no luck. Maybe someday I can go to work for the man who in my case arrived too late.

ALBERT W. DENNICK, Houston, Pa.

. . . I have read your article about Frank Rackley, president of Jessop Steel Company and I want you to know I think it was splendid.

In these troubled times when people here in Pittsburgh live almost constantly under the threat of strikes that can shut the city down in a matter of weeks, it is a relief and joy to hear of a man with such boundless energy and faith that both labor and management catch the spirit, and work with him with love in their hearts.

If this young man can do such wonderful things for his own company, why doesn't somebody nominate him to mediate all disputes in the steel industry from now on?

MARGARET M. ENGLE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

For Serious Consideration

EDITOR: Shorten the Shouting (April 5th) is one of *the* editorials of this election year. You are not alone in your disgust and discouragement. Nor have you ever written a truer sentence than: "Today more than ever, the election of a President of the United States is a solemn and momentous occasion."

C. D. AAKER, Minot, N.D.

. . . Shorten the Shouting annoys me as a nonpolitician. Things would be really bad if any politicians had the effrontery to limit stumping. Even politicians are entitled to free speech.

The notion that the electorate suffers from any prolonged state of emotional turmoil is a fallacy that gets into print because the reporters and editors get all worked up because they have a lot too much specialized interest to handle in too short a time. Joe Voter looks on and reads and listens with interest, but he isn't nearly as excited as pundits may think. The average voter casts his ballot for what he intended to vote for before the campaign ever started.

As for slowing the government down to a crawl—hurrah for it! Speed is too expensive.

W. R. MATTHEWS, Toledo, Ohio

. . . The editors of Collier's are to be commended for their exceptionally fine editorial Shorten the Shouting.

Let us hope that those in the position will do something about shortening the political season in the future; but in the meantime, let us pray that God will enlighten us all when we cast our vote this Election Day, in spite of the shouting.

MRS. L. A. DURAZO, Douglas, Ariz.

. . . Your editorial is a most sensible suggestion and should not be confined to the last page of the April 5th issue.

It should be printed in capital letters and published on the front page of every newspaper in the country.

EVELYN PERLSON, Jersey City, N.J.

Bred by Our Indifference

EDITOR: If Barbarians in Our Midst (April 5th) fails to stir citizens to a more effective behavior for preservation of democratic government, it may be we must confess that people actually are incapable of self-government, and prefer a dictator or a Magical George to operate for them. Rarely has any magazine published a more factual recital of conditions encountered everywhere.

Unfortunately the harsh truth seems to verify ". . . that we may commit suicide by complaisance with evil. Or by public tolerance of scandalous behavior. Or by cynical acceptance of dishonor."

Too few are ever conscious of being units of government in a democratic society; and too many adversely gripe and complain of governmental misbehavior who have never voted and are unconscious of any personal relationship to or of duty of citizenship in a government. The indifference of millions is tragic.

F. G. SWANSON, Tyler, Texas

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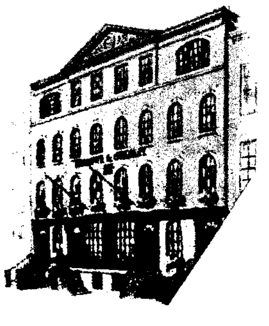
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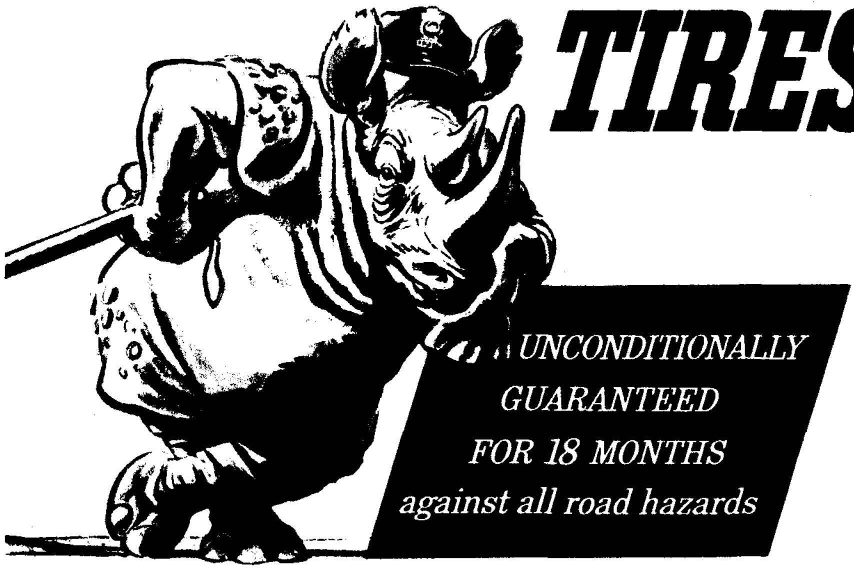
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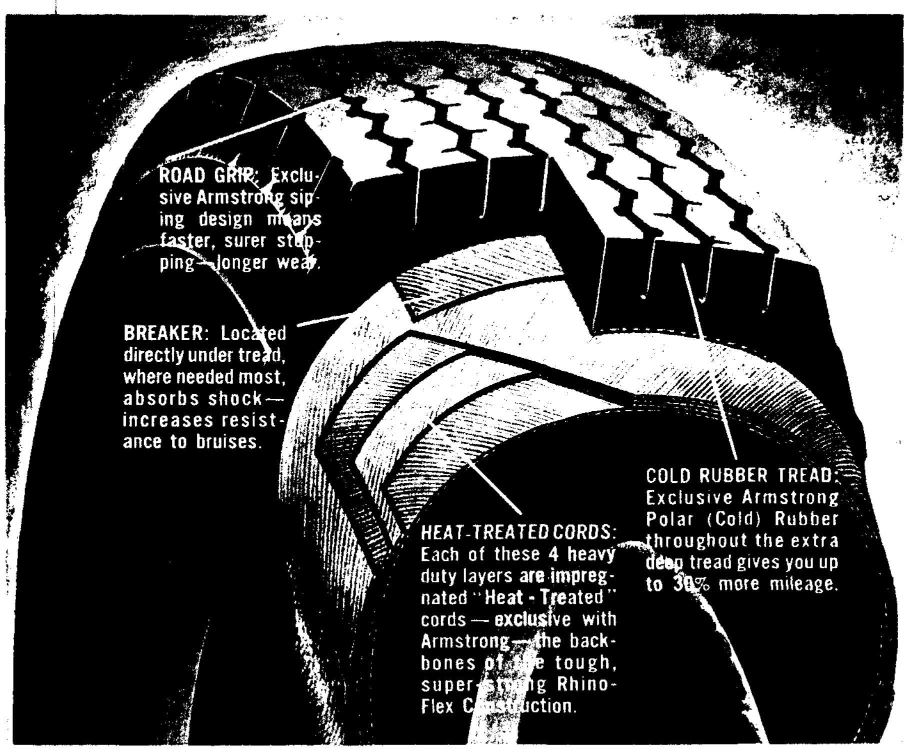
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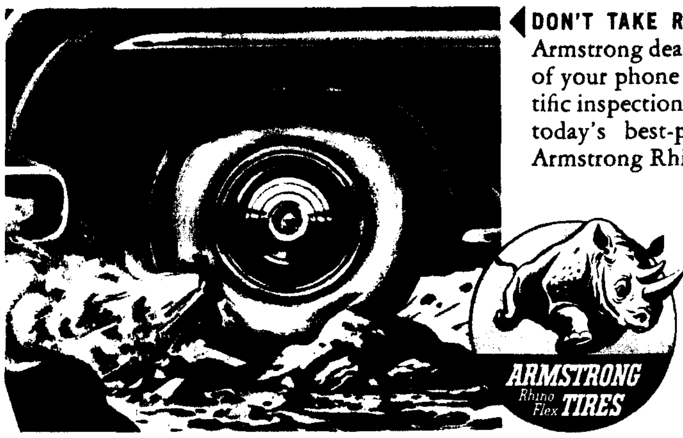
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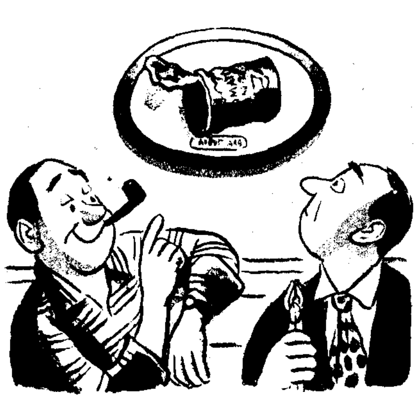
I Catch the Darnedest Things

By ELLIS M. STAFFORD



"Caught that rascal back in '49"

FRIEND of mine dropped by the house the other night to borrow our staple remover and seemed somewhat taken aback when he walked into the living room and saw my stuffed tomato can. I have it framed and hanging on the north wall where it catches plenty of natural sunlight.

"Uh—" he started, when he saw the can, a No. 2 with the label still partly attached.

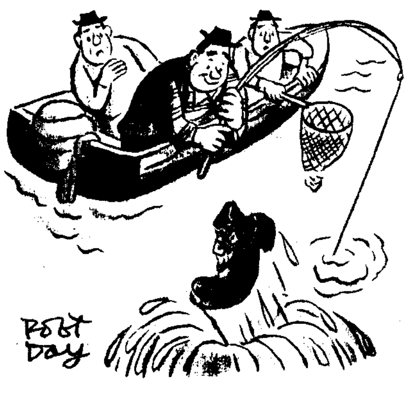
"Nice, huh?" I offered. "Caught that rascal in the Blue Hole over on War Eagle in the summer of '49. Not bad, considering the fact I was using a six-pound test line and a 1/0 hook in swift water."

He looked at the can and then at me and started edging toward the door. That's the normal reaction when I try to show my trophies, of which I am extremely proud.

Besides that, they didn't cost me a dollar an inch to be mounted.

The can was one of my first prize catches. Others have come from White River, Lake Norfork, the Gulf of Mexico and from assorted stock ponds in northwest Arkansas. You should see my 14-inch, five-pound, smallmouthed, two-buckle overshoe. Now there's a story.

We had put in at the Old Cow Ford and floated downstream about seven miles. It was a bright, sunlit day, hardly any wind, and the barometer was rising. Our luck was just fair: a few willow limbs, two or three sardine cans and one scrappy barbed-wire fence.



The overshoe gave one final leap

I hooked a bicycle tire at the mouth of a slough, but lost it when I failed to keep a tight line and it got under some brush.

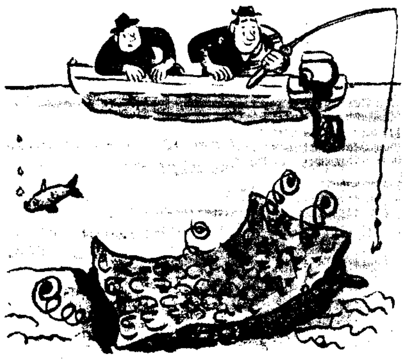
We eased over a shoal and the boat glided into smooth water bordered with heavy, granite rocks which marked the location of deep pools.

Trembling with excitement and anticipation, I removed the weedless wiggler from the snap swivel and chose a spoonbill bait which would pull toward the bottom.

With shaking hands I cast into a slight swirl behind one of the rocks, let the bait sink for a couple of seconds and started the retrieve. It came to the boat untouched.

I tried a little rock cove, again with the same results.

A third time I cast against the shore, reeled in a few feet and we tangled.



I lost a plug on Old Wire Belly

I leaned hard against the whippy glass rod and set the hook. The overshoe sounded, darted among the boulders at the bottom and headed for swift current at midstream. Encouraged by shouts of good hope from my companions, I answered every challenging turn and dive with studied strategy evolved from many other similar thrilling experiences.

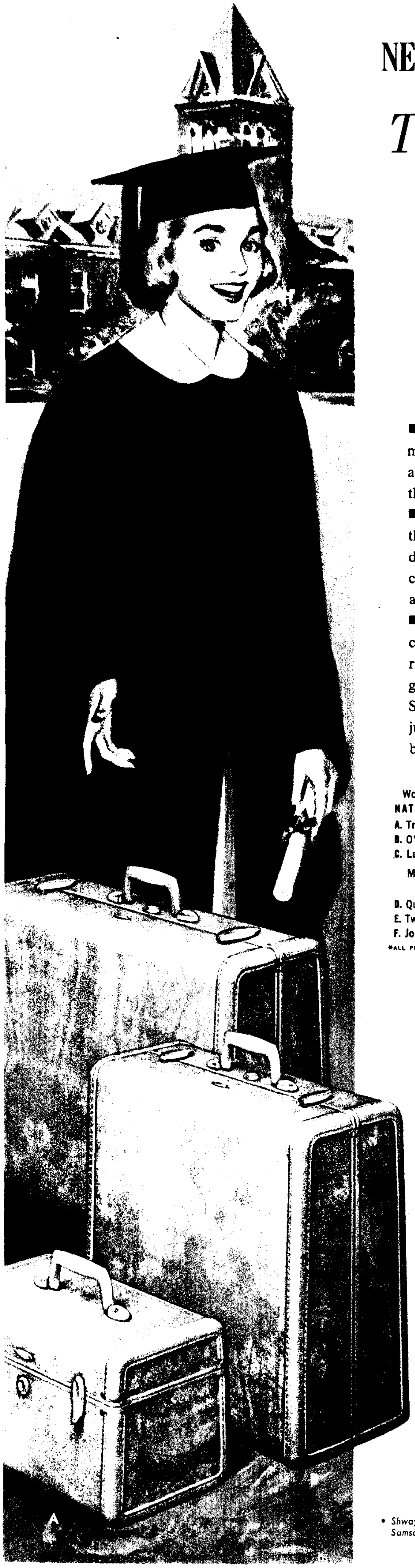
At last my quarry tired of the struggle. Arms aching, I brought it near the boat with steady cranks of the reel handle. Near our craft, it gave one final defiant leap, heeled over on its side and was brought to gaff.

I dropped it gently into the live box. And watching it there, sloshing around in captivity, tongue lolling loosely, I knew down deep in my heart I could never bring myself around to eating it.

Of course, there's always the big one that got away.

I'm saving a special place in the den for Old Wire Belly, the most aggressive set of bedsprings you ever lost a plug and 30 feet of nylon line on. ▲▲▲

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT DAY



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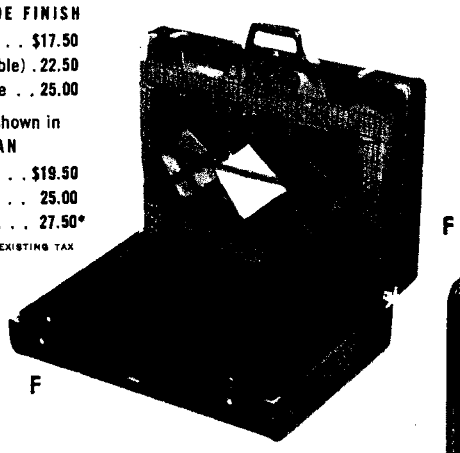
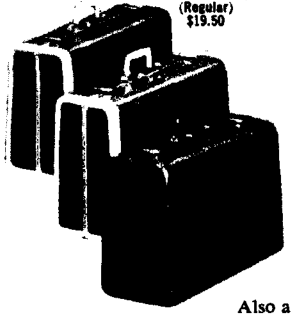
C. Ladies' Wardrobe	25.00

Men's luggage shown in **SADDLE TAN**

D. Quick-Tripper	$19.50
E. Two-Suiter	25.00
F. Journeyer	27.50*

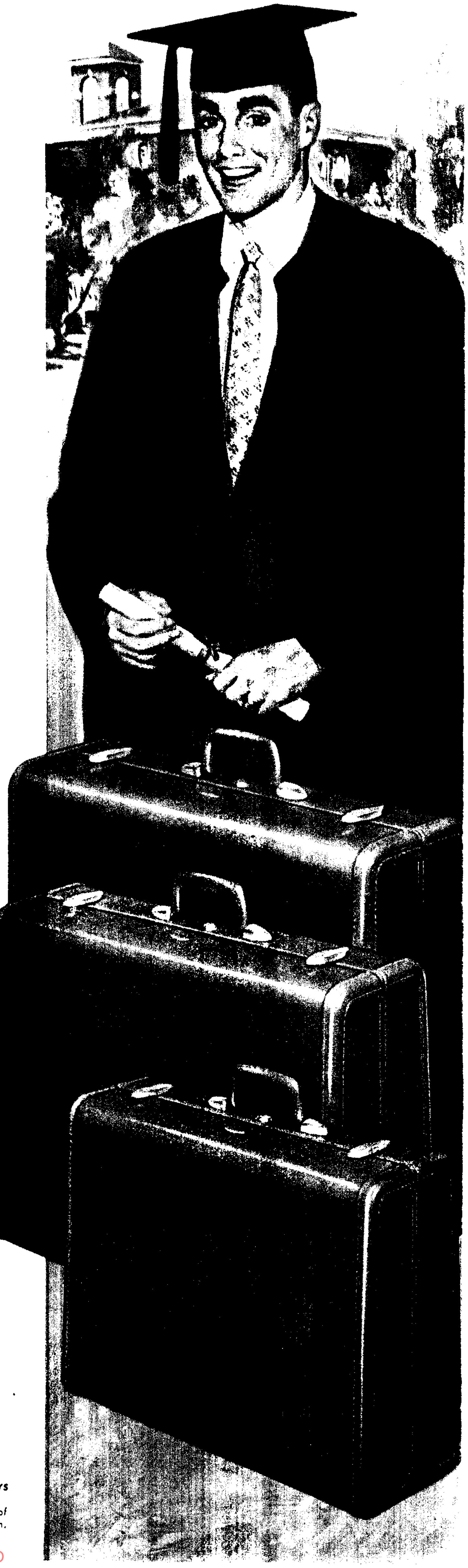
*ALL PRICES SUBJECT TO EXISTING TAX





Ladies' O'Nite (Regular) $19.50

Also available in these rich finishes: Admiral Blue, Bermuda Green, Colorado Brown.



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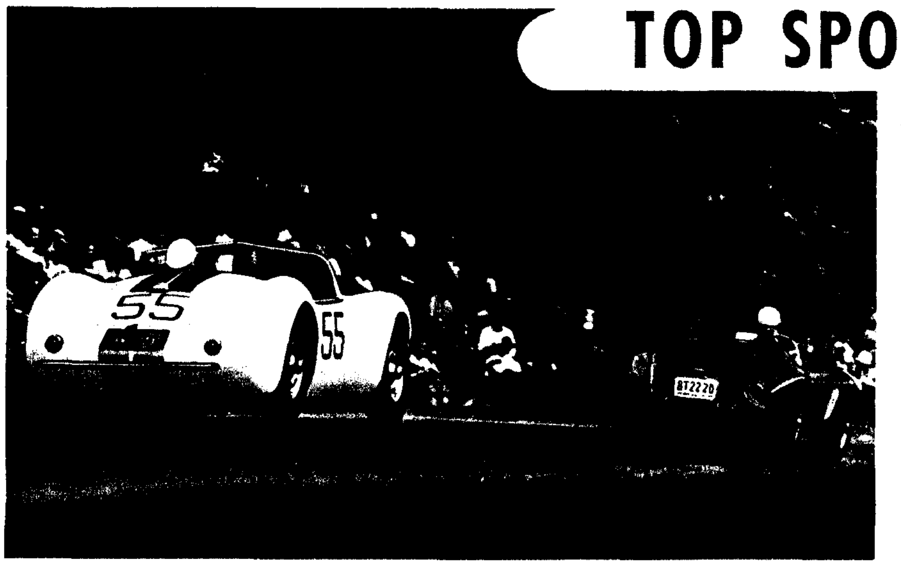
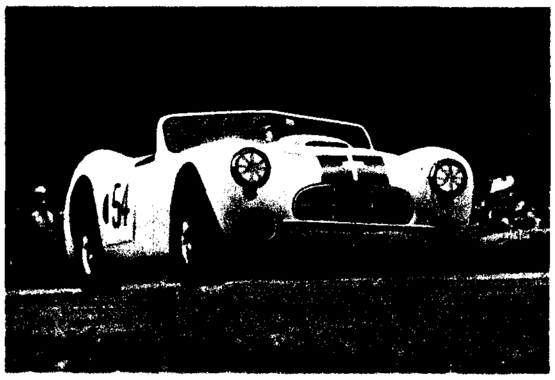
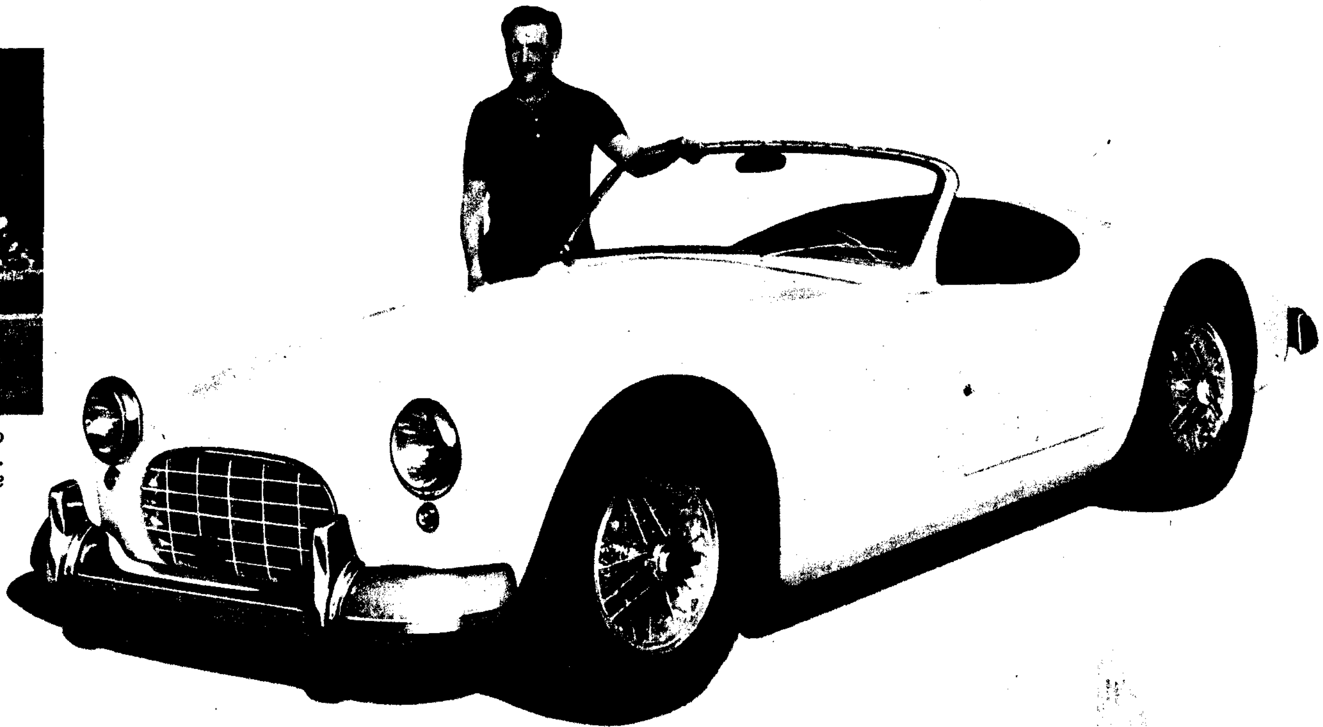


Phil Walters driving one of the 300 HP, 150 MPH Cunningham cars in the Watkins Glen, N. Y. Grand Prix. Walters went on to win, setting "all time high" speed and lap records for this International event.

Briggs Cunningham, in one of his cars, coming out of Bridge Corner in the Watkins Glen race. Cunningham cars, driven by Walters, Fitch and Cunningham, placed first, second and fourth, in this Sports Car Grand Prix.



John Fitch, driving a Cunningham, breaks into a straightaway in the final lap at Watkins Glen. Fitch won the Elkhart Lake, Wis., 200-mile event the previous month.



BRIGGS S. CUNNINGHAM (shown here with a Cunningham open tourer) has made a great contribution to the re-birth of American road racing for sports cars—competition cars suitable for everyday driving. In his Florida plant, Mr. Cunningham is manufacturing American sports cars to compete successfully with the best that Europe has to offer.

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We've found that Champion Spark Plugs more than live up to their great reputation for long life and dependability under these conditions. We use Champions exclusively in the Cunningham cars."

—BRIGGS S. CUNNINGHAM

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CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Collier's, May 24, 1952

Must You RETIRE at 65?

No, says a famed public health authority. Arbitrary shelving of capable workers hurts them and hurts the nation—to the tune of as much as $4,500,000,000 a year

By Dr. THOMAS PARRAN

70
60
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NOBODY seems to know exactly how it started, but a man's sixty-fifth birthday has taken on the same hard-and-fast significance as his twenty-first. The constitutions of most states fix twenty-one as the age when one becomes adult, fit for the responsibilities of citizenship. Custom is increasingly freezing sixty-five as the age when it is time to quit—and, if you don't want to, well, we're sorry, but it's company policy. Got to give the younger fellows a chance, you know.

That belligerent old Junker, Otto Eduard Leopold von Bismarck, Chancellor of Prussia and Imperial Germany from 1862 to 1890, may be the one who began it. His Social Security laws, designed to steal the thunder of the Socialists he hated, provided pensions for German workers at sixty-five. Bismarck himself lived to be furious when a new Kaiser, William II, dismissed him when the chancellor was only seventy-five and still the undisputed arbiter of Europe. Our own Social Security system uses sixty-five as its starting time for old-age pensions, and the private pension systems throughout industry also have seemed to settle on that age.

ROBERT L. PURDY

One of the world's top experts in his field, Dr. Thomas Parran was the U.S. Surgeon General from 1936 to 1948 before taking his present post as dean of the University of Pittsburgh's new Graduate School of Public Health

Actually, the whole thing is rule of thumb. It is being questioned by scientific thinking, and that thinking is amazed at how little we really know about the whole problem of whether there should be a fixed age for retirement at all, and if so, what should that age be.

Scientifically speaking, it is obvious that the age of sixty-five as a working limit was pulled out of a hat. It should be challenged, we now think, by much detailed and careful investigation before it is allowed to become unalterably sanctified by usage. As matters now stand, there are about 3,000,000 people in America's 1952 working force who are over sixty-five and still fully employed. It may be that as many as 1,500,000 other persons have been prematurely retired, and that our economy is losing an earning capacity of $4,500,000,000 a year as a result. The problem concerns us all, both in our individual search for happiness throughout our life's span, and in our national desire for the most productive and stable economy which we can develop.

We are living longer than ever before. We have more older people in the population than ever before. We tend more than ever to translate problems which once were purely personal into problems for which the community feels some degree of responsibility.

The Chinese, they say, venerated old age for much the same reasons that a woman venerates a mink coat: the aged were scarce in a society where the average life expectancy at birth was not more than twenty-one. In America, we have held a different point of view. We placed our accent on youth. We are proud to be a "young" country and we talk of "old and tired" lands when we are disgusted with what seems a want of energy in Europe. We like novelty, boldness, experiment, physical strength and beauty, all the things that are associated with youth.

Yet some of these very qualities, put to work in our society, continue to develop the high standards of public health and the high general standards of living which each year are increasing the age to which Americans may hope to live. So much so that one outstanding industrialist, to support his belief that we must find a productive place for the older worker, has suggested, tongue in cheek, a calculation of the cost of pensioning Methuselah, whose Biblical span reached 969 years (figuring Methuselah's pension at $100 a month and his retirement age at 810—to conform to the modern insistence on retiring a man when he normally has better than 10 per cent of his life yet to live—the cost of this mythical plan comes to about $154,000).

The issue is not so extreme as all that, but we had better do much more research into the problem of aging and the aged.

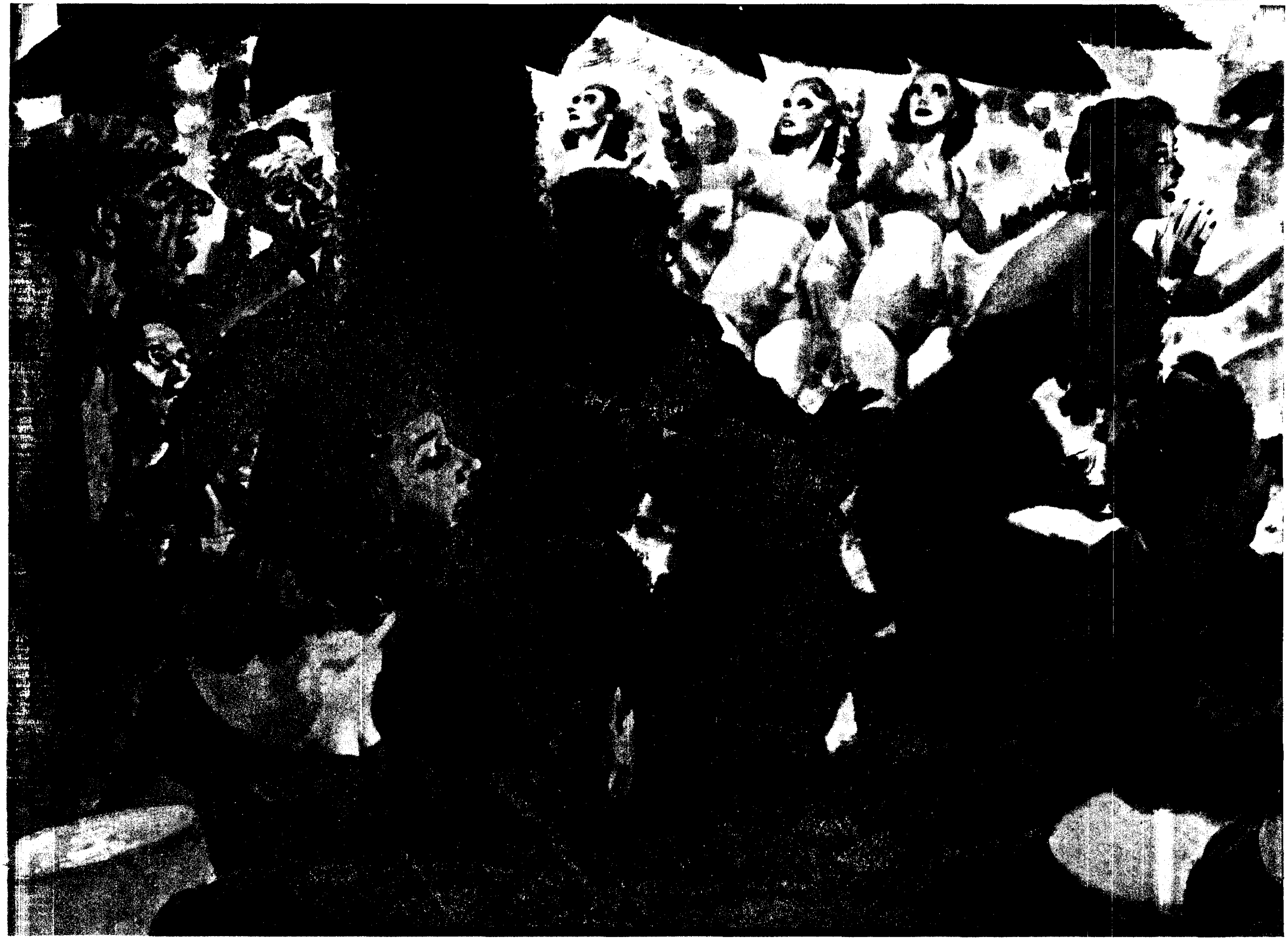
We may tell ourselves that we are only as old as we feel, but does our employer agree with us? Or does he have any real way of making a true judgment? As things are now, he does not. We have no method of comparing age by the calendar with age by the individual and the individual's capacity to perform useful work. Chronological age is a simple matter of birth certificates and birthdays. It is age by the clock.

Physiological age is far more complex. It involves mind, hand and heart; arteries and the thickness of their walls; the pituitary gland, back muscles and eyesight. It is not an even process, and all our organs do not age in a proper marching order. The same person may have a young heart, an old stomach, and a middle-aged colon. If the aging process is uneven and variable within a single person's body, obviously its range of variation in the whole population may well be enormous.

And that is, of course, the case. We all know that a Winston Churchill may be going strong at seventy-seven while Joe Doakes at the plant seemed to go all to pieces at fifty-nine. Folk wisdom has always recognized that some men and women keep their vigor into decades of life that mean death or invalidism for those less fortunately endowed, and every American country village has its patriarch who attributed his long span of activity to either corn whisky or teaching Sunday school, according to temperament.

Science, we find, has a neglected task here, not in the determination of the relative merits of whisky or godliness as a producer of longevity, but in the measurement of aging. We have not matched age by the clock with age by the body, and established what the statisticians call "norms" that will show the effects of job stresses upon the health of workers at a given age. There is a measure of difference in the reaction of each of us at every level of age to physical or mental

(Continued on page 73)



Señor Alfredo shot his cuffs and leaned forwa

A Beau for Miss Broadway

By FRED DICKENSON

Peggy and Brad were my favorite pair of young lovers—until Peggy began to believe in her own gossip column

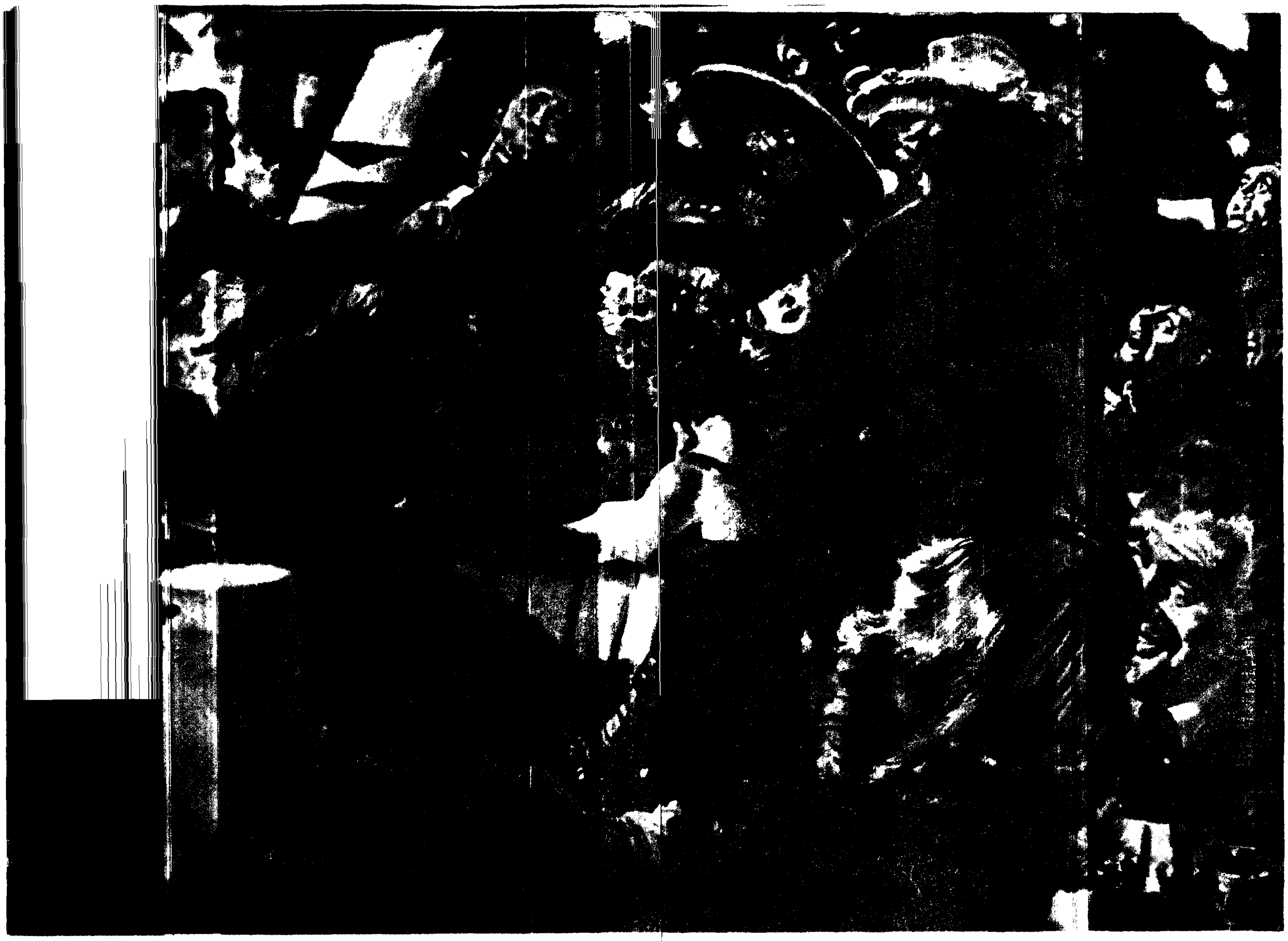
ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT DORNE

WHEN Peggy Nelson first walked into the city room, only the sharper members of the staff stopped working—or pretending to work—to watch her. That freshness, called "dewy" on the woman's page, is not a commodity generally appreciated by the journalistic misfits of The New York Record, who lean more to spike heels and plenty of mascara, and Peggy's beauty was a type that could easily escape them.

It didn't escape me, though, because even through the smoke I saw that she was headed right for the desk, fifteen minutes before home-edition time, stepping daintily over the cigarette butts and wads of copy paper on the floor. I reminded myself again to fire the four-alarm idiot on the gate, who was supposed to prevent this sort of thing. Then she was standing beside me, and a soft, sweet voice was saying, "Mr. Brooks told me to give this letter to whoever was in charge."

My three-star scowl, which sets school of journalism graduates back several semesters, was all ready, and I had even started a snort, so I had to make a quick switch. Her tone was gentle, it was even ladylike, and those wide, trusting blue eyes and that little-girl-yellow hair were arresting. Besides, she had mentioned Mr. Brooks, who is a very tough publisher, and any friend of his had better be a friend of yours if you expect to hang around The Record long enough to establish credit at the Press Bar & Grill.

That this sweet child should know Mr. Brooks took me so much by surprise that I almost stood up. I did smile, which I realized, when I saw her start, was a mistake because a lot of people agree that my smile is more frightful than my scowl.



vith a hook that lifted Brad Martin, boy windmill, three inches off the floor. He cleared the space to the next table smartly

"Well," I said, taking the envelope, "a letter from Mr. Brooks? Now, let's see."

It was in his usual effusive style. It read: *This is Peggy Nelson. Put her to work.*

There it was—orders from headquarters. No explanation, no tips, no nothing. "Put her to work." Doing what? There were a lot of things our staff needed, but a young and pretty girl certainly was not one of them. Distracting to other employees is the technical term. What did this Sunday-school Nellie Bly have on Brooks? Then it came out.

"Daddy and Mr. Brooks used to work together out in Topeka a long time ago."

Oh, I thought, one of those things. That's a prime danger of making friends in the newspaper business. Your friends get married and have kids who grow up, and you have to give the kids jobs. At least, you have to give them desks and typewriters for a while, until you can call them over someday and explain about the circulation and the streffis and strallis necessitating curtailment of the staff but I'll be glad to give you a recommendation to whom it may concern.

Meanwhile, I was going to have a lovely little bit of blonde sweetness and light on my hands. I stared at Sol, the desk boy, in the hope that his blue jowls and mean, gorilla eyes would steady me, but when I looked back she was still there, her lips parted, her gaze fixed on me as though I were Pulitzer in person.

"Glad to have you with us," I lied, getting up. "I'll find you a desk."

Brad Martin was only halfway through a City Hall story I had to have in five minutes, so I didn't want to bother him. He was hunched up, his collar open, banging away—I hoped on the right keys—and I passed him up. But Hammer was reading the Racing Form again, so I kicked his chair. "Go count the squirrels in Central Park."

"I did that last week."

"Do it over. It's the mating season, and we don't want this thing to get away from us."

He went slouching out, and I waved Peggy Nelson to his desk and went back to work with her "Thank you so much" trilling in my ears.

I CLEARED a story on conditions in the subway, deplorable, of course, noticed it was a minute to deadline, and looked around for Brad Martin with those last takes on City Hall.

May I lie in unhallowed ground, if he wasn't bending over our new blonde and putting a fresh ribbon in her typewriter! He never put one in his own, and sometimes you had to read the indentations in the paper, but here he was scrabbling around, his dark head close to that yellow one, looping a ribbon into place and smiling into those blue eyes. "Martin!" I yelled, so loud that half the sports department woke up. "Where's the rest of that story?"

He looked up at me with a dazed expression, like the sweepstakes winner from Canarsie, and mumbled something about its being on the fire.

"Turn the gas up under it, then," I said. "This is a nine-edition daily, not the World Almanac. Miss Brooks—I mean Miss Nelson—can fix her own typewriter."

He blushed. He grinned foolishly at our junior-grade Venus and went back to his desk, but when I finally got the takes I could see that his heart wasn't in the story and neither was his brain. It was all X's and Y's. I sent it through, anyhow. It's pretty hard to tell the difference between a series of typographical errors and a statement by the board of estimate, so who could sue us?

Brad came over later, tightening his tie and looking serious. "Can I take Peggy to lunch?"

Even on a paper like The Record it is depressing to see a nice young fellow go to pieces before your eyes. "Ask her. Why ask me?"

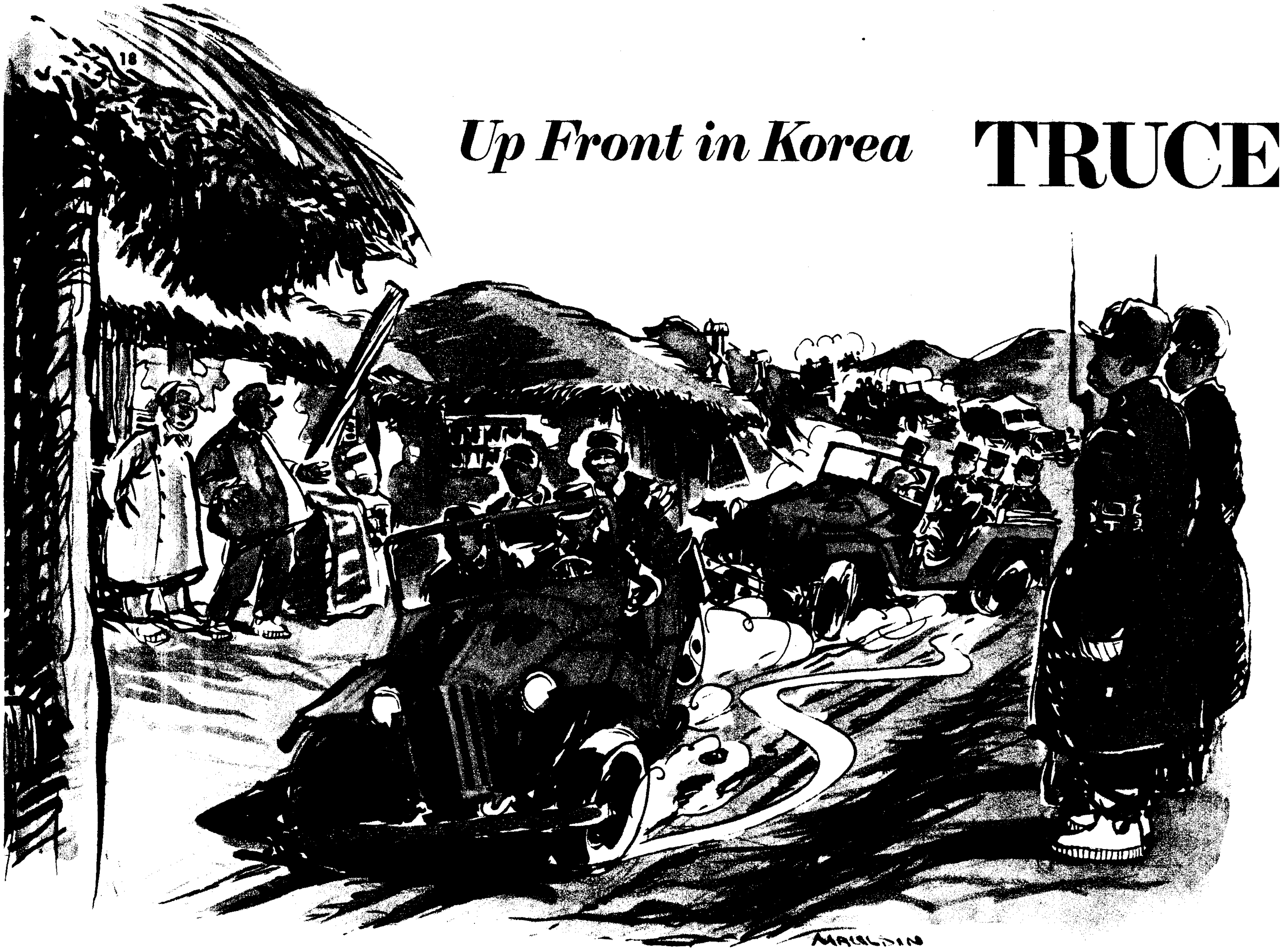
"You've got all the money. She's lonesome. No friends in town. Cheer her up."

I didn't like his look; he looked sort of the way he had when that acrobatic dancer once had him turning somersaults, only worse. This was serious. I thought of what Mr. Brooks would say if the daughter of his old friend made some horrible mistakes right under my wing, so to speak. "We'll both take her to lunch," I said, "and don't look so disappointed. It's on me."

That was the beginning. Peggy was a sweet kid, fresh, like I said, full of fun and enthusiasms for New York and everything in it. And, amazingly, she was a good newspaperman. Maybe it was her wide-eyed interest and simple, direct approach, but she started turning out pieces that for once made me glad Mr. Brooks had had friends in his youth.

She'd come in from an assignment, bubbling with excitement, brush that yellow hair out of her eyes and write a story that really had some human interest. They talk a lot about human interest stories around city rooms, but actually they're something you seldom get. Perhaps that's because rewrite men like Brad Martin don't often see the people they write about. *(Continued on page 44)*

Up Front in Korea TRUCE



The Communists looked more like a hot-rod convention than anything else. They don't know it, but you don't gain any face skidding sideways

When UN delegates put up a flag at Panmunjom, the Reds displayed one an inch higher. We used a big car; they obtained a bigger one. Said a U.S. soldier: "They have got the minds of children"

Dear Willie:

Well, at last I got a chance to be a real war correspondent and cover world shaking type news instead of getting stranded on those Korea mountaintops. Don't go feeling sorry for me and getting the idea I have been in the hills all this time. I managed to get back to Japan for some of this "Rest and Rehabilitation" stuff I wrote you about, but just the same when I landed in Seoul on the way back to Korea I thought I might do some upper-level reporting for a change like an interview with Syngman Rhee or General Van Fleet on whether they expect the price of rice to go up.

I ran into a United Press correspondent named Warren Franklin and he told me he had already beat me to that angle. This is a tricky business, Willie. You have got to be on your toes every minute or they will beat you.

"Why don't you go to the truce talks at Panmunjom?" Franklin said. "You might be there the day they agree on something. It would hit the front page and your career would be made."

I went to Panmunjom next morning with about a dozen other reporters in a convoy of jeeps. The village isn't even a wide place in the road, it's four empty mud huts and two big conference tents in the middle of a valley, with big red balloons hung in a thousand-yard circle around the place to mark it off from artillery and airplanes, Panmunjom being in enemy country. Except for two North Korean sentries in front of one tent and two American MPs by the other one there wasn't anybody else around when we got there.

"They always make a point of letting us get here first. It's a matter of face," an INS reporter named Cecil Brownlow said. He was wearing a Civil War cap he had dug up someplace, with a Confederate flag sewed on the top, and he was giving the two hostile sentries a bad time because they were trying to be real stiff and military with Russian rifles as tall as they were and those long ice pick bayonets, but they just couldn't keep from rolling their eyeballs at that cap every time Cecil walked by. I guess they were trying to figure out what country he was from.

"What does face have to do with us getting here first?" I said.

"They might have read a book," Cecil said, "that told them real big shots always arrive at the party last. Anyway, that's what they do, even if they have to hide around the bend in the road up there when we are late finishing our coffee."

"They go all the way with this face stuff," said an Army man that was with us. "Come in the main tent and I will show you."

In the tent is what looks like a big pool table with a green felt cloth and a bunch of chairs with striped slip covers, and Willie, you really get a feeling of awe when you think of how the whole world is watching what goes on here.

"You get over that feeling when you've been sweating it out here for a few months," this Army man said. "Sometimes I think they shoot craps on this table all day."

He showed me two little flags on the table, one for the UN and one for North Korea and then I saw what he meant about face. Their little old flagpole is a whole inch higher than our little old flagpole, just like that Chaplin movie about the dictator in the barber chair, jacking himself up an inch at a time to keep his head higher than anybody else's.

"They have got the minds of children," the Army man said. "Even if I was in favor of wars I would pass a law that people like that shouldn't be allowed to get their hands on live ammunition."

Pretty soon two helicopters came up from the south with our delegates and sure enough, like it was on a signal, here came a big cloud of dust from the north and the enemy convoy hove in sight, some of them in American jeeps they must

and CONSEQUENCES

By

BILL MAULDIN

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

of captured last year and some in Russian jeeps that look like a crossbreed of a Model A Ford and a Stutz Bearcat, sporty little wagons. They were driving them sporty too, bumper to bumper up that dirt road at fifty miles an hour.

"Once our delegates came up in a Chevrolet," a young UP reporter named Fred Painton said, "and the North Koreans scrounged all over the country until they came up with a big Chrysler. General Nam Il uses it now, but he won't be here today. This is one of those next-to-top-level sessions."

"Our helicopters are driving them nuts," said George Sweers, an AP photographer. "I bet they're working overtime trying to patch one together for themselves."

"They look real warlike," I said to Painton, watching how straight and grim the enemy was sitting in those jeeps as they barreled along.

"Yes," said Freddie, "but they kind of spoil the effect by saving money on brake bands. Wait till you see them stop."

Sure enough, every one of those jeeps has got a brake that seems to grab on a different wheel, and since they didn't slow down till the last second to keep that Wild West effect, by the time that outfit had slowed to a stop they looked more like a hot-rod convention than anything else. They don't know it but you don't gain any face skidding sideways.

Willie, I thought our delegates were pretty slick-looking when they got out of the helicopters and went in the tents, Admiral Libby with a Navy dress uniform and a white scarf and a couple of Air Force officers with those form-fitting bus driver suits and silver thunderbolts stitched on their caps, but when those North Koreans piled out of their cars they were really sharp, man, they were sharp. I couldn't get my eyes off of them.

One colonel, that seemed to be the stud duck of the outfit from the way those little sentries almost jabbed each other's eyes out with their ice pick bayonets when he came up, was wearing purple breeches with red stripes and shiny boots and a sort of electric blue jacket with brass buttons and shoulder boards as big as shingles, and a French Foreign Legion type cap. Willie, this is a serious business at Panmunjom and even if the enemy does clown it up we have got to keep our eye on the ball, but I swear all I could think of when I saw him was an organ grinder's monkey.

This colonel was smoking a cigarette in a long holder and he must have been feeling a little breeze, because he snapped his fingers at a junior officer fifty feet away and this man ran up with the colonel's topcoat and held it while he got in it. Willie, you would have had to see what came next to believe it. The colonel stood there smoking while the other officer *buttoned* the coat for him! I used to holler a lot about pinheads in the U.S. Army throwing rank but I never saw anything like that before.

* * *

There were some Chinese officers in the party but they were a pretty ragtag bunch, wearing the same quilt suits, baggy cloth caps and tennis shoes as the plain soldiers. I guess they must be reading old-time books on revolutions and haven't got the latest word yet like the North Koreans. I even caught one of them smirking at that fashion plate Korean colonel behind his back and I was thinking how it would round the picture out if a Russian with a belly full of caviar and a chest full of medals rolled up in a Zis town car and sneered at the unwashed Chinese.

But we have got to stay serious and keep our eye on the ball, like I said. The Chinese may be proud of the patch on the seat of their pants but it's plain after you watch them with the Koreans which ones are the boss and who takes the orders. Maybe that's why the Koreans dress so fancy, it's about the only thing they can do that makes them feel important.

Of course they think we're clowns too. Like when the delegates are in session the reporters start a touch football game. You never know how long the meeting will last and there is nothing to do but kill time until it's over because reporters are not allowed in there unless you want to stroll by the tents with your ears open, but all you get out of that is a sort of drone while a delegate reads a statement he wrote down the night before and sometimes you hear a screech when a Korean ad-libs, but that gets kind of boring.

The football game is played way down the road where it won't bother anybody but just the same those Communist boys know how to get political meaning in every little thing. A couple of days before I got to Panmunjom the Moscow radio put out an item about how we play a noisy football game to drown out the sound of us stalling the truce. That's kind of reaching for an angle but I guess they are hard up for new ones these days.

"They'll probably figure out a twist on my rebel cap, too," Cecil Brownlow said. "They can play that two ways, either I'm being a cutup and showing how corrupt our press is or else this cap is real significant because it shows how the U.S. is really split up and on the edge of civil war again."

"Here comes a couple of people that get paid for thinking up those angles," said Freddie Painton, who was out of the game for a minute with a skinned knee. He pointed at two strangers coming down the road from enemy territory toward the football game.

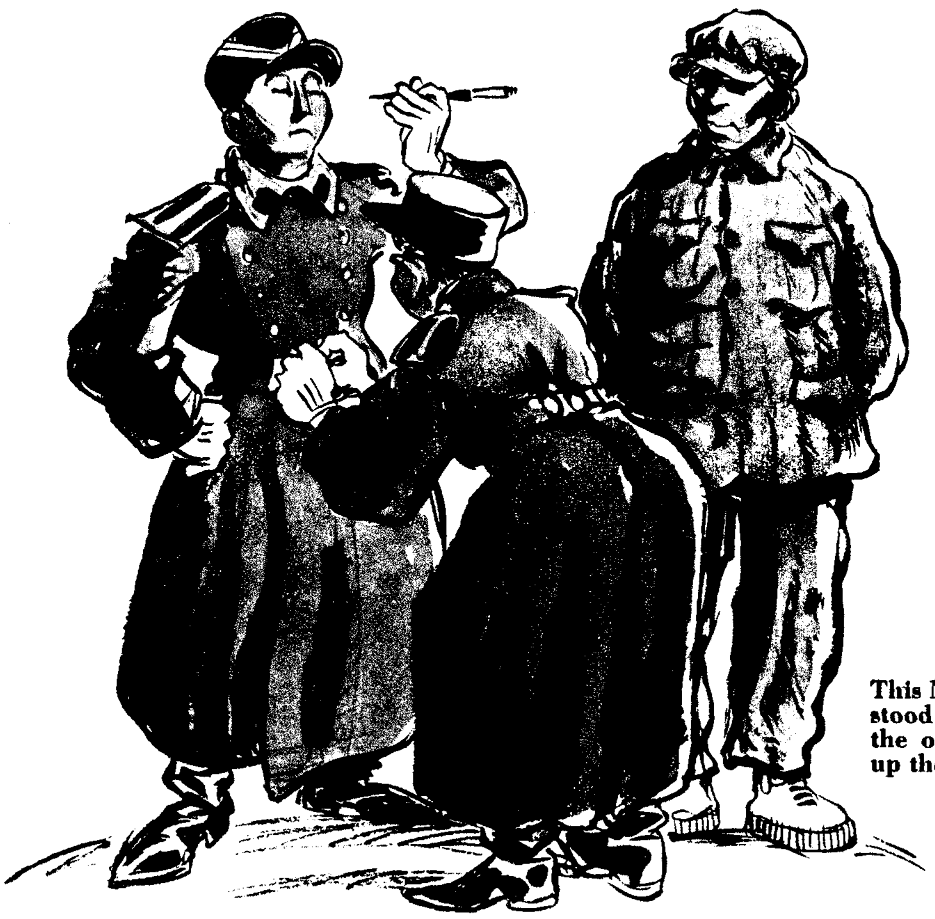
"The tall one is named Winnington," Painton said. "He writes for the London Daily Worker. The other one is an Australian named Burchett that works for some Paris paper."

Winnington wiggled when he walked, like an old society lady, and the pair of them were sticking together like sick kittens on a hot brick, never getting more than six inches apart.

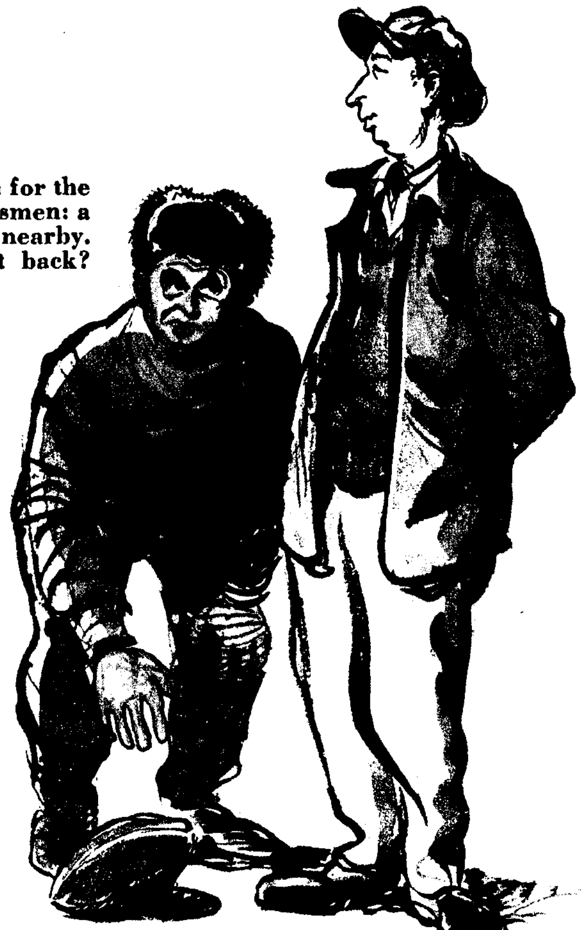
"I've been watching them for a long time," said Sweers, "and I still can't figure if they stay so close to each other because they like it or if they're keeping an eye on each other."

Somebody fumbled the football and it landed right in front of Burchett. He bent over like anybody would to pick it up and throw it back but all of a sudden I guess he felt like Big Brother was watching him. Winnington

(Continued on page 61)



This North Korean colonel stood there smoking while the other officer buttoned up the topcoat for him . . .



Diplomatic dilemma for the two Communist newsmen: a U.S. football lands nearby. Should they toss it back?

The Take-Charge Guy

By JACK WEEKS

You couldn't prove Fletcher had been bought. He'd bear down for a while, get a couple of men out. But in the pinches, he might lob one right down the middle

The Story: MARIO CANTO, the Most Valuable Player in the American League, played shortstop for the Lake City Lions. In the preseason estimates, the Lions were favored to win the pennant. They had a rookie bonus pitcher, CLAY FLETCHER, who looked like a potential twenty-game winner. But Fletcher had been a subsidized athlete in college and was pretty cynical about sports: he took what he could get—any way he could get it. CALLIE SIMMONS, an air-line stewardess Mario was growing very fond of, was "sort of engaged" to Fletcher; she'd been his girl in college.

When HANK GARRISON, the Lions' manager, ordered Mario to report early for spring training and take Fletcher under his wing, he found the rookie cocky and un-co-operative. Baseball, to Fletcher, was not a game to win but a racket to beat.

The season started off well for the Lions, with Fletcher winning consistently. But then Callie told Mario that Fletcher had been seen with ANGELO CANTO, Mario's brother. Angelo was a gambler and a fixer, and Mario lived in constant fear that his relationship with Angelo was going to harm his own career. There was something in Mario's past that he was reluctant to talk about—even to Callie. Now Mario knew he was in danger: a baseball scandal would ruin him. He couldn't go to the cops with his suspicions about Angelo and Fletcher, but he could talk to Callie. He started to tell her about his background.

He had grown up on New York's West Side. When he was young, his father was killed in an accident. FATHER MONTANA, the neighborhood priest, took Mario's mother on as housekeeper in the rectory. SPIDER MORIARTY, an old ballplayer, taught Mario to love baseball. Then one day, when Mario was fifteen and Angelo seventeen, Mario discovered, in a hiding place in the wall by Angelo's bed, a wallet he knew didn't belong to Angelo . . .

CONCLUSION

MARIO pulled the wallet slowly out of Angelo's hiding place in the wall and stared at it. Before he opened it, he knew what he was going to find. A couple of nights before, a guy had been mugged on the block, a guy from some other neighborhood, wandering around drunk. He had been beat up pretty bad and had lost his wallet with maybe forty dollars in it. Everybody had been talking about it, and Mario had read it in the papers, too. The guy had a funny kind of name—Loolin, or something. Mario opened the wallet, finally, and the first thing he saw was the guy's Social Security card, and there was the name, all right—Evan Llewellyn.

The ball came in a little bit outside, but Mario was set. He met the pitch with the fat of the bat, and the ball sailed away. Mario knew what he had; he could spare his ankle on this one

Mario looked at it and felt scared and sick. He heard his mother coming up the stairs, humming a song from the old country. He stuffed the wallet in his pocket, crawled through the bedroom window, and went down the fire escape. If she found the wallet, if it came out that Angelo had done this, it would break her heart.

The wallet felt heavy in his pocket as he walked slowly down the street, wondering what he could do about this. He had to find Angelo and talk to him. It wouldn't do any good, probably, but at least he could try to get Angelo to be careful. The important thing was to keep it from Ma.

Mario tried different places in the neighborhood where Angelo might be and then decided to look in the hide-out. He never went there very much except once in a while when he had to have company. It was a basement room in a condemned building.

He knocked lightly on the door, then walked in. No one was there, but somebody had been in the room recently. Mario could smell cigarette smoke, and there were some butts in an empty coffee can on the heavy table where they played cards. Mario lighted one of the butts and sat down to smoke and think about the robbery of the guy named Loolin or whatever, and how he was going to handle Angelo. He looked around the room and noticed a large, new crate labeled:

LOUISVILLE SLUGGER
HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Mario got up at once and stamped out his cigarette and went over to the box. The lid had been pried loose. He lifted it all the way and looked inside. The box was packed with new bats. Mario yanked one out and stared at it, forgetting all about Angelo and the wallet. He thought the bat was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He held it in his left hand, low on the handle, and ran his right hand up and down the length of it, feeling the smooth finish, the graceful taper, the perfect roundness. He read the label and, above that, the word *Powerized* and, above that, in the fat of the bat, *GENUINE Joe Di Maggio LOUISVILLE SLUGGER*. The name of Joe Di Maggio was in Joe's own handwriting, spaced out like that—Di Maggio—not run together the way you see it in the papers. Mario ran his fingers lovingly over the shallow grooves of the letters.

Then he gripped the bat handle, took his stance, and began moving gently through his swinging motion, leveling each time as he stroked across an imaginary plate, snapping his wrists and following through. He was so absorbed in the bat that he never thought about why the crate should be there and he did not hear the door open behind him. He came out of his dream only when a voice said:

"All right. Drop it."

He thought about the crate then, and Angelo, and a lot of other things, all at once. He was suddenly frightened, but more than than anything he was angry. He was angry because Angelo and the guys had stolen these bats, and disgusted with himself for not thinking of that before; and he was angry at the cop for spoiling the fine feeling of swinging the bat. Of course it was a cop, behind him, telling him to drop it. He knew that without having to look.

"Turn around here," the cop said.

MARIO could not move. He stood with his feet spread, his knees beginning to shake a little. A moment before he had been a grown man, wearing a Yankee uniform, holding in his hands a genuine powerized bat that could bring him everything he wanted in the world. Now he was a kid again, and on his way to jail. He could not make himself let go of the stolen goods or obey the cop's command. He stood still, as if by waiting and not moving he could get back into the dream again, back at the plate, before the roaring crowd, with Henrich on second and the guys in the dugout yelling for Mario to get a hit.

The cop poked him in the back with his night stick. "I said turn around!"

Mario turned slowly, gripping the bat still harder. He was shaking all over now. "I didn't do anything," he said.

"You punks never do anything," the cop said.

He gestured with his night stick, and Mario thought: He's got me convicted already. For something Angelo did. It was bound to be Angelo. Angelo was always running some little racket like this, stealing from trucks, picking up things here and there.

"Drop the bat," the cop said.

Mario looked at the Louisville Slugger and read the trade-mark again and the signature of Joe Di Maggio. He thought it was probably the last time he would ever see a good bat up close like this. The cop, watching his eyes, evidently misunderstood him and decided to slam him one before Mario slammed him. He lunged, raising the night stick, and Mario stepped back and threw the bat down quickly. It struck on the heavy end and bounced off the concrete floor, and the cop stumbled over it, in his charge and pitched past Mario. He fell hard, cracking his forehead on the corner of the table.

The cop lay still on the floor for a few seconds, then pushed himself up and looked around. His face was covered with blood from the deep cut he had got on the sharp corner of the heavy table. Mario ran. He reached the sidewalk just as a squad car came by, cruising slowly, the cops in it looking everybody over carefully, hoping to make a pinch in the mugging of Evan Llewellyn. The driver noticed that Mario looked scared and slammed on his brakes and shouted, "Hey you!" in a way that made Mario stand still for a moment, and just then the cop that had tried to *(Continued on page 48)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

Producers Goodson (l.) and Todman with actress-model Roxanne before start of Beat the Clock, one of their CBS television programs

Programs Packaged to Go

By JAMES POLING

Out of the frenzied workshop of Mark Goodson and Bill Todman emerge six weekly television shows, bulging with gimmicks and "Schlonggs," and grossing $1,500,000 a year for the Boys

ONE of Mark Goodson and Bill Todman's production assistants recently said, "Talk about rat races! Every day's Derby Day in this shop. Putting a whole batch of television shows on the air each week isn't for the sane and sober. It calls more for the manic type, with hyperthyroid overtones."

He exaggerates. Neither Mark Goodson nor Bill Todman, nor any of the 30 employees who have helped them parlay the American parlor game into a fortune, is truly mad. But their frenzied activities might, at least, give an alienist pause.

It is part of their daily routine to track down the man who witnessed Casey Jones's immortal train wreck, a manufacturer of exploding cigars, or the man who stuffs pimento in olives. If Mark wants $300 worth of plain mud by morning, mud he gets. If Bill wants—as he once did—real persons named B. O. Plenty and Trinity Church in his office by noon, they'll be there. (The man ringing bells in the outer office? Oh, he claims to be the world's champion bell ringer, but who cares? Anyone can ring bells.)

This daily bedlam is the hallmark of Goodson-Todman Productions, package producers extraordinary to the radio and television industry. (A package producer delivers to a network, an advertising agency, or a sponsor a show that is complete, to the last detail. The purchaser need concern himself with none of the show's problems; if he wants the program's star to attend his cocktail party, the packager will even arrange that.)

Goodson and Todman are probably the most spectacular of the 180-odd independent package producers in New York City. Hubbell Robinson, Jr., vice-president in charge of programs for the CBS-TV network, says, "They're the outstanding packagers in the business—certainly in the creative sense, if not in volume. Remember, they create their own show ideas, they don't just package someone else's. And though this town is full of experts in fields like comedy, variety shows and drama, they're the only masters of the quiz and panel show."

The two producers discuss a proposed new NBC show with Fred Allen (r.), Portland Hoffa

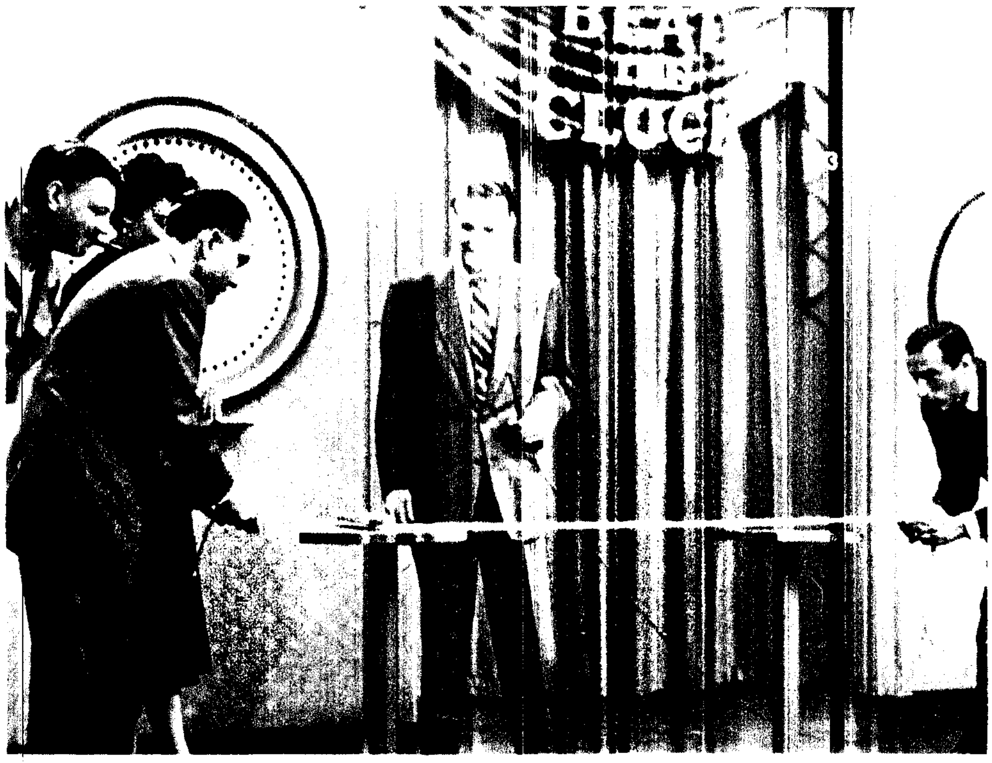
Abe Burrows, writer, comic and theatrical Jack-of-all-trades, adds, "Here are guys really creatin' television. Not Studio One dramatic-type, or Berle-with-the-jokes stuff, but with pies and Seltzer water and contestants and the question-and-answer-type stuff. Their signature oughta be a big question mark made of lemon meringue. So, is that bad? I go to the Museum of Modern Art and they're showing mobiles made outta pipe cleaners—who's to say what material you should use in creative work?"

Goodson and Todman take a somewhat less flamboyant view of themselves and their efforts. Bill says, "Believe me, my friendly, we built up because we were on the constant sell. When the opening came, we were there with the gimmick—the successful gimmick."

Mark adds, "We like to keep an equity in our shows, which means we've *(Continued on page 77)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RUTH ORKIN

Rehearsing It's News to Me (CBS). Left to r., panel member Anna Lee, Todman, Goodson, guest Francis L. Sullivan and director Jerry Schnur



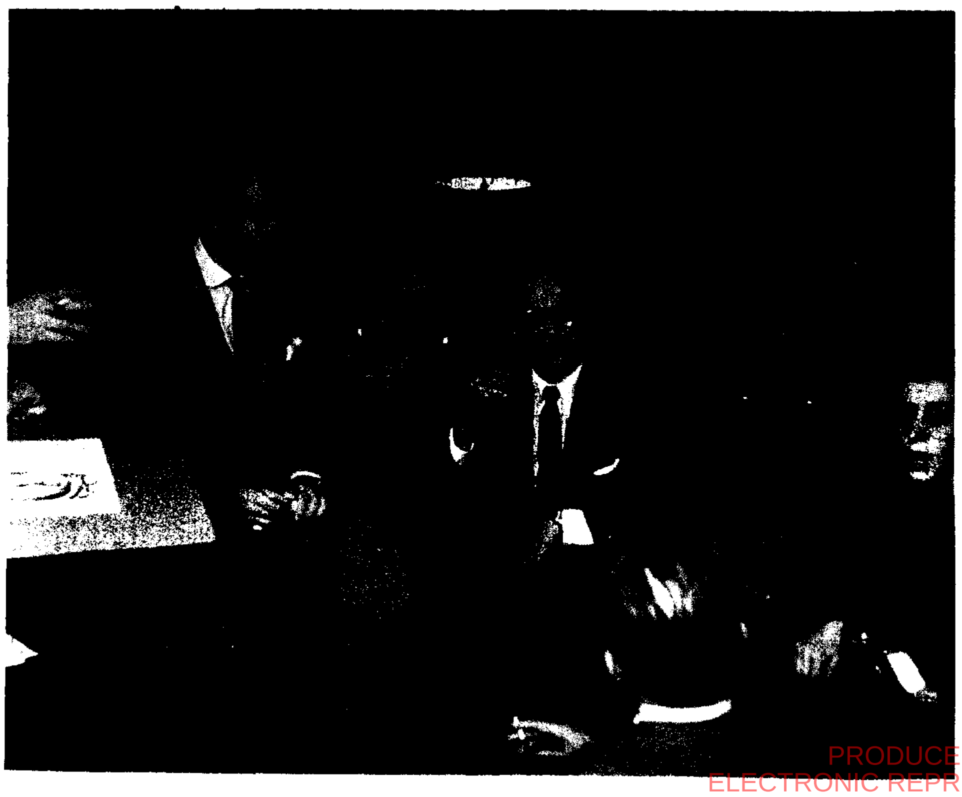
Emcee Bud Collyer (center) watches testing of new stunt for Beat the Clock. Contestants must maneuver china plate along two ropes to win

Mark Goodson and two members of the team's staff, Bunny Shaw (left) and Adraia Koe, on set of the quiz-giveaway program, Winner Take All

MR. CERF
MISS FRANCIS

What's My Line?, on CBS, stars (seated) Bennett Cerf, Arlene Francis, and (standing) Dorothy Kilgallen, moderator John Daly and Hal Block

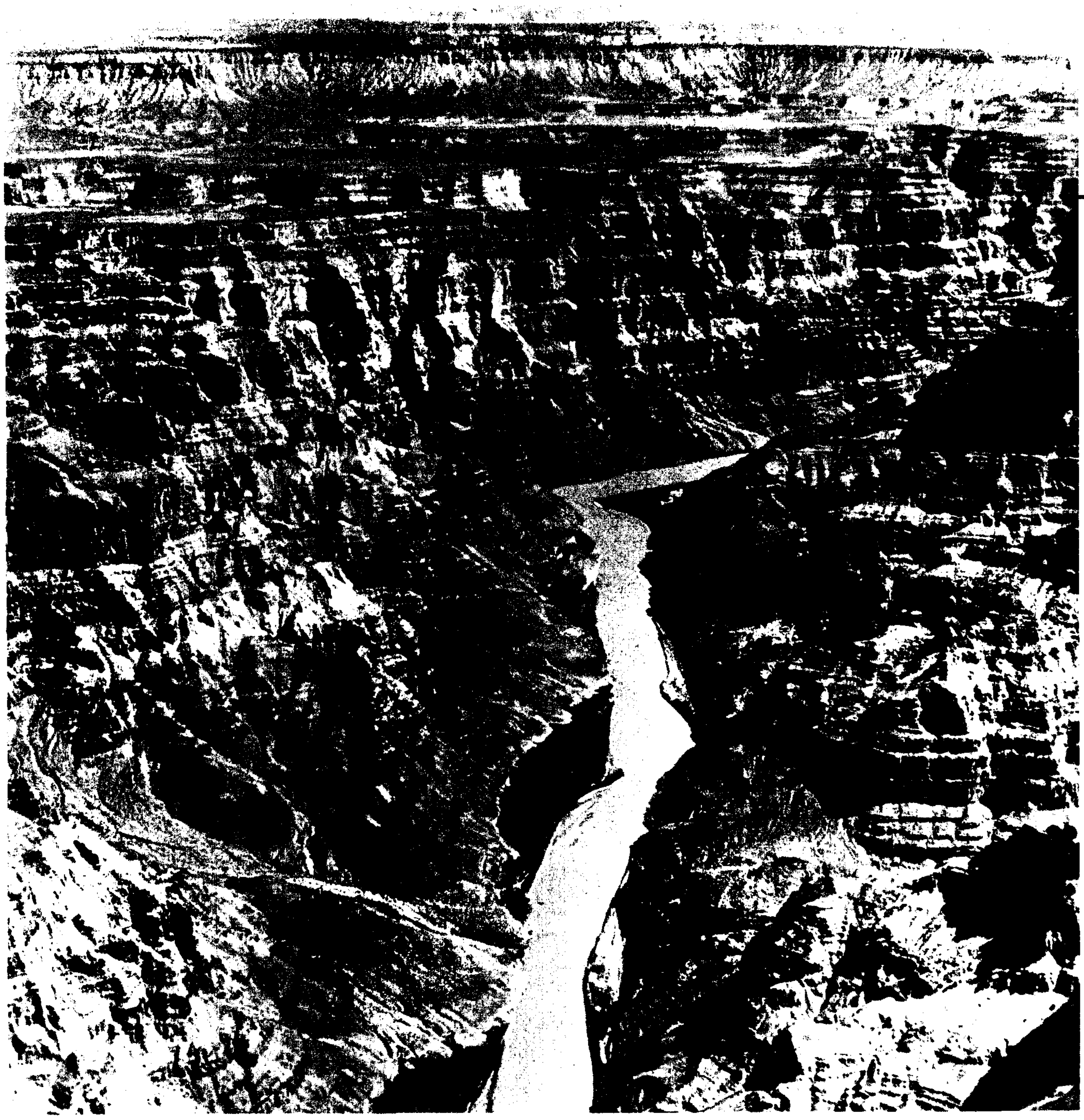
Before telecast of ABC's The Name's the Same. Todman (l.), Robert Q. Lewis, Abe Burrows, Joan Alexander, Goodson (with back to camera)



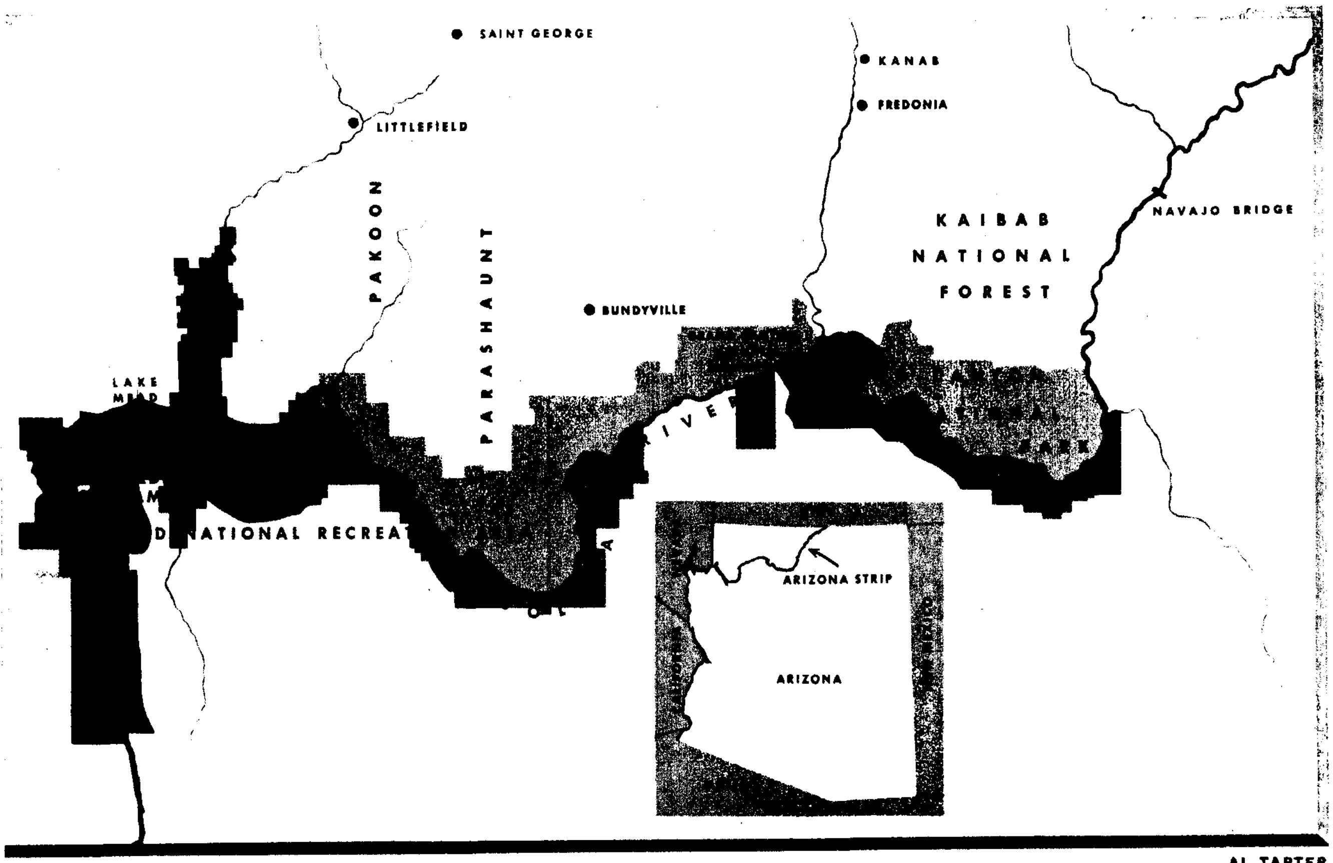
The Web is a mystery drama program. This scene is from a play called Prescription Death. It shows gangster and moll with kidnaped doctor

Arizona

By MAURINE WHIPPLE



Cut off by the Colorado River, the Strip (shown on the map below) is to the left. The wild, rugged country is inhabited by a handful of cattle raisers, devout churchgoers and outcasts



AL TARTER

OF ALL the travelers who each year stand at the southern brink of the Grand Canyon, few know that seven miles across the abyss, at the distant north rim, lies the edge of one of the strangest wastelands on the American continent—the vast, arid wilderness known as the Arizona Strip. Divided politically from Utah by the pencils of an anti-Mormon Congress in 1896, separated physically from its own state by the vast chasm of the Colorado River, the Strip for over half a century has existed as an American Tibet, isolated and wild, occupied by only a scattered handful of herdsmen, God-seekers and social outcasts—20,000 square miles of historic yesterday islanded in time.

To enter this fantastic back yard, which occupies the entire northwestern corner of the state, Arizona has only one crossing of the Colorado, at Navajo Bridge, far at the Strip's eastern extremity. Often it is easier to make the 500-mile triangular detour through Nevada and southern Utah, which is separated from the Strip by nothing more than an imaginary state line. Confronted by roadless distances, an inaccessible interior and citizens who survive only by minding their own business, outside law has usually been content to leave well enough alone.

As a result, the Strip today (12,000 square miles of it are in Arizona) is still a myth-breeding wilderness, whose folklore and dark legends are muttered in the little towns along its perimeter. It is seldom that the Strip's crimes are scrutinized in the naked light of a courtroom, or are supported by demonstrable fact. Still the bones of victims of unknown violence are not infrequently discovered. Only recently, a Strip settler, Slats Jacobs, returned to his ranch in the desolate Pakoon section, and found the bullet-riddled bodies of a man and a woman which have never been identified. Though clad in modern clothes, the two corpses were finally buried as "early-day emigrants."

The Stripper's classic attitude toward law-enforcement officials is revealed in a jocular memorial to a living sheriff in Mesquite, Nevada—a six-by-two "grave" in the sidewalk with two boot tips and a whisky bottle protruding from the cement. Several years ago, Jacobs strode into a sheriff's office to demand action against cattle rustlers. In answer, the sheriff wearily asked Jacobs to raise his right hand and forthwith deputized him. "Anybody that's fool enough to live on the Strip," he said, "can do his own killing."

With beef nearly worth its weight in gold, rustling—always a routine hazard on the Strip—has abruptly increased. On one of the largest permanent unfenced ranges left in the United States, the cattle still run unsupervised while most of their owners live in towns along the perimeter—in Mesquite, Nevada, Saint George and Kanab in Utah, and Fredonia in the northeast corner of the Strip itself. The only exits for massive cattle drives are through these towns.

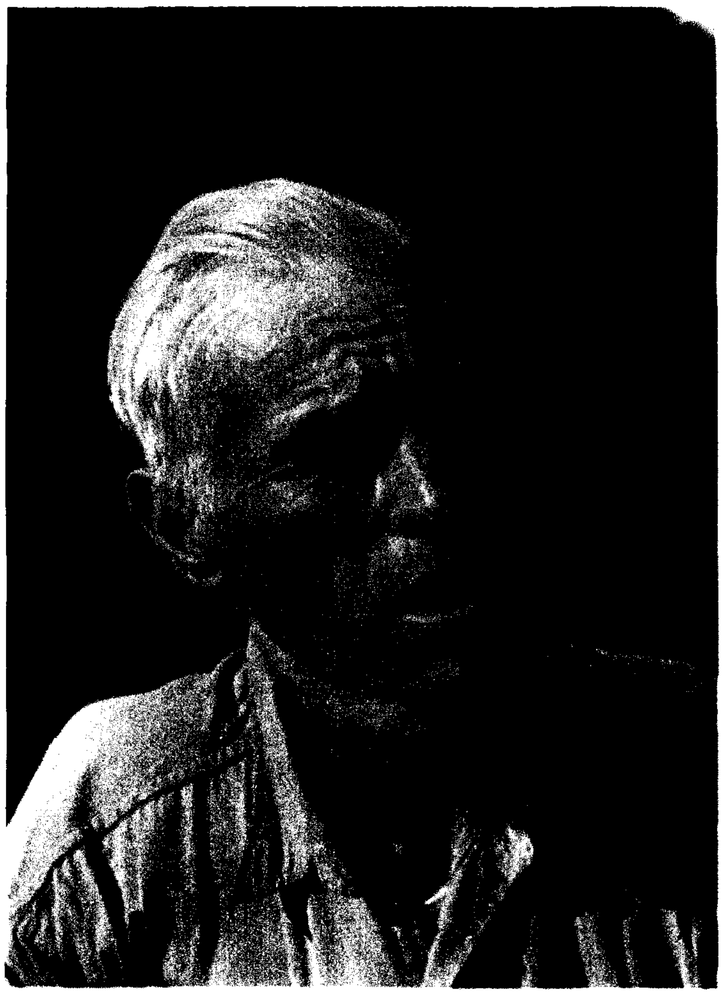
Still, by ones and twos and threes, the stealing goes steadily on, and every rancher expects to lose a percentage of unbranded calves. With law an uncertain recourse, a recent smalltime rustler, who had sold his kill for $100, was fined $50 and thus cleared $50 on his theft. Frequently, Strippers have found simpler and more effective means of ridding themselves of such pests. Confronted with the choice of immediate and permanent evacuation or being roped to a cedar and left alone under the searing skies, many a miscreant has departed for other regions where the law is more merciful.

Harsh and all but impenetrable, the Strip, as Slats Jacobs says, "is the place God forgot and nobody else wants. It belongs to them strong enough to git and strong enough to hold—and you gotta be stronger to hold than to git!" In few places on earth is geology as outrageous, the terrain as thwarted, twisted, dislocated. Porous,

(Continued on page 64)

Strip—"America's Tibet"

Near Grand Canyon is a strange, isolated wasteland, where lonely men and women battle harsh weather and cattle rustlers



Roy Bundy, 80, is patriarch of 247-member Bundy clan. His parents settled the Strip town of Trumbull in 1916

Slats Jacobs, left, one of the Strip's best-known cattlemen, and Myron (Boo) Allen, former government Grazier, brand a calf at Slats's ranch. Mrs. Allen is on the horse

Slim Waring, one of the Strip's wealthiest men, runs several cattle ranches successfully against big odds

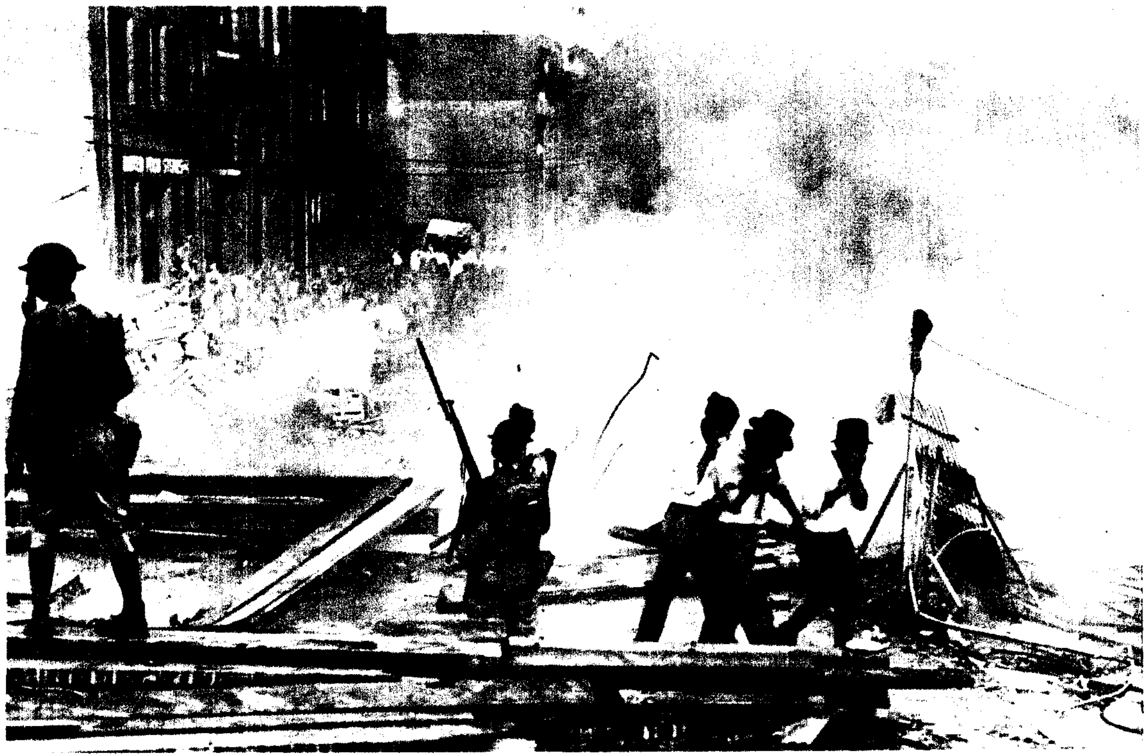
Most Strip dwellers are elderly, but youth lives there too. Rose Jessop, 17, and baby

Ed Yates, the Hermit of God's Pocket, is a good Samaritan living among fugitives

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

INTERNATIONAL

Gen. MacArthur and the then Maj. Eisenhower watching a Bonus Army parade in 1932



INTERNATIONAL

Hoover only wanted the Bonus Camp surrounded, but troops routed men with tear gas

Campers on Pennsylvania Avenue interfered with construction work, were thrown out

WIDE WORLD

Continuing My White House Years

THE 1932

VI

I HAD little hope of re-election in 1932. All our polls and tests were very gloomy. But it was incumbent on me to make as good a fight as possible; the opposition's major strategy was to attach to me personally the responsibility for the depression and its evils.

I made only nine major campaign addresses, mainly because at the same time I was carrying the great burdens not only of normal administration but of the depression. Moreover, I wrote my own speeches—and a proper presentation requires many days to prepare. I have never delivered a ghostwritten public statement of importance. The proof lies in the preserved manuscripts of every draft.

Some of the Republican candidates for state offices concluded that my Presidential "goose was cooked," and sought to dissociate themselves from me. In every one of these cases, I received more votes than any of them—a rebuke from their own constituents.

Roosevelt's campaign has historical importance because of the new techniques he introduced, which have affected all campaigns since. They mostly revolved around an abandonment of many facts in a huge number of speeches ghostwritten by irresponsible men. He made literally scores of such speeches.

There was one common element in the Roosevelt "brain trust": they were experts in the art of semantics, and in raising mendacity to an art. Our response required painstaking exposition based on dreary facts and figures.

In a memorandum to me on the personalities of the "brain trust," Secretary of the Treasury Mills reported that "we can expect anything in this campaign." This gave us advance notice of what was to come.

In the nature of things, we were on the defensive on many campaign issues, especially because of opposition misrepresentation. We were, however, able to take the offensive on such matters as the currency, the tariff and New Deal collectivism.

Roosevelt raised no criticism of our national defense measures, nor did he refer to our foreign policies except so far as related to the tariff and private loans to foreigners. (Raymond Moley, in Newsweek of June 14, 1948, recalled: ". . . F.D.R. deliberately declined, during the 1932 campaign, to take issue on foreign policy . . . He said, 'Let's not say anything on foreign policy. Hoover's all right on that.' ")

Our only hope of winning the election was a sharp economic upturn which would convince the people of the rightness of our course. With the protracted sabotage of the 1931-'32 session of the Democratic-controlled Congress now out of the way, our measures and policies were bringing recovery, but we needed another six months to prove them.

However, the upturn was halted by the Maine elections at the end of September, 1932, which in effect went against us. Business fears of Roosevelt's announced policies started an economic downturn.

Before I discuss the debate on the issues, I must point out a considerable handicap under which I entered the campaign—in addition to the disabilities of the depression and my own failings.

It has always—and properly—been the function of the opposition to criticize the administration. That is a necessary part of representative government. Nobody has a right to complain about it.

But in the four years from their 1928 defeat on, the over-all strategy of our opponents was in some ways new in American life. If tradition held, I would be renominated for a second term. Therefore, their strategy from the time of my election was to keep up a campaign of personal destruction of myself. This was substituted for attacks on administration policies, or on even the Republican party.

At once, in 1928, the leaders of this strategy launched a campaign of misrepresentation, financed by large funds and administered by a paid staff. The emergence of the radio especially favored such a tactic not only because of its national audience but because the public is usually more interested in personal criticism and gossip than in the merits of complicated public issues.

During the 1928 campaign, John J. Raskob, a member of the Du Pont firm, had been Democratic national chairman. Some of his most important political allies were certain successful stock promoters, such as M. J. Meehan, James J. Riordan and W. H. Todd. He was also supported by such Tammany Hall leaders and contractors as P. F. and W. F. Kenny. They were all men of great wealth. They wanted prohibition repeal. Some of them came out of the 1928 campaign with a bitter feeling of religious resentment. Moreover, Raskob, as a big business leader, felt his defeat more personally than practicing politicians would.

CAMPAIGN

It saw the debut of techniques new to our political history, says our ex-President, including the "abandonment" of facts, "irresponsible" ghost writers, and also "blows below the belt"

By HERBERT HOOVER

These particular Democratic leaders were all devoted to Governor Alfred Smith, and determined to renominate and elect him in 1932. They were not themselves left-wingers. In fact they were of the most conservative types. But they did not hesitate to associate their political operations with left-wing elements which are always most useful as hatchet men.

When these men came to renominate Smith in 1932 they found themselves overwhelmed by a Frankenstein's monster in their own ranks. The enlarged left wing succeeded in nominating a leader of its own, Franklin Roosevelt. Governor Smith by that time had become a "reactionary."

Soon after my inauguration in 1929, Raskob and his associates had selected two past masters of propaganda to run the Democratic National Committee from Washington: Jouett Shouse as executive chairman, and Charles Michelson as publicity director. To each they paid $20,000 a year and expenses.

Michelson came out of lifelong service in the smear departments of the Hearst press and the New York World. He was that professional type of publicity man with no principles of his own.

Shouse and Michelson set up a large organization. As shown by sworn reports to Congress, Raskob raised $2,500,000 to $3,000,000 between the 1928 election and the 1932 Democratic convention. A minor part of this was spent on debts from the 1928 campaign, and the Democratic National Committee was in debt again by the 1932 convention. Thus it spent $2,500,000 to $3,000,000 on political action between campaigns.

The magnitude of these intercampaign expenditures had never been equaled before in American politics.

Liberal Contributors to Democratic Campaign

Democratic National Committee financial reports to Congress during this period show such sources as J. J. Raskob, $462,000 (subscriptions and loans); Pierre du Pont, $50,000; Herbert Lehman, $175,000; the two Kennys, $175,000; M. J. Meehan, $102,000; J. J. Riordan, $50,000; W. H. Todd, $50,000. (One of the humors of later years was that the published subscription list of the Liberty League—organized by most of the same men in 1934 to smear and attack Roosevelt—showed J. J. Raskob contributing over $250,000, Pierre du Pont, $50,000. And Jouett Shouse was its president.)

In the guerrilla warfare against me, a ceaseless torrent of ghost-written speeches was supplied senators, congressmen and others, which, together with press releases, had as their major theme personal attack on me. The Congressional Record alone shows hundreds of such attacks.

A President cannot with decency and with proper regard for the dignity of his office reply to such stuff. And in my case, some of the Old Guard Republican leaders in Congress who had been defeated in their own Presidential ambitions in 1928 certainly never exerted themselves energetically in their traditional duty to counterattack and expose such misrepresentations.

As early as the end of my first two years in office, the tactics of the Raskob regime had become so flagrant that even Democratic journalists protested. In Scribner's Magazine of September, 1930, Frank Kent of the Baltimore Sun wrote a denunciatory article detailing the operations of Michelson and his minions. Kent said in part:

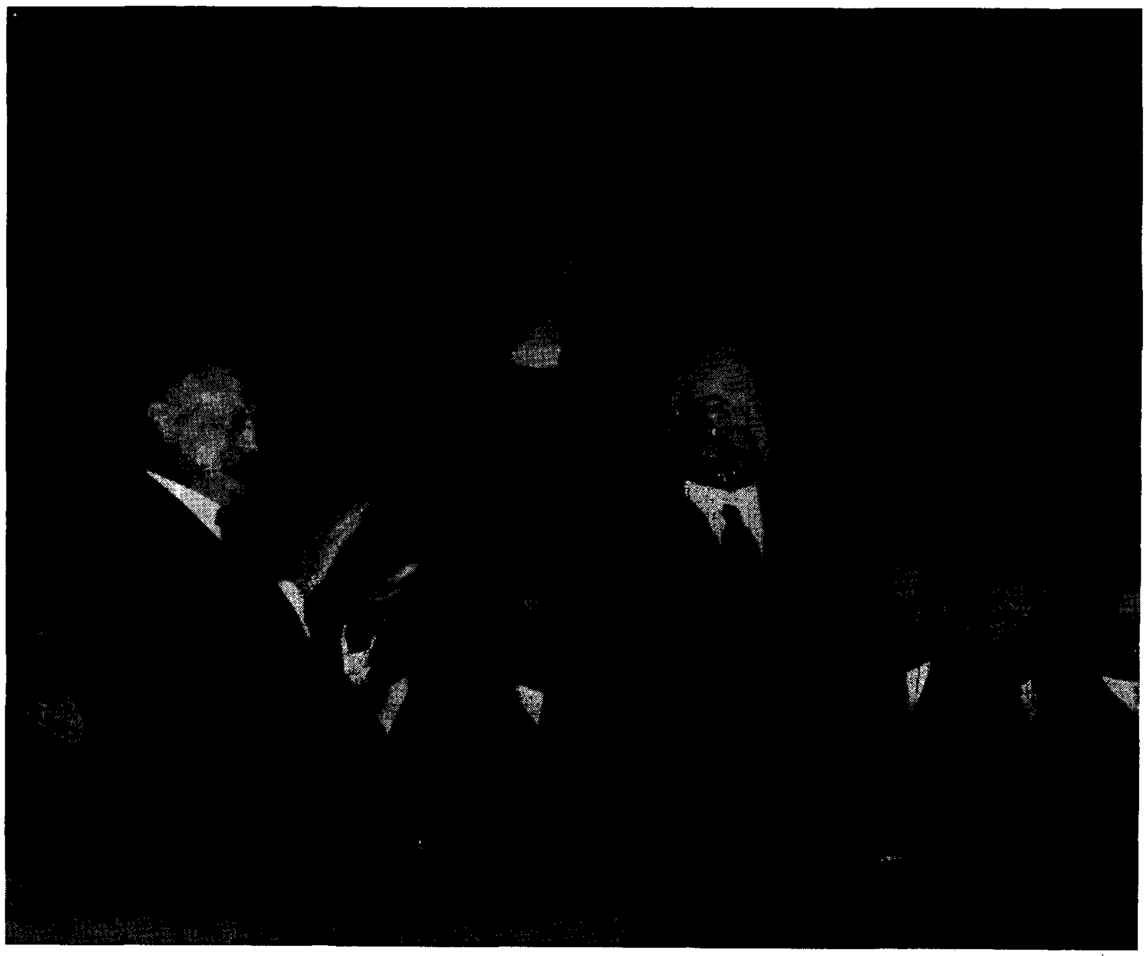
". . . The political agency in Washington that more than any other has helped to mold the public mind in regard to Mr. Hoover . . . (is) the new Democratic publicity bureau . . . the most elaborate, expensive, efficient and effective political propaganda machine ever operated in the country . . . The goal set for (Michelson) was to 'smear' Mr. Hoover and his administration. That is what he is there for and all he is there for . . .

"It has been his pleasant task to minimize every Hoover asset and magnify all his liabilities . . . to obscure every Hoover virtue and achievement . . . Every move Hoover has made is followed by the firing of a Michelson publicity barrage . . . Editorials have streamed through the mails to small papers hitting Hoover . . . in a hundred different ways."

Ample confirmation of these operations appears in Michelson's own book of confessions, published in 1944.

A few samples of the operations of Raskob, Shouse and Michelson will suffice.

A typical one was the publication, just prior to the 1930 Congressional election, of a series of articles by the New York World (of which Walter Lippmann was then editor) with nation-wide, full-page advance advertising and syndication. The articles charged us with great oil scandals—a (*Continued on page* 32)



ACME

G.O.P. Presidential candidate Hoover shown at Indianapolis, scene of major campaign speech on Oct. 28, 1932. Senator Watson, Republican majority leader, is at left

New York Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, with eldest son Jimmy (right), arrives at Democratic National Convention in Chicago to accept nomination for Presidency

WIDE WORLD

IRON MAN *From Mill Mountain*

By JOHN BELL CLAYTON

Soldier knew there was some sport in the wind—some whisky-drinkin', mebbe even a little shootin'. And if they wouldn't let him join in—well, he'd invent some fun of his own

THE morning cleared bright and hot. By nine o'clock the sun was hanging over the valley, over Father's rich bottom lands, like a huge and inescapable molten disk. Tucker went through the side gate of the maple-shaded yard and toward the big red barn, from which came the plunking of a banjo and other sounds of revelry.

About six feet behind him, in exact step with him, trailing him with the inexorability of his own shadow, was Teaberry, the pig-tailed daughter of Ginnie the cook.

Without looking back, he said, "There's no use you comin' out there. Ginnie's not goin' to let you go along with us."

She said nothing, simply tagging along without break of timing or stride. She had the notion she was some kind of guardian to him, which he considered absurd because she was only nine and in October he would be eleven.

Most of the men of the valley were assembled at the barn, preparing, in violation of the laws of the land, to seine every fish out of the Willow Hole at the river. They had planned to get an early start, but late yesterday afternoon the mowing machine had broken before they quite got through cutting and shocking the alfalfa. Father and Jess Baskin were down in the hayfield, repairing the mower. When they got it fixed, the rest of the men would go down and finish the haying and then go on over to the Willow Hole.

Tucker was a little excited about the day. Somewhere on the perimeter of his mind he held the belief that under the banks of the river were fish larger than had ever been caught or even seen. His best catch so far was a twelve-inch bass, but his older brother, Kyle, had caught a twenty-eight-inch pike, and often he himself had crept up to the edge of one of the pools just in time to glimpse in the water a flashing shadow that seemed to him titanic.

Out in the meadow, the big-headed Gaylor boy, Hamhocks, was riding his lanky brother Ringtail's broken-down bicycle, and one of Yesterday Shimlette's sons was waiting to take his turn. The front tire of the bicycle was missing entirely and now the rear one looked like it was flat.

The Gaylor boys' two hounds lay in the shade on the barn ramp. Scores of rabbits lived in the hayfields and it was likely that some of them would be caught in the alfalfa this morning unless they had got frightened and during the night sneaked out to hide in the brush and in ground-hog holes along the creek.

With Teaberry still trailing him, Tucker went on up the ramp and looked in the open sliding doors. The whole barn floor was full of men—Parrishes, Gaylors, Shimlettes, and even some of the moonshining Gatemyers from one of the hollows up the road—sixteen or eighteen altogether.

It was Cales Plecker playing the banjo. Father's younger brother, Uncle Jerome, was singing a ribald old ballad of which he must have known fifty verses. Kyle and Sam Baskin were patching holes in the seine. Spruce Gaylor, who was Father's foreman and always wore a big black felt hat and was accused by some of voting the Republican ticket, had out the black-snake whip and had laid a nickel on the floor and was standing back almost twenty feet, snapping the whip forward and making the nickel take foot-long leaps across the floor; he called it making a cricket take a walk. The rest of them were standing around or squatting around, listening to the banjo or watching Spruce and now and then making mysterious trips into the granary or down to the cutting room and coming back talking big and loud.

Uncle Jerome caught sight of Teaberry standing behind Tucker and called her to him. Uncle Jerome, tall and lean and so bronze he looked almost like an Indian, had been drinking since daylight and was already frivolous and soon would be going around suggesting that some one put presents under him because he was all lit up like a Christmas tree.

"Run up there to Soldier Parrish's," he told Teaberry, "and tell him to send me that thingumabob to put a whammel-screw on a gooflebar."

"The what?" she asked, big-eyed.

A mighty frown gathered on Uncle Jerome's dark face. "Don't talk back to me. Just get goin'."

"Yassuh," she said dubiously, and she took off in flight up across the meadow, as all in the barn paused to watch her awesome streaking that resembled not physical motion at all but a flash that seemed to consume space without involving time.

SOLDIER PARRISH, who had fought in the Civil War, lived with his wife, Miss Prinnie, in a cabin atop a knoll up on the other side of the public road. Tucker had once thought he was ninety-five years old, but Father said it was more nearly eighty-five.

At any rate, he was the oldest man in the valley. He was also one of the most contrary, ill-tempered, unpredictable, and unmanageable—and he was perhaps Tucker's best friend. Often Tucker and Teaberry went up and sat on the stoop of the cabin and listened with deep respect to Soldier's reconstruction of the old stirring times. Sometimes they talked of Grandfather McCantland, who had been a general under Jubal Early and then directly under Lee. Grandfather was one of that group of irreconcilable officers who had ridden away from Appomattox without surrendering. For four years, often in hunger and tatters and heartbreak, he had been hurling against the North a brigade of cavalry which, in Soldier's memory, was almost invincible.

The men, by twos and threes, kept making those periodic trips to haymows and down to the cutting room and returning wiping their mouths and blustering. Zeedie Parrish, a son of Soldier and Miss Prinnie, and the laziest man in the entire community, came wandering over from across the river with three of his own tribe. He was rangy and stoop-shouldered; a hawk nose stuck out of his gloomy face, and it was impossible to meet him anywhere at any time without hearing a recital of his aches and complaints—toothache, backache, rheumatism, and a general ache-all-overness.

A chinning contest got started on the stationary ladder up one of the big beams in the middle of the floor. Cales Plecker was chinning champion. While the others, with grunting and groaning, hauled themselves up onto a rung eight or ten times with both hands, Cales chinned himself twenty-three times with *one* hand.

TEABERRY came whizzing back across the meadow. She soared into the barn and up to Uncle Jerome. "He say he ain't got nothin' like that. He say make yawl gimme a pinny."

"Why, that old buzzard," Uncle Jerome said, frowning. "What else did he say?"

"He say the foolketcher goina git yawl 'fore him do anybody else."

"You go back up there," Uncle Jerome said severely, "and tell him I mean the one he borrowed off of me. All right, what're you waitin' on?"

"Ah wants mah other pinny first."

Uncle Jerome hauled out a penny, and she streaked for the house to put it away, did so, and then was already through the front gate and traversing the meadow again before anyone else could have been as far as the walnut tree.

Cales was playing Redwing now, and Ringtail was trying to accompany him on his harmonica. Uncle Jerome and Mose Kelly got to wrestling out in front of the open sliding doors. Mose was burly and strong and Uncle Jerome was lean and quick. But Uncle Jerome was not absolutely certain on his feet now, and all Mose would do was go round and round in a squat, holding Uncle Jerome off with his arms, so that they did little more than grab at each other and guffaw.

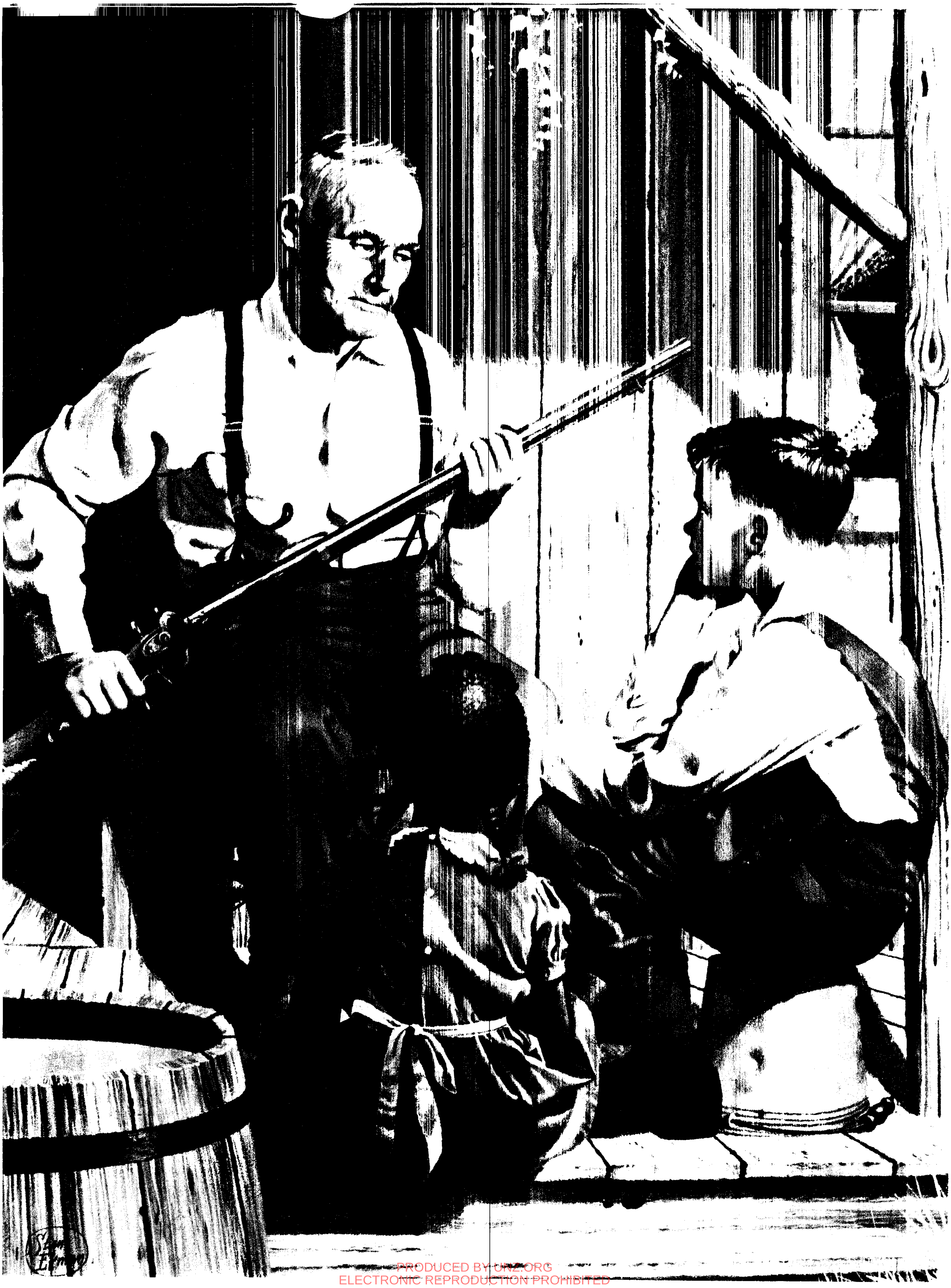
Then all of them heard the clatter of the mower starting down in the hayfield. The men who worked on the farm dropped whatever they were doing and began filing out of the barn and down over the hill.

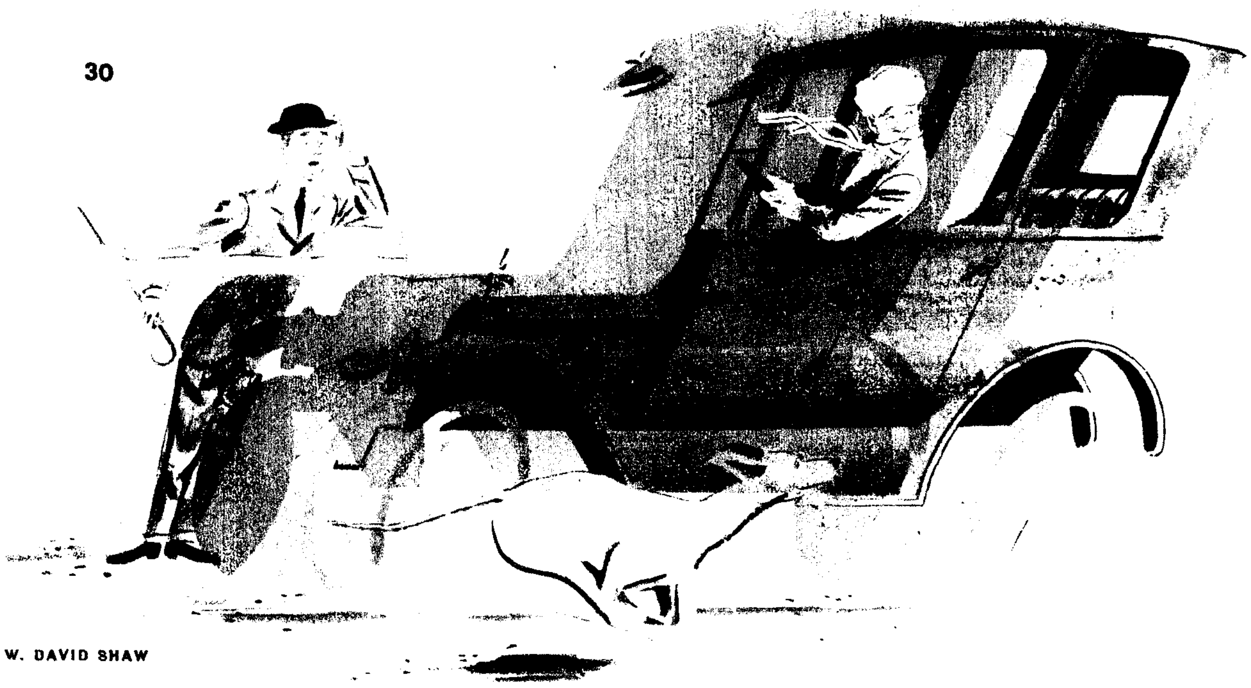
Tucker had the job of carrying water to the men in the hayfield. Immediately, he went to the house and got his bucket and the tin drinking cup from the kitchen porch. He unfastened his belt and ran it through the handle of the cup and went out to the tall iron pump and filled the bucket. Then he made his way out of the yard and down the hill to the field gate, let himself through, and closed the gate behind him. He went on across the field toward the shockers.

Father was not in the field now. Soon after breakfast, even before he had gone to work on the mower, he had placed his big Wilbourne saddle on Idaho and put a bag of salt across the bow and taken him down and tied him to the rail fence. He had gone now to salt the cattle at range on Dunlap Mountain. Tucker (*Continued on page* 58)

Often Tucker and Teaberry sat on the stoop of the cabin and listened with deep respect to Soldier's reconstruction of the old, stirring times when he had fought in the Civil War

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN





W. DAVID SHAW

My grandfather early and assiduously displayed a remarkable forte for backing up

Float Backwards

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

WHEN the year 1929 comes up in conversation, many people think immediately of Black Thursday, the day the stock market crashed; in our family, we think of Black Saturday, which is the day my grandfather got his driving license. The following Tuesday, the state legislature passed a law requiring each applicant for a driver's license to take a road test, a coincidence which my father, who tried in vain to have the bill made retroactive, called to Grandfather's attention time and again. "One look at you behind the wheel, they passed the law," my father would say.

"The reward of toil is a jealous son," my grandfather would reply, quoting more or less in context a cynical proverb from the old country. "And a license is still a license."

My father would shift his tack. "Look at Mr. Ghiblikian next door." Like Grandfather, Mr. Ghiblikian was from the old country and now learning to drive a car. "He drove around the block five times today. You only did it once."

"Yes," Grandfather said, "but I did it in reverse."

This was true. My grandfather early and assiduously displayed a remarkable forte for backing up in an automobile. The truth, though he tried to disguise it, was that it came to him with considerably more ease than going forward.

"See where you backed into the garage again tonight," my father would say at supper. "How come you always come in backwards at night?"

"So I can go out frontwards in the morning," Grandfather said, cracking an almond with his teeth. "I see where Ghiblikian has a garage with two doors."

This also was true. Mr. Ghiblikian's garage, of the flimsy, temporary sort that was being erected helter-skelter in back yards all over town in those days, now had an opening in the back as well as in front. Driving into the garage the night before, Mr. Ghiblikian had stepped on the wrong pedal and had gone right on through. Grandfather was delighted.

"That Ghiblikian," he said, and shook his head. "Fast and loose." This was a reference to a year or so before, when a Mrs. Schloss had moved in across the street and Grandfather and Ghiblikian, both widowers, had set their caps for her. It was more for the sake of a contest than anything else, because Mrs. Schloss was not much to look at, and besides, she moved to Buffalo after a few months. But while she was living across the street the competition was brisk, and Ghiblikian emerged the undeniable winner, having dated her five times to twice for my grandfather. Furthermore, Mr. Ghiblikian once persuaded Mrs. Schloss to go rowing with him in the park, a feat my grandfather could not match. Outwardly, the two men remained friends after she left, but quietly, biding his time, Grandfather thirsted for revenge.

After Ghiblikian went through the garage, my grandfather became sort of the elder automotive statesman of our block. He took to discussing piston displacement and differentials with the neighborhood graybeards, and he could back into a parking space like greased lightning. This was the kind of thing that often provided fodder for my father in his job as advertising director for a group of furniture stores. One night he came home with the unholy light in his eyes that bespoke a new promotion stunt.

"Where," he said to me, "is Henry Ford?"

"Who?"

"Your grandfather."

"He's polishing the car," I said. "I'll get him."

Grandfather came in, perspiring. My father let him have it. "You are going to be in the Founders' Day parade," he told him. "You are going to drive the car."

"Well," my grandfather said.

"Backwards," my father added.

It was not so fantastic as it sounded. In those times, the Founders' Day parade included elaborate floats of papier-mâché and crepe, built on automobiles. The outline of the float more or less had to follow the contours of the automobile. By turning the car around, my father reasoned, he could achieve a totally new effect. His furniture firm, he explained to my grandfather, would be represented in the parade by the proud, upthrust prow of a ship which, for the sake of the occasion, was to be named the USS Constitution.

"How you going to do any advertising with a ship?" my grandfather asked.

"Simple," my father said. "We're building this thing right over the car so you can't see anything but the wheels and the ship. There'll be flags all over it. Red, white and blue. We may even stick a phonograph inside playing The Stars and Stripes Forever. And," he added excitedly, "not a word of advertising anywhere. You see? You get the impact? A great patriotic motif, unsullied by a commercial breath. Then we win first prize for the best float, and all the papers carry the name of the company. Simple." He smiled indulgently at my grandfather. "Any more questions?"

"Yes," Grandfather said. "How do I see where I'm going?"

"You would ask something like that." Petty things always irritated my father. "Maybe we'll cut a little hole in the float so you can look out through the rearview mirror and just keep in line with the float in front of you. How's that?"

"Suppose I'm the first one in the parade?"

My father's neck became rigid, a certain sign of anger. "Do I have to do the thinking for everybody in this family? Why don't you figure something out for yourself for a change?"

"I'm trying to," Grandfather said. "I'm trying to figure, for instance, why it's me who drives the Constitution. Why not you?"

"I don't drive as well as you."

That was the clincher. My grandfather asked weakly what would happen if he had an accident, and my father told him cheerily he would go to jail, but, even so, the unlooked-for spear of flattery had left my grandfather helpless.

"You're the great driver of the age," my father said to him. "Barney Oldfield, in person. Okay. Now's your chance."

THE more my grandfather thought about it, however, the less he liked the prospect of driving backwards in a parade, and, possibly, of losing his license. His doubts increased when our car was fitted out as the USS Constitution, with only the smallest of peepholes in the back window to be seen through the rearview mirror.

"What happens if something gets in the way of the peephole?" Grandfather inquired of my father.

"Get out and fix it," my father said.

"How do I get out?"

"The same way you get in."

My grandfather had the sense not to ask how he was supposed to get inside the USS Constitution, but it puzzled him.

It evolved, finally, that the crepe paper alongside the car door could be crept under, the door opened most carefully, and a human form wedged behind the wheel. My father explained this to my grandfather and stood by proudly as a towing truck came the morning of the parade to pick up Grandfather and the Constitution and take them to the starting point for the parade.

Together, my father and I went by streetcar to the reviewing stand. The parade was to come down Stedman Avenue and turn into Main Street and go on down it. It was crisp April weather, and the sound of jaunty music was in the air. How beautiful the Constitution would be as she sailed down the broad thoroughfare!

In the distance, we could hear the parade coming. First came the bands, and the marching men, and finally the floats, one after another, gay and brilliant in their colors.

"Can you see the Constitution?" I asked. I was jumping up and down excitedly. "Is it coming?"

"Keep quiet," my father said. I took one look at him and surmised that the Constitution was not coming. My father became involved in a huddled chattering with several notables on the reviewing stand. Simultaneously, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked up. There was my grandfather.

My father turned and saw him, too. "You," he said.

"Me," Grandfather said. The parade was drumming past us now.

"I understand," my father said—his voice was ice cold—"that the USS Constitution failed to make the turn from Stedman Avenue into Main Street."

Grandfather shrugged.

"I understand further," my father said, "that just a little while ago the police found a ship sailing all by itself down Stedman Avenue."

Again, the shrug.

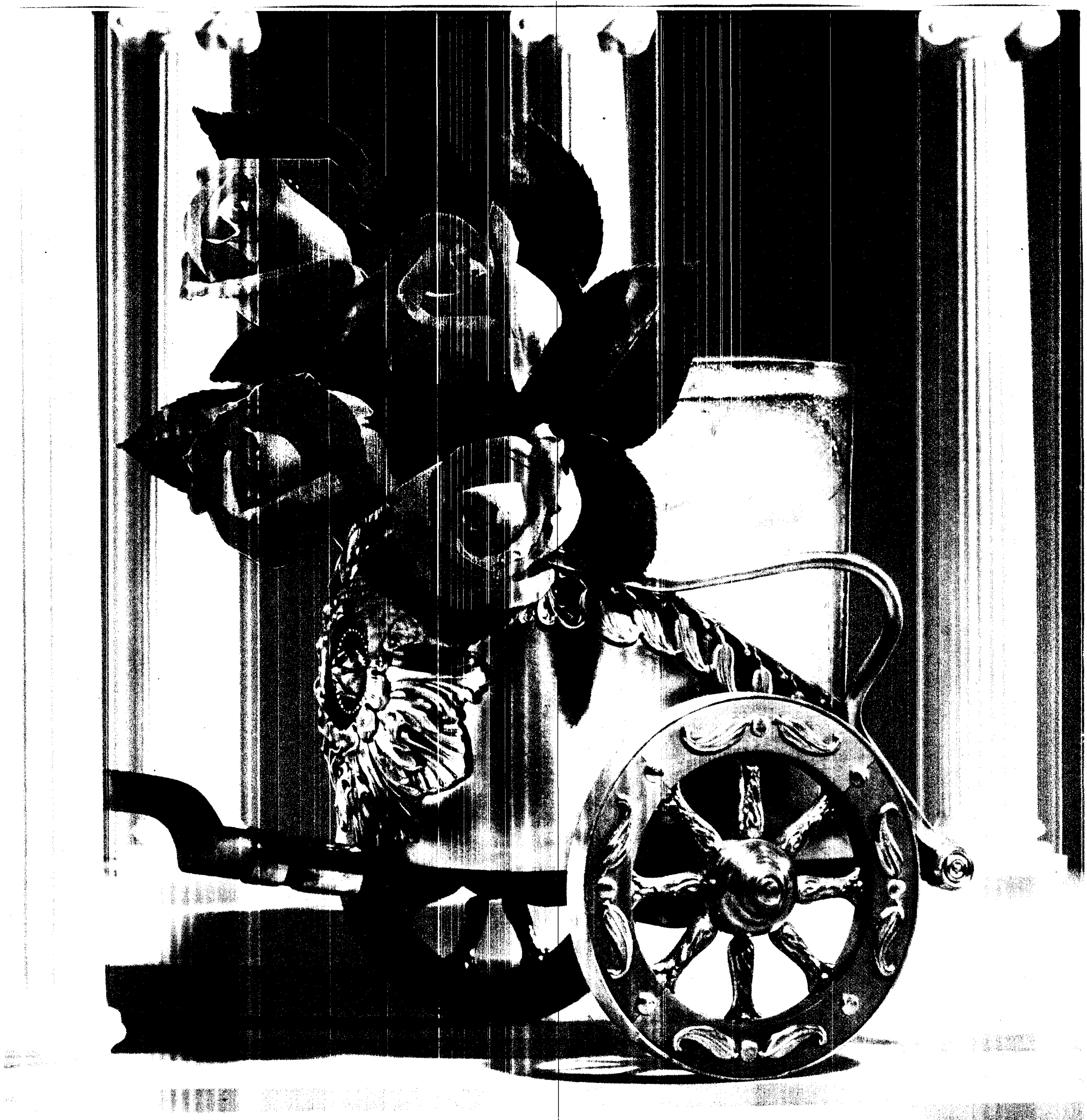
"How much," my father said, and his voice was one now of utter finality, "did you pay Ghiblikian to drive it for you?"

"Nothing," my grandfather said, defensively. "He wanted the practice driving backwards."

For a long time after that, I regarded my grandfather as a smart man. After a while, I began to realize my father was just as smart, if not smarter. He did, after all, leave the name of his company off the float.

The only one who was not smart, I think, was Ghiblikian. He lost his license, and when he tried to get it back he couldn't pass the test. And, it might be added, my grandfather never let him forget it. ▲▲▲

Collier's SHORT SHORT



Royal entertainment. Your next guest may not be a Roman emperor but you *can* treat him in a royal way . . . by serving drinks made with Four Roses. This superb whiskey is so favored that people today buy more Four Roses than any other whiskey at or above the Four Roses price—even more than most other whiskies at any price.

Wouldn't you
rather drink
Four Roses

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

The 1932 Campaign

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

"second Teapot Dome." It developed that the World had, through Michelson, paid $12,000 to a discharged Interior Department employee named Kelley to prepare these articles.

I at once directed the Attorney General to investigate the matter. He reported:

"Kelley has made an effort to give the public the impression that oil shale lands presently worth untold billions have been or are about to be lost to the government . . . The facts are that oil shale has no substantial present commercial value . . . during the present administration only 42,840 acres have been patented, and of that amount the patent of 23,057 acres was approved by Kelley himself . . . (Out of more than 1,000,000 acres) the United States still owns ninety-seven per cent of all its original oil shale lands . . . Kelley, when placed in charge of this oil shale matter . . . immediately got in touch with a newspaper, sold his story to the press, and refused then to give to authorized public officials any statement of the matter. It is a just inference that his refusal to assist the Assistant Attorney General in his inquiry was merely to protect the news value of his proposed newspaper articles . . ."

The World made no effort to obtain a statement from Interior Secretary Wilbur until after the series began. The most casual inquiry would have satisfied it that there was nothing to back up Kelley's charges.

Apology Was in Fine Print

Later, Secretary Wilbur compelled the World to make an abject apology. But this was in fine print, whereas the lie had been spread over the country by every ingenious method money could pay for.

I received a modicum of satisfaction because the exposure so discredited the World that, according to a later statement by one of its own editors, publication of the articles contributed to its demise a little later.

There were other examples of the personal-attack strategy. Senator McKellar of Tennessee charged that I had stolen great sums from appropriations for European relief during the Armistice. It happened that Senator Glass had been Secretary of the Treasury at that time, and responsible for looking after these funds from which I had supposedly stolen $100,000,000. After the story had been blazoned across the country for days, Glass, in reply to a Republican senator's demand, denied that it could be true. But the lie continued to spread.

Another device employed against me was a flood of smear books although these cannot be attributed to Raskob. Subsequent court proceedings showed that a down-and-out English literary beachcomber named Hamill was engaged by a man named Kenny and a John J. O'Brien of Tammany to write the first of these books, supposedly a history of my life as an engineer. They apparently had difficulty finding a publisher, for the book was issued by a Samuel Roth, alias William Faro, who had served several prison sentences for illegal publications.

A quarrel sprang up between O'Brien, Hamill and Roth over the matter. Hamill claimed that Kenny, in giving him $1,700, had only made part payment for his services. O'Brien and Roth quarreled over the expected profits that were to come from selling half a million copies through the official Democratic organization. Some of my New York friends demanded Hamill's prosecution for criminal libel, and to clear himself he made a written confession under oath stating that he had fabricated every word of the book. After this exposure the Democratic National Committee did not circulate the book. But the Communists later brought out a cheap edition with wide circulation.

The Hamill book was the father of others, one out under the assumed name of "John Knox," another founded on Hamill's and written by Walter Leggett, later murdered by fellow gangsters in Minneapolis.

There were blows below the belt during the campaign as well. One was the charge that I had prostituted the RFC to save the Dawes Bank in Chicago. General Dawes had been Vice-President in the Coolidge administration and during my term was president of the RFC prior to the loan to the Dawes Bank. The loan had been made at the recommendation of the Democratic directors of the RFC, and stopped a panic in Chicago which would have closed all the banks there.

Probably the greatest tactic of all used against me was the distortion of the story of the Bonus March on Washington in July, 1932, when about 11,000 supposed veterans congregated to urge Congress to pay a deferred war bonus in cash instead of over a period of years.

The Democratic leaders did not organize the Bonus March nor conduct the ensuing riots. But the Democratic organization seized on this incident with great avidity. Almost every Democratic speaker in the 1932 campaign implied that I had murdered veterans on the streets of Washington.

SISTER

THE PLAZA ARMS
A COMPLETELY MODERN APARTMENT HOUSE
TIGER A.C.

COLLIER'S "I say let's go down to city hall and look over the zoning laws!" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

The story was kept alive for 20 years. I therefore deal with it at greater length than otherwise warranted. As abundantly proved later on, the march was largely organized and promoted by the Communists, and included a large number of hoodlums and ex-convicts bent on raising a public disturbance. They were frequently addressed by Democratic congressmen seeking to inflame them against me for my opposition to the bonus legislation, and were given financial support by some publishers of the sensational press.

When it was evident that no legislation would be passed by Congress, I asked the chairmen of the Congressional committees to appropriate funds for tickets home for the legitimate veterans. This was done, and some 6,000 availed themselves of it, leaving about 5,000. Through government agencies we obtained the names of upwards of 2,000 of those remaining, and found that less than one third of these had ever served in the Army and that over 900 of this sampling were ex-convicts and Communists.

Some old buildings on Pennsylvania Avenue had been occupied by some marchers. These buildings stood in the way of construction work going on (as an aid to District employment). On July 28th Treasury officials, through the police, requested some 50 marchers to move to other quarters, whereupon more than 1,000 other bonus marchers converged from their camps outside the city armed with clubs. They made an organized attack on the police. In the melee, Police Commissioner Glassford failed to organize his men. Several were surrounded by the mob and beaten up. Two of them, beaten to the ground, fired to protect their lives and killed two marchers. Many policemen were injured.

The District commissioners, at Glassford's urging, appealed to me. They declared that they could not preserve order in the capital, that the police were greatly outnumbered, and were being overwhelmed. With the same right of call on me as municipalities have on the governor of any state, they asked military assistance to restore order. At my direction to Secretary of War Hurley, he directed General Douglas MacArthur to take charge. He in turn placed Major (now General) Dwight Eisenhower in immediate command. The situation was cleaned up without the firing of a shot or injury to a single person.

Certain of my orders to the Secretary of War, however, were not carried out. Those orders limited action to seeing to it that the disturbing factions returned to their camps outside the business district. I did not wish them driven from their camps, as I proposed that next day we would surround the camps and determine more accurately the Communists and ex-convicts among the campers. Our military officers, however, having them on the move, pushed them outside the District.

General MacArthur issued his own statement, saying in part:

"That mob . . . was a bad-looking mob. It was animated by the essence of revolution. The gentleness, the consideration with which they had been treated had been mistaken for weakness and they had come to the conclusion, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that they were about to take over in some arbitrary way either the direct control of the government or else to control it by indirect methods . . . I think it can be safely said that (the President) had not only reached the end of an extraordinary patience but that he had gone to the very limit in his desire to avoid friction and trouble before he used force.

". . . I have released in my day more than one community which had been held in the grip of a foreign enemy . . . I have never seen, even in those days, such expression of gratitude as I heard from the crowds today. At least a dozen people told me, especially in the Negro section, that a regular system of tribute was being levied on them by this insurrectionist group; a reign of terror was being started which may have led to a system of Caponeism, and I believe later to insurgency and insurrection."

General Glassford later published a series of articles stating flatly that he had opposed calling out the troops and that he could have handled the situation. The Attorney General took sworn statements from the District commissioners proving that Glassford had implored them that troops be called for.

A large part of the veterans believe to this day that men who served their country in war were shot down in the streets of Washington by the Regular Army at my orders—yet not a shot was fired or a person injured after the federal government took charge.

And it was I who, as President, provided more for veterans in need than any other President in previous history. And the Roosevelt administration took a large part of it away from them. The following are figures on World War veterans' or dead veterans' dependents regularly receiving either pensions or disability allowances from the federal government. They speak for themselves: Hoover administration: 1930, 376,500; 1931, 628,600; 1932, 840,300; and 1933, 853,800. Roosevelt administration: 1934, 462,900; 1935, 473,500; and 1936, 479,000. The 370,000 veterans forced off the rolls had been there because they were both sick and needy.

Communist Complicity Proved

That the Bonus March was to a considerable degree Communist-organized and managed has become clear beyond a doubt over the years both through investigation some years later by Congressional committees and by the disclosures of repentant Communist leaders who participated in it. Sixteen years later, one of them, Benjamin Gitlow, published a full account in which he gave the details of organization of these "marchers" and of their direction in Washington by a Russian Communist agent operating from a safe hotel room.

Still later an even more ample account of Communist leadership in the march was given by a reformed Communist, John T. Pace. Pace also stated that during the 1932 campaign he was assigned by the Communists to stump the country, attacking us.

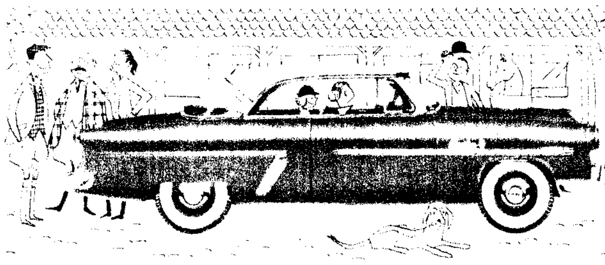
Despite repeated refutations, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt as late as July, 1949, repeated the Bonus March lie in McCall's Magazine of that date. When former Secretary of War Hurley demonstrated in the November issue that it was a lie, she made no apology.

Another below-the-belt misrepresentation during the 1932 campaign which was hard to take with urbanity was Roosevelt's referring to my administration's neglect of humane services.

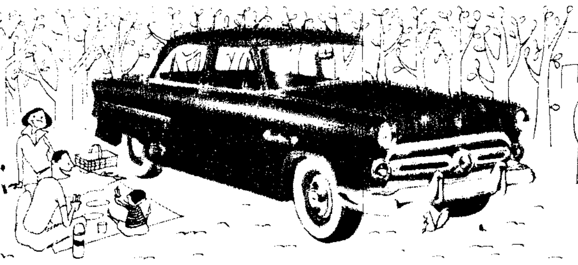
It was, of course, good politics to pound incessantly into the ears of millions of radio listeners, by direct statement and innuendo, the total heartlessness of one's opponent.

In the main, Roosevelt's method was one of implication—by advocating such measures as child-care services, extension of public health measures, slum clearance, abolition of child labor, etc., as new discoveries, then pouring on his "Hoover did nothing" refrain, to make us out as hideous monsters.

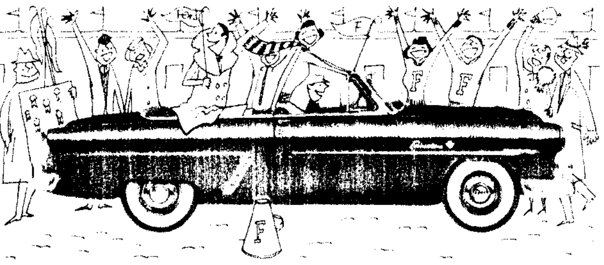
It was difficult to answer by factual recitation of my years of efforts in children's



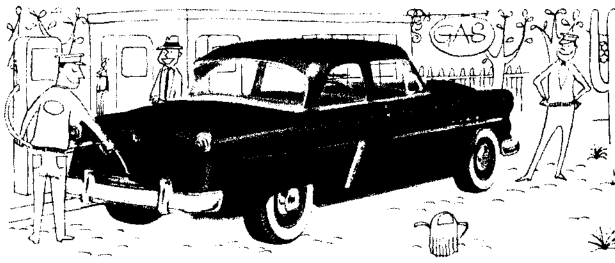
No matter where you hold court, you'll gather admiring glances by the bushel in Ford's sleek new *Victoria*.



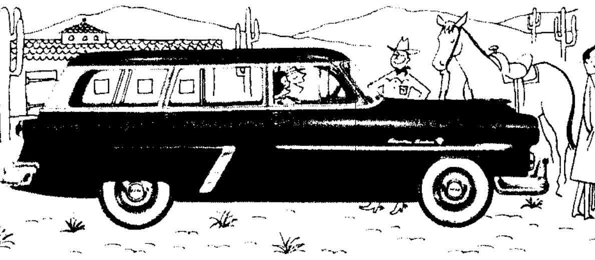
Driving's a picnic in this new Mainline *Fordor*. As in all new Fords, steering is easier to an amazing degree.



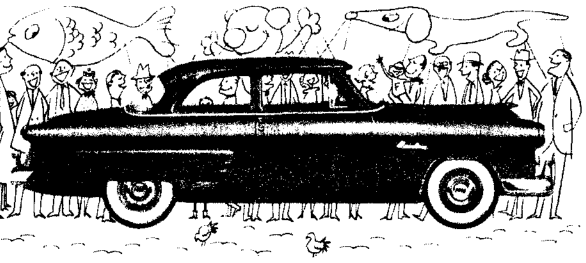
With the new Automatic Breezeway top, up or down, your crowd will cheer this snappy Ford *Sunliner*.



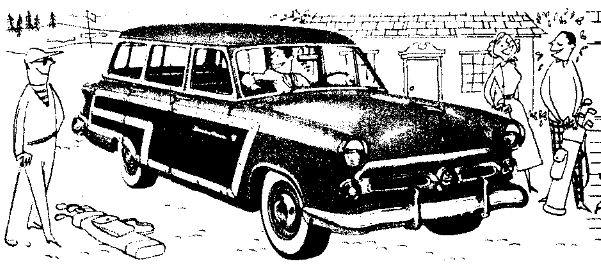
Take a good look at the pumps. You won't see 'em often with Ford's *Club Coupe*. (Note Center-Fill Fueling.)



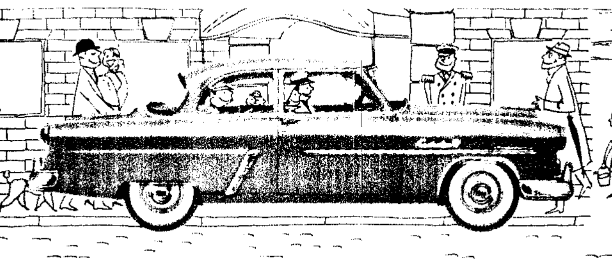
Great for the wide-open spaces or family taxiing around home is the brand-new, eight-passenger *Country Sedan*.



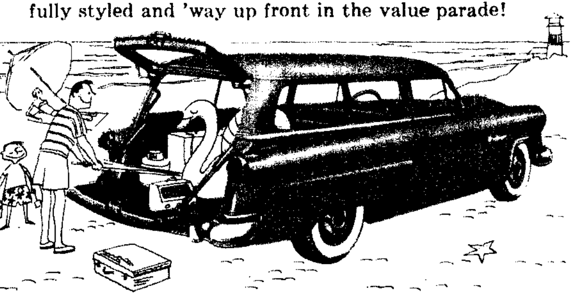
Here's the new eye-catching Mainline *Tudor*—beautifully styled and 'way up front in the value parade!



The new Ford *Country Squire* is a double-duty beauty . . . "at home" everywhere and a handy hauler, too!

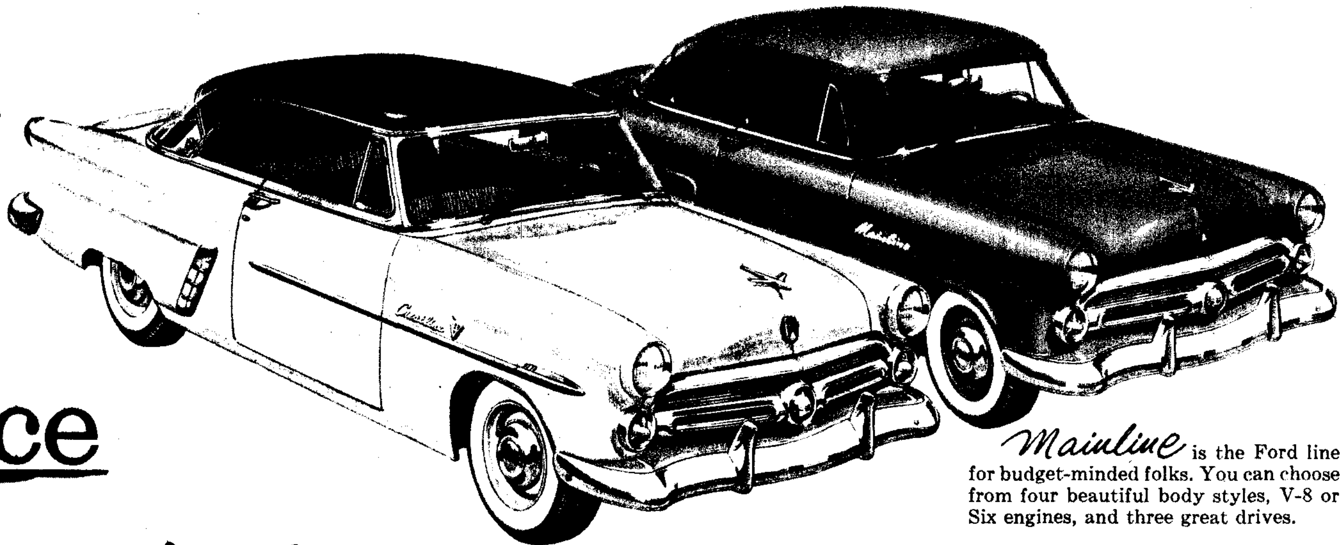


You arrive in style and comfort wherever you travel when you're at the wheel of the new Customline *Tudor*.



You *can* take it with you! If you don't believe it . . . own this two-door, six-passenger *Ranch Wagon* and see!

Eleven body styles
three great lines→



Mainline is the Ford line for budget-minded folks. You can choose from four beautiful body styles, V-8 or Six engines, and three great drives.

Crestline brings you the stand-out models in Ford's line of cars for '52. Included are the smart convertible Sunliner, beautiful Victoria and the four-door Country Squire.

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Today, more than ever before, Ford is the car for you! With most models, with most color and upholstery combinations, you're sure of finding a '52 Ford exactly tailored to your taste.

And expect big things from either high-compression engine you choose—the great 110-h.p. Strato-Star V-8 or the all-new 101-h.p. Mileage Maker Six with free-turning overhead valves! Both have more powerful "go" and both give you the economy of top performance on "regular" because both have the Automatic Power Pilot! For comfort, there's the Automatic Ride Control. It *really* swallows bumps, helps take the tilt out of turns . . . gives you a new kind of riding comfort.

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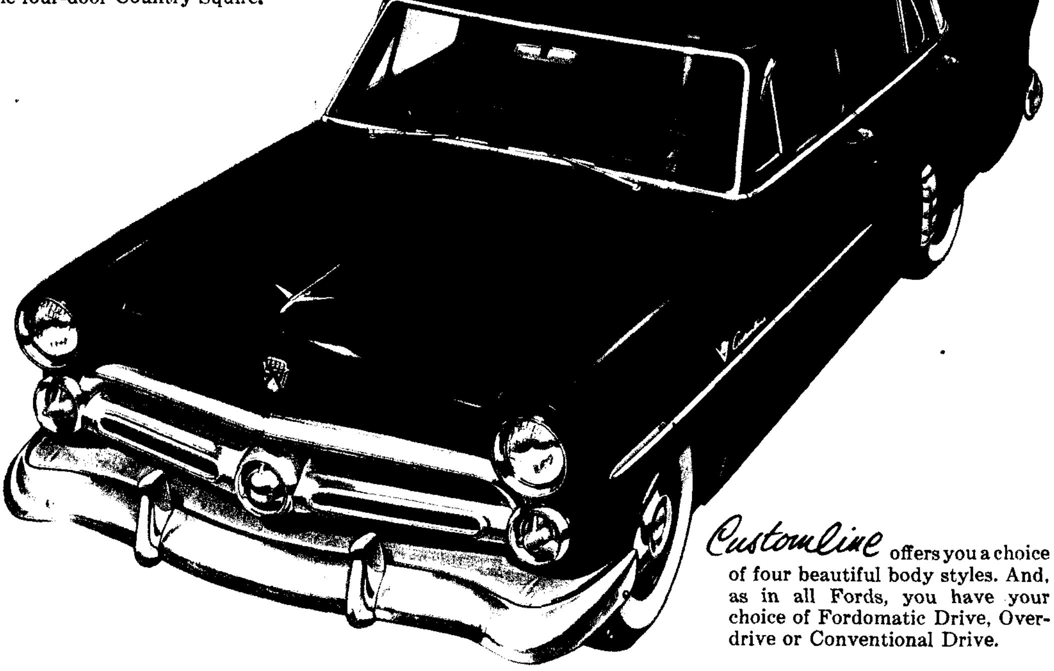

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It would be possible to recite many such misrepresentations by the opposition. The net result of this contributed to my defeat. Many honest men must have believed the charges unreservedly. Defeat would no doubt have taken place anyway. But it might have taken place without such defilement of American life.

The whole Democratic performance was far below the level of any previous campaign in modern times, certainly below the character of the 1928 campaign with Governor Smith.

Secretary Mills, who was a New Yorker, in a memorandum to me just before the 1932 campaign, declared that in contrast to 1928, where Smith and I both practiced morals, this campaign would have no such decency. He warned: "We are faced with a phalanx of lies and misrepresentation."

One Protest Against Abuse

Only once during the campaign did I protest against Democratic tactics of personal abuse. At Fort Wayne on October 9th, I said: "I shall say now the only harsh word that I have uttered in public office. I hope it will be the last . . .

"When you are told that the President of the United States—who by the most sacred trust of our nation is the President of all the people, a man of your own blood and upbringing—has sat in the White House for the last three years of your misfortune without troubling to know your burdens, without heartaches over your miseries and casualties, without summoning every avenue of skillful assistance irrespective of party or view, without using every ounce of his strength and straining his every nerve to protect and help, without using every possible agency of democracy that would bring aid, without putting aside personal ambition and humbling his pride of opinion, if that would serve—then I say to you that such statements are deliberate, intolerable falsehoods."

Ever since I left office my personal correspondence has been studded with touching apologies from complete strangers who said they had been misled, had taken part in these campaigns of lies, and wanted me to know they were sorry.

Often they asked for a letter of forgiveness to ease their consciences.

Roosevelt's most effective campaign issue was, of course, the depression. His strategy was to allege that I had made the depression and then done nothing about it.

He stated six varieties of "proofs": first, that the depression was entirely of domestic origin; second, that I was personally responsible for the stock-market boom and the orgy of speculation; third, that as Secretary of Commerce I had caused overbuilding of industry; fourth, that as Secretary of Commerce I had been responsible for private loans to foreigners, which by their default were a cause of the depression; fifth, that as President I had signed the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill, which had destroyed our foreign markets, made it impossible for foreigners to pay their debts and had started trade reprisals over the world; and sixth, that by extravagance and reckless spending we had developed a great deficit which was strangling the country.

The miseries of the people and the wrongdoing of business (mostly exposed by my administration) furnished magnificent oratorical material for emotionalizing these issues by innuendo and sly inference.

Nowhere in the speeches of Roosevelt or his supporters was there the slightest reference to the part played in the depression by the greatest war in history, the war's dreadful legacies, or the collapse of Europe's economy.

In commenting on charges that it was a "Hoover depression," I did not minimize the calamity that had befallen us, but gave facts to make clear the truth as to the forces in motion. In replying to Roosevelt's statements that I was responsible for the orgy of speculation, I considered for some time whether I should expose the responsibility of the Federal Reserve Board by its deliberate inflation policies from 1925 to 1928 under European influence, and my opposition to these policies. But I concluded that it would only result in further destruction of public confidence in our banking structure, and decided to deny myself this defense.

As to his allegations that I was responsible for $14,000,000,000 worth of bad private loans to foreigners, thereby provoking another cause of the depression, the facts were at variance with this. At the crash in 1929, $7,000,000,000 of such loans were outstanding, of which less than $2,000,000,000 defaulted. I had repeatedly warned against the recklessness of such loans and, as I have reported in an earlier chapter, tried to secure regulation of them.

In Indianapolis on October 28th I declared:

"The governor has not stated to the American people my oft-repeated warnings that American loans made in foreign countries should be on sound security and confined to reproductive purposes . . . One interesting part of all this tirade is that I have never been engaged in the selling of foreign bonds or foreign loans . . ."

I then commented on the fact that Roosevelt had himself been in the business of promoting such loans as chairman, in 1928, of the organization committee of the Federal International Banking Company, a corporation organized to sell foreign securities and bonds to the American people.

Roosevelt not only advanced the thesis that I was responsible for the depression but also repeatedly asserted that I had done nothing about it. He declared or implied this in seven different speeches. For instance, on September 29th he said:

". . . Today I read in the papers that for the first time, so far as I know, the administration of President Hoover has discovered the fact that there is such a thing as a farm mortgage or a home mortgage . . . My friends, all that I can tell you is that with you I deplore, I regret, the inexcusable, the reprehensible delay of Washington, not for months alone, but for years."

On October 5th, he said: ". . . for at least two years after the crash, the only efforts made . . . were to deny its existence." On October 25th: ". . . this administration did nothing and their leaders, I am told, are still doing nothing." On October 31st: "He did nothing for a long time after the depression began . . . He intensified the forces that made for depressions by encouraging . . . speculation."

It served no purpose simply to yell "liar" at each of these misstatements and innuendoes. I therefore tried to explain the truth and let it go at that, and I stressed the deliberate sabotage of many of my measures by Roosevelt's own party in Congress.

Roosevelt scarcely mentioned the RFC; our help to farmers via the granting of large credits through the farm co-operatives; the enlarged resources of the Federal Land Banks; our Intermediate Credit Banks; our new system of Agricultural Production Banks. He deprecated the home loan banks and the greatly expanded powers of the Federal Reserve System to assist business and agriculture.

At Detroit on October 22d I declared:

"Practically the only evidence of the attitude of the Democratic candidate upon this program is the sneer that it has been designed to help banks and corporations, that it has not helped the common man. He knows full well that the only purpose of helping an insurance company is to protect the policyholder . . . that the only purpose of helping a bank is to protect the depositor and the borrower . . . that the only purpose of helping a farm-mortgage company is to enable the farmer to hold his farm . . . that the only purpose of helping the building and loan association is to protect savings and homes . . . He knows full well that in sustaining the businessman it maintains the worker in his job."

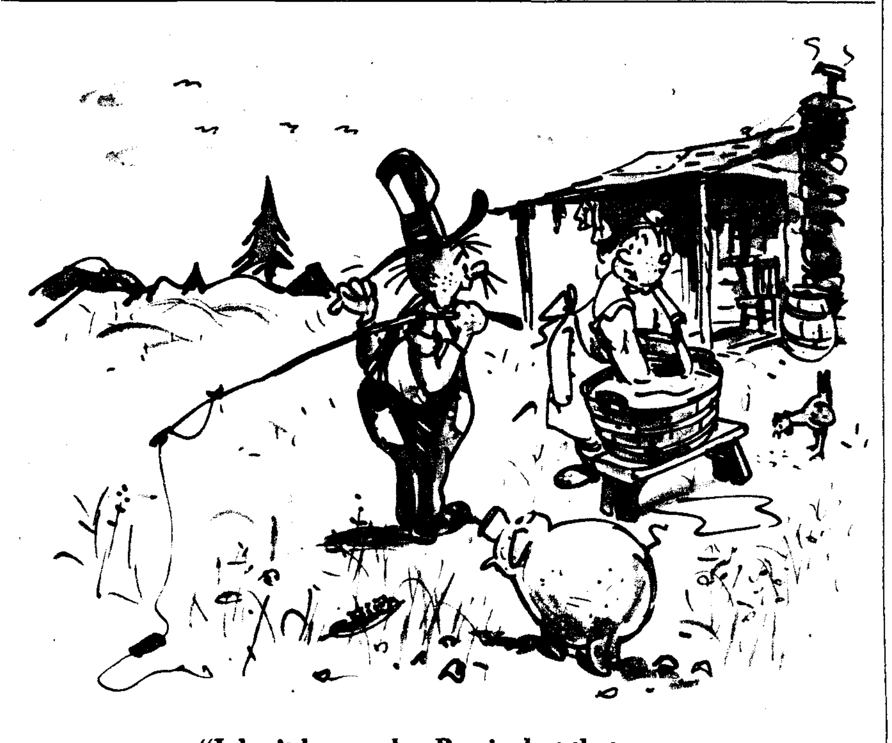
Deficits Were Overstated

Roosevelt also severely criticized us for our expenditures and deficits.

Our apparent deficit for our four years was $3,447,000,000. But of this sum, $2,459,000,000 represented recoverable loans of RFC and the various agricultural and home loan agencies. (These loans were later repaid.) Thus our net deficit was about $1,100,000,000—not $5,000,000,000 as Roosevelt subsequently alleged. The deficit was entirely the result of the loss of revenue—not of an increase in ordinary expenditures, as he claimed. If revenues had remained at predepression levels, we would have had a surplus of more than $1,500,000,000.

Roosevelt ignored the fact that revenues had dropped by $2,000,000,000 a year and

KENNESAW



COLLIER'S

"I don't know why, Bessie, but that new neighbor has taken a dislike against me. He offered me a job"

REAMER KELLER

All over the map . . .

Sky Chief PACKS PUNCH!

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Monarch
Dietz
Sheridan
Wakely
Wyarno
Kane
BIGHORN
Verona
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Stoner
Bertha
Weston
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Otto
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Rozet
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Sparta
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Nowood
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Clarkelen
Worland
Neiber
Winchester
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Boysen Dam
Bonneville
Shoshoni
Badwater
Poison Cr.
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Riverton
Bucknum
Platte
Glenrock
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that our increased spending was for loans, relief, public works and recoverable loans to support the distressed and bolster the economic structure during the depression.

It is difficult adequately to condemn the falsity and the misrepresentation of his speeches on this subject. The proof lay in later years. Despite the increased taxes passed in my administration, he had a deficit in his first four years of $13,078,000,000. Had he carried out his campaign promise to reduce expenses by 25 per cent, his total expenditures for these four years would have been $12,800,000,000, instead of the actual $27,000,000,000.

Never has a promise been so profitable politically—and so costly to the public.

Early in the campaign I was informed by a withdrawing member of the Roosevelt "brain trust" that his advisers had proposed an abandonment of the gold standard, devaluation and the substitution of a "managed currency" as an over-all method of raising prices and wages. He added that Roosevelt had agreed that this was what they should do if he were elected, but had decided that it would be a very bad campaign issue.

As we could not prove this statement, Treasury Secretary Mills and I determined to smoke out the whole devaluation-managed currency-fiat money issue.

The Democratic platform, often repeated by Roosevelt, had used these weasel words: "A *sound* currency to be preserved at all hazards and an international monetary conference called on the invitation of our government to consider the rehabilitation of silver."

The omission of the word "gold" and substitution of the weasel word "sound" was a compromise with the whole "soft money" history of the Democratic party.

That history embraced proposals for "greenbacks" and "free silver," and, as late as 1932, in legislation passed by the Democratic Congress mostly under the leadership of Roosevelt's running mate, Garner, proposals for "rubber dollar," fiat and inflated currency. This in itself was confirmation that tinkering with the currency was on the way again.

How Gold Reserve Was Drained

I first opened fire on this issue at Des Moines on October 4th. Disclosing much hitherto unknown to the public, I described the critical battle fought by the administration in the early part of 1932, when withdrawals from our banks by foreign depositors and hoarding by our own citizens had so drained our gold reserves that we were within weeks of going off the gold standard. I told how, by changes in the Federal Reserve System concerning the type of securities required by law to back up our currency, we had staved this off.

I declared: "Going off the gold standard in the United States would have been a most crushing blow to most of those with savings and those who owed money, and it was these we were fighting to protect . . . We determined that we should not enter the morass of using the printing press for currency or bonds. All human experience has demonstrated that . . . the moral integrity of the government would be sacrificed . . ."

Ultimately, our speeches on the monetary issue were making such an impression that Roosevelt requested Senator Glass to reply. The senator's speech was one of the most vituperative of his career—and that was something. The senator with his political clothes on had few restraints.

Glass maintained that there never had been a crisis such as I described at Des Moines. He asserted that the Democratic platform meant the gold standard.

As Glass himself had consented at a White House conference during the crisis—in the presence of many others—to father the Glass-Steagall bill, the very purpose of which was to prevent us from being forced off the gold standard, I considered that this part of his speech needed correction. Senator James Watson, who was also at that meeting, issued a statement calling the senator's attention to his lapse of memory as to his own participation on that occasion.

Finally we drove Roosevelt to reply on the monetary issue, which he did on election eve, saying: "It is worthy of note that no adequate answer has been made to the magnificent philippic of Senator Glass the other night . . . (He) made a devastating challenge that no responsible government would have sold to the country securities payable in gold if it knew that the promise—*yes, the covenant* (italics mine)—embodied in these securities was as dubious as the President of the United States claims it was . . ."

This was later known as the "covenant" speech. (The written "covenant" on the currency reads: "redeemable in gold at the United States Treasury.") The speech is omitted from the volume of Roosevelt's speeches authorized and edited by him and compiled by Samuel Rosenman.

This reference to the "covenant" was taken by the public to be a pledge to the gold standard. Yet, after his inauguration, Roosevelt took the country off the gold standard. Thereupon Senator Glass turned on him with one of the bitterest denunciations ever made on the Senate floor. The senator also declared that his campaign speech had been made only on Roosevelt's pledge to him that he would not tamper with the currency. In later years Glass sent apologies to me for his campaign speech and indeed gave me warning of impending attacks on me.

FRANK O'NEAL

COLLIER'S **"But how come Daddy is always out with the boys—doesn't he like girls?"** FRANK O'NEAL

The tariff issue was yet another issue during the campaign on which we were able to wage effective battle.

In the earlier part of the campaign, Roosevelt made violent attacks on the Smoot-Hawley tariff of 1930, calling it the "highest" in world history, "monstrous," and a "ghastly jest." He also persisted in calling it the Grundy Tariff, using that expression more than 30 times, although some senatorial members of the "brain trust" well knew that Senator Joseph Grundy of Pennsylvania had spoken and voted against the bill because of its "flexible" provisions and because of what he considered insufficient rates.

But as the campaign went along, the governor discovered that farmers and labor did not agree with the college professors who wrote his speeches. He then totally reversed himself, much to the consternation of the professors.

As the debate proceeded, he began to hedge until finally he came out for the Smoot-Hawley agricultural tariffs and conceded the need for "protective tariffs on industrial goods."

He began his retreat at Sioux City on September 29th, saying: "Of course, the *outrageously* excessive rates in that bill as it became law must come down. But we should not lower them beyond a reasonable point, a point indicated by common sense and facts."

At Baltimore, on October 25th, he further modified his position: "Of course, it is absurd to talk of lowering tariff duties on farm products . . . I know of no effective excessively high tariff duties on farm products. I do not intend that such duties shall be lowered."

At Boston, on October 31st, he declared: "I favor—and do not let the false statements of my opponents deceive you—continued protection for American agriculture *as well as American industry.*"

At once, with his retreat at Sioux City, I began to inquire as to the real meaning of this hedging. I said at Indianapolis, on October 28th:

"The Democratic candidate from the day of his nomination iterates and reiterates that he proposes to reduce the tariff . . . He now announces within two weeks of the election that he does not propose to reduce tariffs on farm products.

"This is the most startling shift in position by a Presidential candidate in the midst of a political campaign in all recent political history. Does the governor realize that he has overnight thrown overboard the great historical position of his party?

"Perhaps the governor and the whole Democratic party will now withdraw and apologize for the defamation to which I have been subjected for the last two years because I called a special session of the Congress and secured an increase in agricultural tariffs.

"I myself am taking heart over this debate. If it could be continued long enough, I can drive him from every solitary position he has taken in this campaign. They are all equally untenable. Perhaps I could get him to declare himself upon other evasions and generalities. But even on the tariff, he perhaps remembers the dreadful predicament of the chameleon on the Scotch plaid."

As President, Roosevelt increased the real tariff and trade barriers around the United States—all of which offers interesting reflection on such subjects as abstract truth, intellectual honesty and the art of demagoguery.

The questions of relief and public works were inextricably mixed in the whole campaign debate.

My organization of direct relief of unemployment through the voluntary committee system was not injected as an issue into the campaign by Roosevelt. One can be sure that if there had been the smallest area of starvation in the country, it would have been raised from a molehill to a mountain.

However, he laid great emphasis upon public works as the solution of unemployment. Some one of his "brain trust" had planted in him the idea that nothing of this sort was in progress already. He said at Boston on October 31st:

"The country would be horrified if it knew how little construction work authorized by the last Congress and approved by the President has actually been undertaken on this date, the 31st of October."

To show up this misrepresentation, I gave the figures on expenditures for public construction during my administration. These were based on fiscal years; I counted only one third the fiscal year ending 1929, when I took office, and only two thirds of the fiscal year ending 1933, when I left office. (This latter figure had already been set at the time I replied to Roosevelt.) The figures were: 1929, $356,500,000; 1930, $410,400,000; 1931, $574,870,000; 1932, $655,880,000; 1933, $717,260,000.

This total of more than $2,700,000,000 was greater than the entire national expenditure on public works during the previous 30 years, including the cost of the Panama Canal. In fact, it accounted for a considerable part of our deficit.

At Indianapolis, on October 28th, and in New York, on October 31st, I reviewed Roosevelt's sins of omission and commission on the issue of public works, and I pointed out that a promise he had given as to employment by the government would cost $9,000,000,000 a year.

F.D.R.'s Public Works Policy

A puzzling inconsistency in Roosevelt's position is given by Raymond Moley in his book After Seven Years:

"Again and again, when we were formulating the plans for the campaign in 1932, Roosevelt had been urged by Tugwell and others to come out for a $5,000,000,000 annual public works program. He repeatedly shied away from the proposal. This seems to have been partly because, as Roosevelt explained, Hoover, despite all his preparations had not been able to find over $900,000,000 worth of 'good' and useful projects . . . The $900,000,000 Hoover figure Roosevelt personally regarded as the probable outside limit of useful plans and projects."

Another vital issue in the 1932 campaign was prohibition. Prior to the Republican convention, I invited Senator William E. Borah, the leader of the drys, to lunch. I told him flatly that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law could not be enforced, gave him detailed information on the subject, and declared that the whole liquor question should be returned to the states, and that the amendment should be repealed.

To my great surprise Borah said that he agreed with me and would go along. We agreed that the federal government should retain authority to protect any state from imports of alcoholic beverages if that state wished to be dry. Borah strongly urged that the federal government reserve some power of review of state action to prevent the return of the old saloon with all its corruption. Several plans to this end were currently being discussed around the country.

I told Borah that I would go along on this if he would support me in presenting it in the campaign and if he could work out a constitutional formula.

After this agreement with Borah, I suggested that former Interior Secretary James Garfield of Ohio be chairman of the Resolutions Committee at the Republican convention. I gave Mr. Garfield my ideas for the platform plank on prohibition, which he heartily approved, as follows:

"An amendment should be promptly submitted that shall allow the states to deal with prohibition as their citizens may determine but subject to the retained power of the federal government to protect those states where prohibition may exist. There should be a safeguard against the return of the saloon and its attendant abuses."

Mr. Garfield submitted this formula to Borah, who agreed to it in the presence of other senators.

When the convention met, the Resolutions Committee, as expected, was divided

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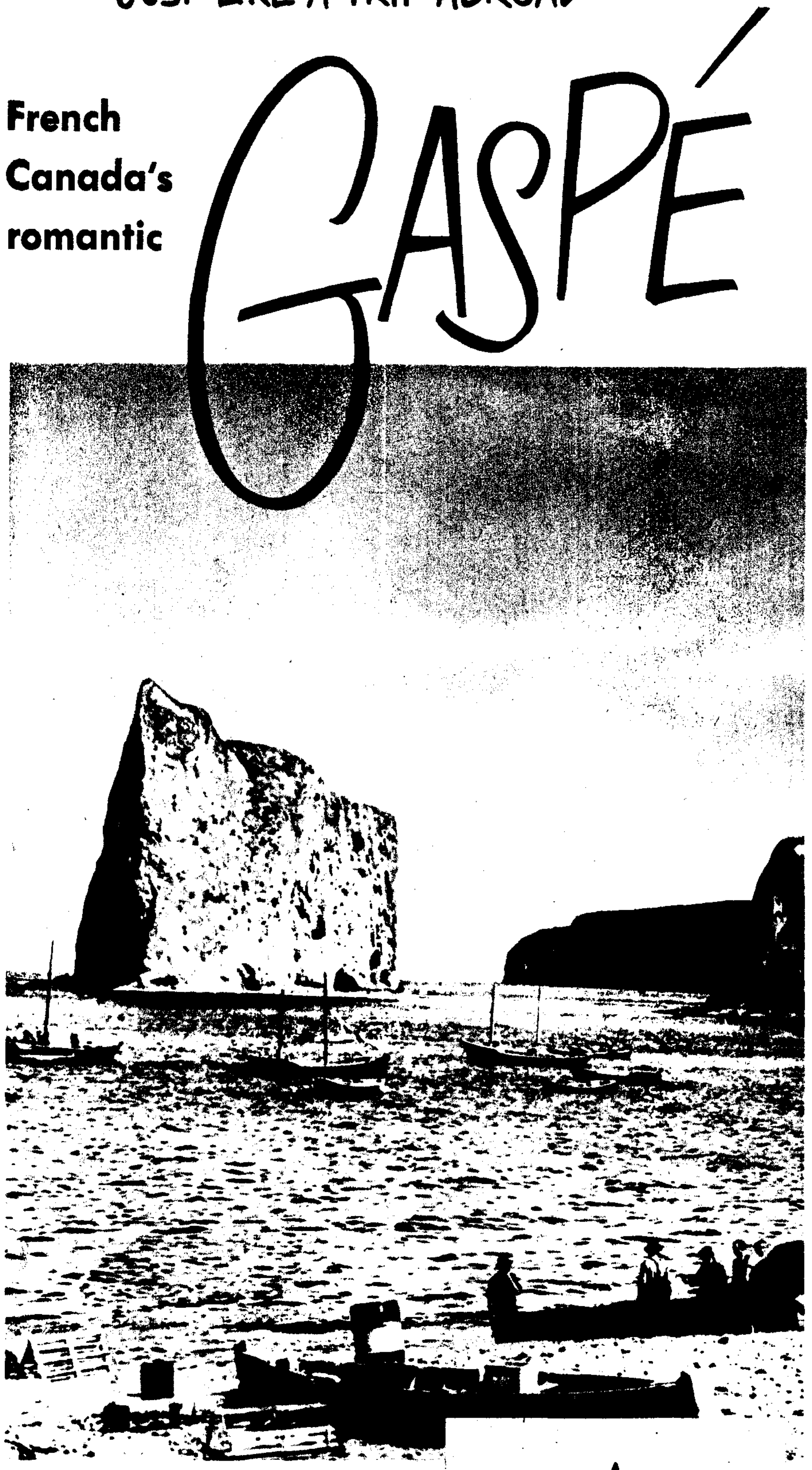

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—wet and dry. To get our idea accepted, Mr. Garfield finally allowed the drys to *write a long preamble to it and the wets to* write a final paragraph to attach on the end. I was greatly distressed, as I was sure that this would be interpreted as a straddle, but nothing could be done about it as it had already been sent to the floor of the convention.

There followed a long debate on the floor. I was listening over the radio when my private telephone rang and Mark Sullivan told me that Senator Borah wished to speak with me; would I call him up? I did so at once. Borah said that he was listening to the debate, that he thought the plank was very good and expressed great anxiety lest it might be defeated. I told him not to worry, that in the end it would be put through.

Twenty-four hours later, Borah made a public statement, denounced the platform plank and declared that he would support no candidate on that basis. Certainly I had no support from him in the campaign.

Democrats "Urge" No Saloons

The Democratic convention was also tangled over this issue. Its plank advocated repeal, subject to federal government control of interstate traffic to protect the states from importation of intoxicating liquors in violation of their laws. At the same time the Democrats *urged* that the states prevent the return of the saloon. This idea of *urging* the states to prevent the saloon, instead of *requiring* it, was the only essential difference from the Republican formula.

Subsequent events proved that there was not even an "urge" by the Roosevelt administration to prevent the return of the saloon; it returned in three times the number before prohibition.

All through the 1932 campaign something was in the air far more sinister than the miasmic climate of depression or political defamation. I was convinced that Roosevelt and his "brain trust" were proposing to introduce parts of the collec*tivism of Europe into the United States* under the title of "planned economy." That was an expression common in all collectivist systems.

The domestic version of this idea, paraded as liberalism, had all the tactics of its European counterparts. Behind it was the concept of forcibly channeling the activities of the people and determining their economic life. It meant coercion of the citizens, and government entry into business competition with them.

The "planners," by new and adroit semantics, stated these purposes in various guises of old and well-understood words and in terms of glorious objectives. Their ideas involved a mixture of Socialism and Fascism.

The first evidence of these collectivist ideas in the Democratic camp was the character and beliefs of Roosevelt's advisers and speech writers—Tugwell, Frankfurter, Wallace, Senators Norris of Nebraska and Thomas of Oklahoma, and others—men whose own declarations for some years had been of the full-blown collectivist type.

Confirmation of their influence appeared in many of Roosevelt's campaign speeches. At Oglethorpe University on May 22d he used the expressions "social planning" and "controlling by adequate planning the creation and distribution of those products which our vast economic machine is capable of yielding."

In a speech on October 6th, he said: ". . . We know that some measures of regularization and planning for balance among industries and for envisaging production as a national activity must be devised."

In an address in San Francisco, on September 23d, he boldly advanced the notion of complete government control of production and distribution, saying: "The day of the great promoter or the financial titan, to whom we granted anything if only he would build, or develop, is over. Our task now is not discovery or exploitation of natural resources, or necessarily producing more goods. It is the soberer, less dramatic business . . . *of adjusting production to consumption, of distributing wealth and products more equitably, of adapting existing economic organizations to the service of the people. The day of enlightened administration has come.*"

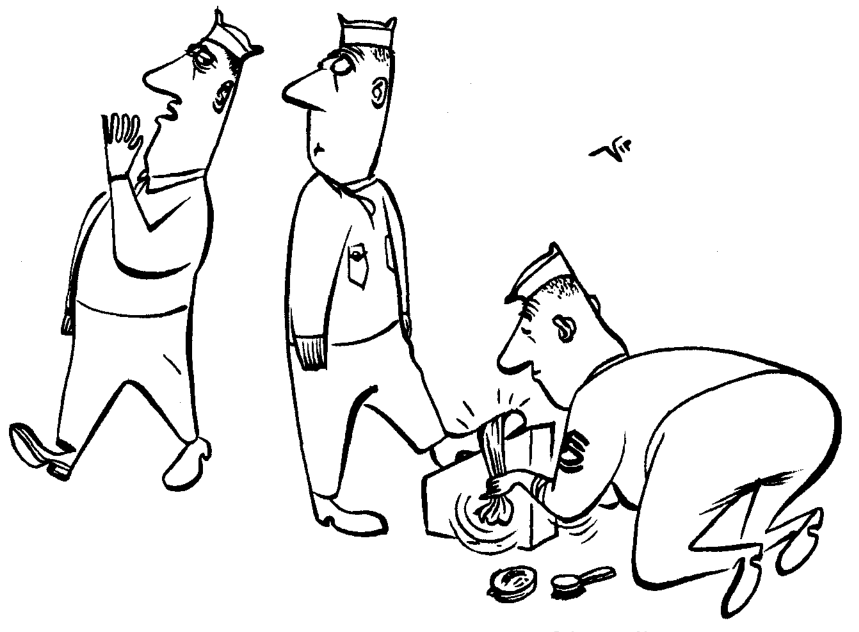
No such control of industry as this implied was possible without regimentation of the nation.

A further indication of the collectivist character of the New Deal was in an address at Topeka, Kansas, where Roosevelt proposed his "domestic allotment" plan for agriculture, which was wholly impossible without control of what the farmer was to plant and the fixing of prices on all he sold. *Still more evidence of the collec*tivist idea was "managed currency," which, through currency manipulation, put the possible control of values, wages and prices in the hands of bureaucracy.

Beyond all this was Roosevelt's incessant stirring of class hate in the most classless people civilization had produced.

Another incident carried, to me, great conviction as to the collectivist nature of the New Deal. On September 17, 1931, President Gerard Swope of the General Electric Company had in a public address taken the lead in a project for the reor-

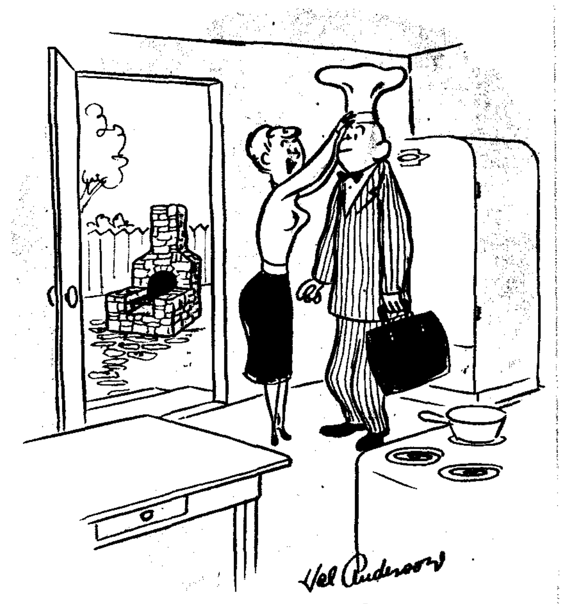
VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Look out for a surprise ending, old man" VIRGIL PARTCH ganization of American industry. He called this project "economic planning." At the time, I had submitted this plan to the Attorney General, with a note pointing out:

"This plan provides for the mobilization of each variety of industry and business into trade associations, to be legalized by the government and authorized to 'stabilize prices' . . . It means the repeal of the entire Sherman and Clayton Acts, and all other restrictions on combinations and monopoly. In fact, if such a thing were ever done, it means the decay of American industry from the day this scheme is born, because one cannot stabilize prices without restricting production and protecting obsolete plants and inferior managements. It is the most gigantic proposal of monopoly ever made in history."

The Attorney General replied that the plan was wholly unconstitutional.



"Oh, hello, dear. When will dinner be ready?"

COLLIER'S HAL ANDERSON

Late in December, 1931, the United States Chamber of Commerce had taken a step which struck me at the time as having some humor, coming as it did from that citadel of economic freedom. As a result of urging by Swope and others, the chamber undertook a referendum of their members upon this scheme of "economic planning." The chamber won a favorable referendum on the project from the members, many of whom fretted greatly under the antitrust laws. Henry Harriman, president of the chamber, called on me and urged that I recommend the plan to Congress.

I informed him that if this plan were put into practice, it would, through the creation of monopolies, drive the country into the Fascism of which it was a precise pattern, or toward Socialism as the result of public exasperation.

On September 23, 1932, during the campaign, Harriman again called upon me and urged that I pledge to support the chamber's recommendation. Again I refused. To me it violated the primary canons of human liberty. Harriman told me that Roosevelt had agreed to support the plan and that if I would not make such a pledge a large number of highly placed businessmen would support my opponent, both financially and by their influence—which they did. Mr. Roosevelt kept his pledge and the NRA was the resulting Frankenstein.

I devoted an entire address to this issue of proposed collectivism in New York on October 31st, giving chapter and verse. Some paragraphs were prophetic:

"We are told by the opposition that we must have a change . . . a new deal. It is not the change that comes from normal development of national life to which I object, but the proposal to alter the whole foundations of our national life . . .

"We must go deeper than platitudes . . . in the campaign, if we will penetrate to the full significance of the changes which our opponents are attempting to float upon the wave of distress and discontent from the difficulties we are passing through . . . We must look into measures for which they voted (in Congress) and which were defeated. We must inquire whether or not the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates have disavowed these acts . . .

"The spirit of liberalism is to create free men; it is not the regimentation of men. It is not the extension of bureaucracy . . . Expansion of government in business means that the government, in order to protect itself from the political consequences of its errors, is driven irresistibly . . . to greater and greater control of the nation's press and platform . . .

"If these measures, these promises which I have discussed, or these failures to disavow these projects . . . mean anything, they mean the enormous expansion of the federal government . . . No man who has not occupied my position in Washington can fully realize the constant battle which must be carried on against incompetence, corruption, tyranny of government expanded into business . . .

"Every step in that direction poisons the very roots of liberalism. It poisons political equality, free speech, free press and equality of opportunity. It is the road not to liberty but to less liberty. True liberalism is found not in striving to spread bureaucracy, but in striving to set bounds to it. True liberalism seeks all legitimate freedom first in the confident belief that without such freedom the pursuit of other blessings is in vain. Liberalism is a force truly of the spirit, proceeding from the deep realization that economic freedom cannot be sacrificed if political freedom is to be preserved."

It seems fitting to end this chapter on the campaign with an off-the-record speech I made in December, 1932, after my defeat, to the Gridiron Club: "You will expect me to discuss the late election. Well, as nearly as I can learn, we did not have enough votes on our side . . .

"Only a few rare souls in a century, to whose class I make no pretension, count much in the great flow of this Republic. The life stream of this nation is the generations of millions of human particles acting under impulses of advancing ideas and national ideals gathered from a thousand springs . . . Its dikes against dangerous floods are cemented with the blood of our fathers. Our children will strengthen these dikes, will create new channels, and the land will grow greater and richer with their lives.

"We are but transitory officials in government . . . What counts toward the honor of public officials is that they sustain the national ideals upon which are patterned the design of these channels of progress and the construction of these dikes of safety. What is said in this or in that political campaign counts no more than the sound of the cheerful ripples or the angry whirls of the stream.

"What matters is—that God help the man or the group who breaks down these dikes, who diverts these channels to selfish ends. These waters will drown him or them in a tragedy that will spread over a thousand years." . . .

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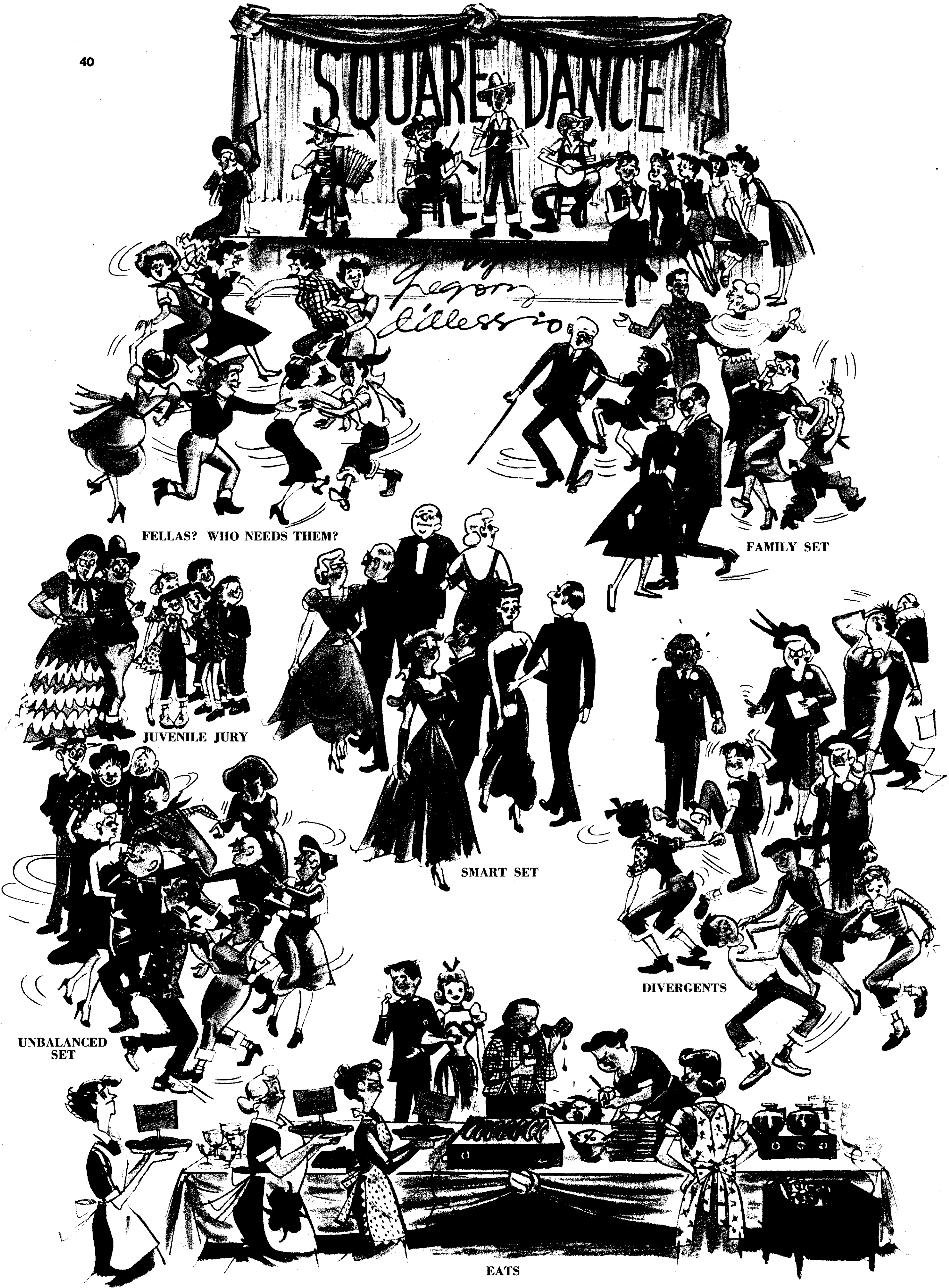
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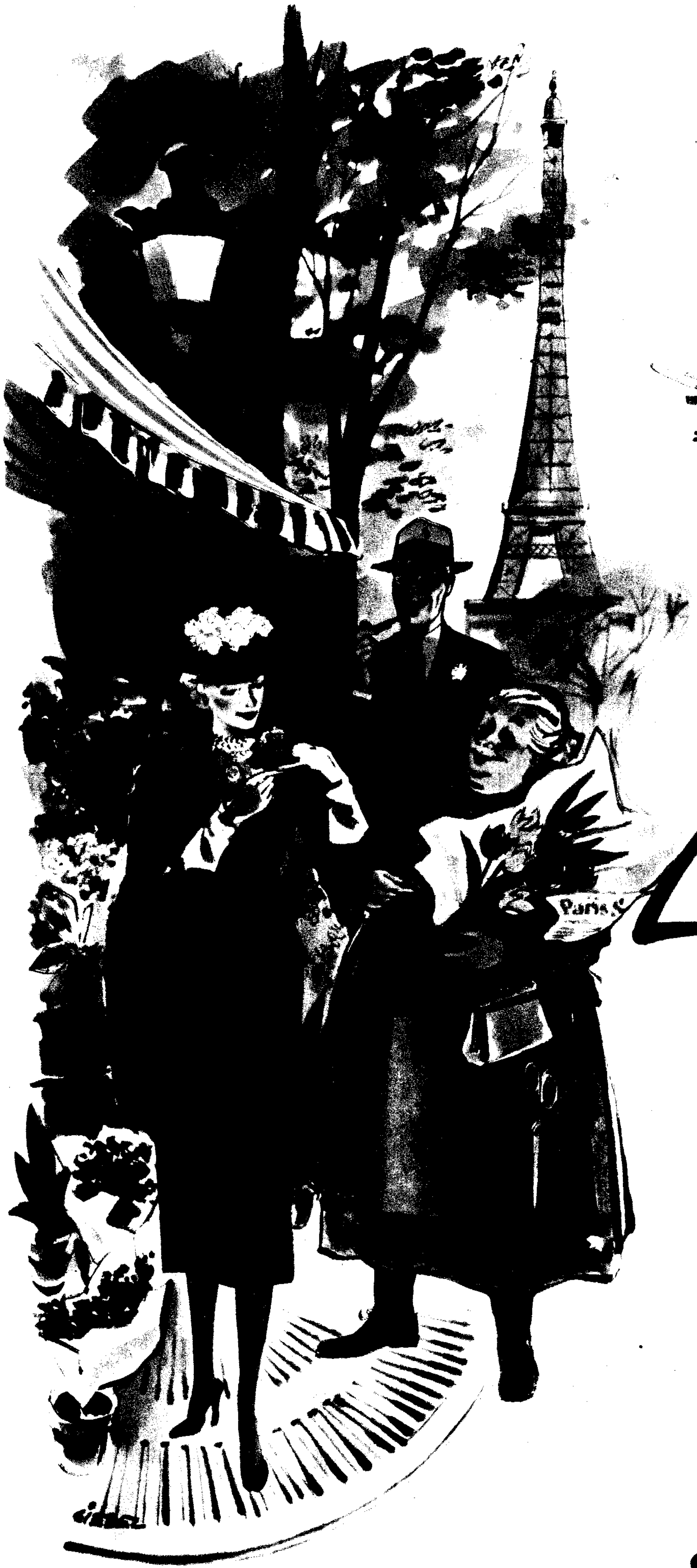

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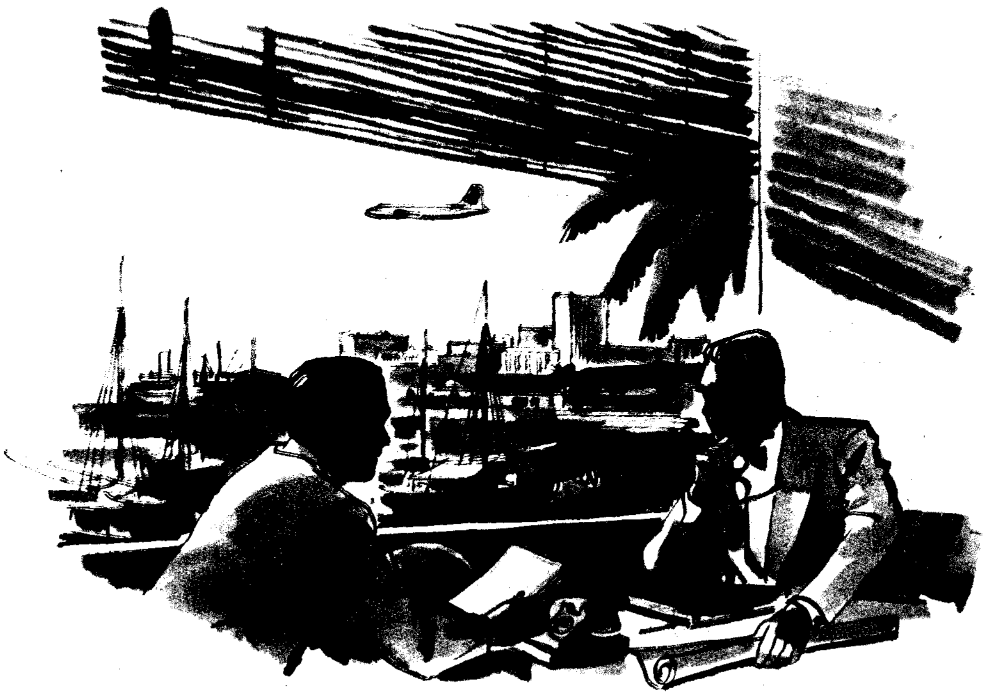

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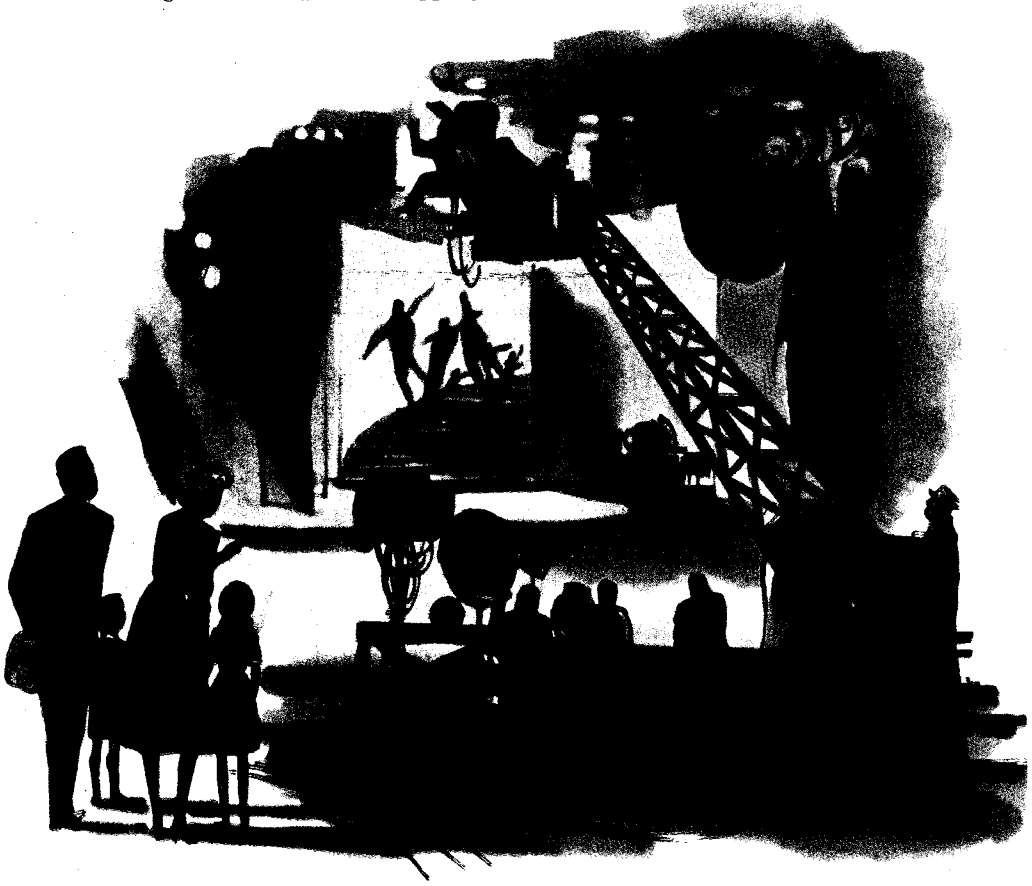

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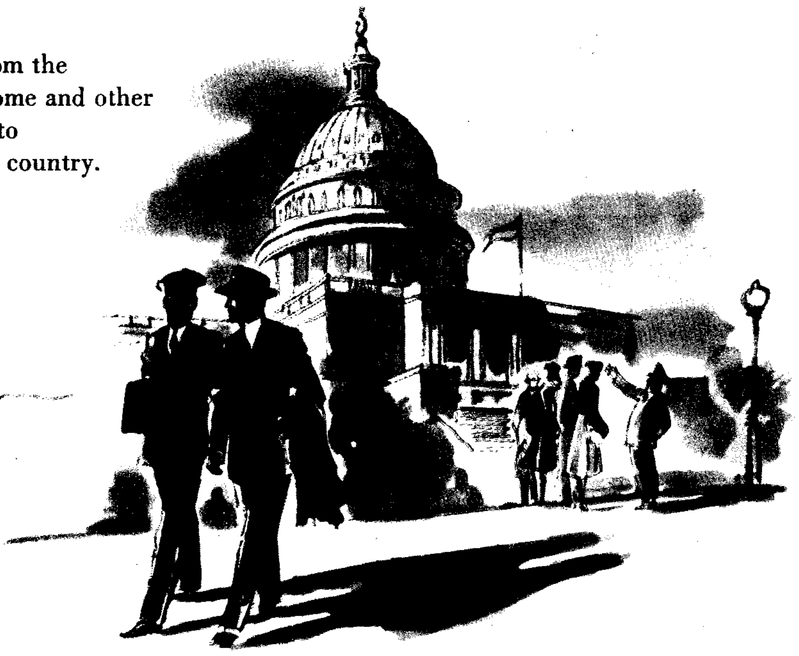

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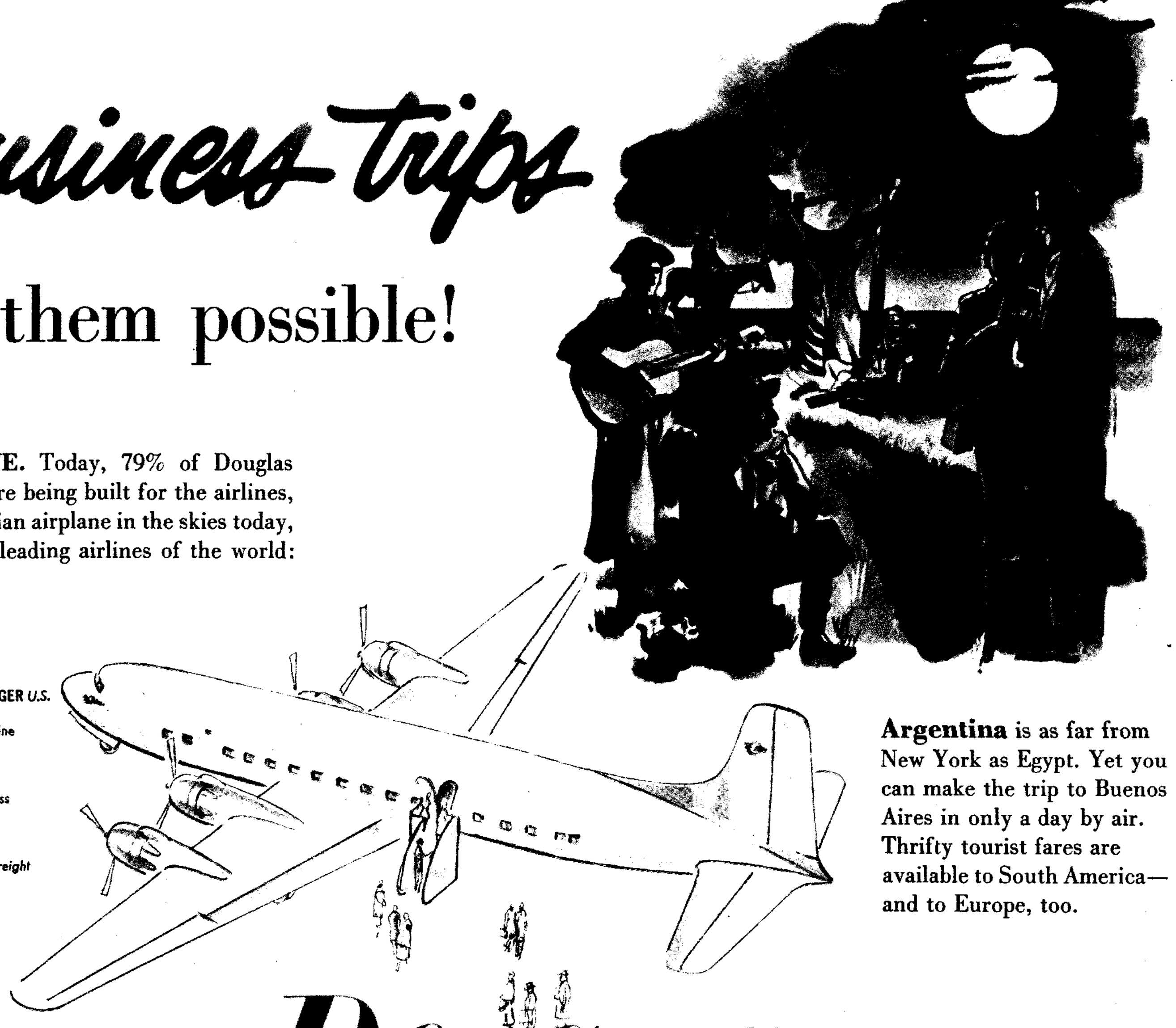

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A Beau for Miss Broadway

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Leg men do the interviewing and telephone in their notes for the rewrite men to put into story form, and the personal touch usually is lost in the process.

But I let Peggy go out and get her own stuff and come back and write it up, because mostly there wasn't any time element involved. She was good. Features are the lifeblood of a metropolitan daily, and she gave them that special, right-from-the-heart touch that warms you up, or pinches your nose so that you feel silly and look to see if anybody on the subway is watching you.

After I found what she could do, I gave her her head. Sometimes she was down on the Bowery. There are women on Skid Row too, you know, and she got their stories out of them—the hopelessness, the soul-tearing fight between the mission and the bottle. Or she saw the circus at Bellevue through the eyes of the crippled kids for whom Ringling puts on the special show, saw it in all of its heightened gaiety and pathos and wrote it so that you sat in a wheel chair, too, and watched those tumblers on their wonderful strong legs soaring up almost as high as the Metropolitan Life Building in the background.

Sometimes she stood with the high-breasted, hard-voiced dolls in the Times Square dime-a-dance halls, or rode uptown to walk with the veiled novices in cloistered gardens. One day, she held whispered confidence with a distraught woman across whom lay the barred shadows of the Tombs; on another, she went into the settlement houses, where they try to get them young and keep them straight.

New York City shed its dazzling light on her. A pure prism, she shattered it into a thousand rays, each a colorful story of the town that lay bare on the banks of the Hudson and beat like a giant heart.

WHEN the last edition had been put to bed, Peggy, Brad Martin and I would sit in the corner booth behind the dull windows of the Press Bar & Grill and rehash the day's doings. By this time, Brad was completely gone. Now he not only looked like the sweepstakes winner from Canarsie, he looked like the owner of the bakery that the truck has barged into as far as the doughnut counter. He'd sit there, forgetting his Scotch and drinking her in instead. In front of everyone, he'd take one of her hands in his and study the soft but work-grimed fingers as though they were ringed with precious jewels. It was love in its most virulent form, and I could see that Peggy felt pretty much the same way, except that she was also in love with a city and eight million other people.

She'd gaze past me, out the streaked windows, and she'd say, "New York, how did I ever get along without you?"

I usually knew what they did after they left me. They'd eat some chow mein at a mid-town mandarin's, look at the moon through the Forty-second Street telescopes, and walk hand-in-hand through Central Park, just as you might in Topeka, if you'd reached the point where you didn't care how people smiled.

Any day now, I thought, it'll be the Little Church Around the Corner, a one-room kitchenette in the Beaux Arts, and Brad Martin having his breakfast made by a yellow-haired girl, the ribbon of whose typewriter he wasn't worthy to change.

Then Mr. Brooks got his Big Idea.

"I've given this matter considerable thought," he said, which meant that it had just occurred to him, "and I've decided to put Peggy Nelson on the Broadway beat. Six columns a week. Call it Broadway Dateline."

I felt the way I had the day O'Sullivan slipped tabasco into my old-fashioned, and I was still trying to get my breath when Brooks boiled on. "She'll catch the glamor of the Main Stem and do a good job. Tell the promotion department to get busy on it right away. I want it on the wagons, posters —the works."

I gulped. "Mr. Brooks, don't do it!"

He looked as if I had suggested that we scrap the hydrogen bomb and adopt the blowgun. "Don't do what?"

"Don't take Peggy Nelson off the stuff she's doing and put her on Broadway." It proves how deeply I was moved that I dared even hint that Mr. Brooks's idea wasn't the greatest thing since the invention of the rotary press.

"That night-club rat race isn't for her," I pleaded. "It's the phoniest beat in the world. Press agents turn out that copy by the bale, but what does it mean? It isn't even Broadway—it's Fifty-second Street."

He fixed me with the eyes which have silenced senators, but I had the bit in my plate and plunged on. "Bus-boy romances, headwaiter heartaches. What five-times-married screwball is how about what flea-brained heiress? Who cares? That's not New York. This is a city of flesh and blood, and Peggy Nelson knows how—"

Mr. Brooks held up the hand that has nominated Presidents. Typically, he did not give me his final answer right away. Like any fair-minded chieftain who gravely weighs the suggestions of his underlings, he weighed mine for all of three seconds. "Do as you're told," he said.

As soon as I was out of earshot, I told him what I thought of him. Then I told Peggy Nelson about her new assignment. She looked baffled and slightly disappointed.

"Will I still be on the Frischetti murder trial?"

I had wanted to use her on that trial. Not on the main story, of course, because that took more technical experience than she had, but on the side lights—the tragic woman fighting for her life, the broken home, the shimmering hope that things might still come right. But Peggy wasn't going to do any more pieces like that for me. She'd probably be sound asleep when Mrs. Frischetti took the stand. She'd be all tired out from a hectic night at the Stork and El Morocco, from making notes on an imported napkin about the debutante who threw herself into the balloon race with such abandon that she ripped a Carnegie original.

"No," I said, "you won't be on it. You will be catching the glamor of the Main Stem. Them's orders."

Brad Martin tried to close his mind to impending disaster, and so did I, but we both knew what was coming. The Broadway beat is exceedingly heady stuff. I'd seen it ruin better-grounded newspapermen before. You start out at around ten in the evening, and your work clothes are what you used to regard as your Sunday best. You show up at the Infamous Door, where ordinary mortals are waiting outside the velvet rope, but do you get into line?

No. You are bowed through. "Good evening, Miss Nelson. Your favorite table, Miss Nelson? Right this way, Miss Nelson. New floor show tonight. You'll talk to some of the principals, won't you?"

Miss Nelson will condescend to talk to some of the principals. She will make a note to write something nice about them. In return, she will get an "exclusive" about how the blue-blood tosspot tried to put a Louis heel into the left ear of an unemployed torch singer in the powder room.

She won't use names, of course, because everybody who is *anybody* will know whom she's writing about, and other readers are supposed to be pleasantly mystified. Besides, you don't have to verify it. Without names, it isn't libelous.

ON THE Broadway beat, you are royalty wherever you go. You hold the magic key to golden publicity. Nobody can be too nice to you, and after a while you begin to think it's because you really are important personally, or because people just can't help loving you. You forget that if you lost your column—your outlet—you'd come down so fast you'd make Cinderella's quick change look like slow motion. The doors slamming in your face would sound like a firing squad with machine guns. And the effect would be about the same.

Peggy held out against the intoxicating atmosphere longer than I'd expected. Maybe she would have held out indefinitely if Brad Martin had used his head.

She came into the Press Bar & Grill about six one night, the old smile spilling out of her eyes. She kissed us both and sat down. "I want you to know that I got up early just for you," she said.

Brad's lips were a thin line—I knew that he hadn't been able to see her for three days —and it was obvious that this was the wrong opening gambit. "How are things along the Great Blight Way?" he said. "Is it true that they're redoing El Blotto in ermine paneling?"

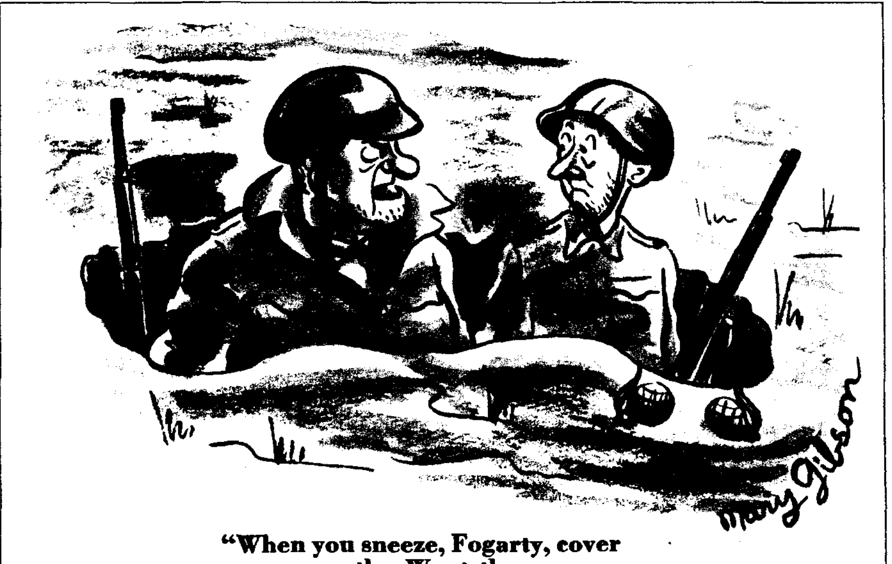
She still smiled but now it was only with her lips. "Darling," she said, "let's not talk about Broadway Datelines and Dead Beats, or whatever it is. Let's talk about you. How do you like my new hat?"

He tried to soften up. "Terrific. Represents an overloaded picnic plate, doesn't it? But on you it looks appetizing."

"Spoken like a little soldier," she said.

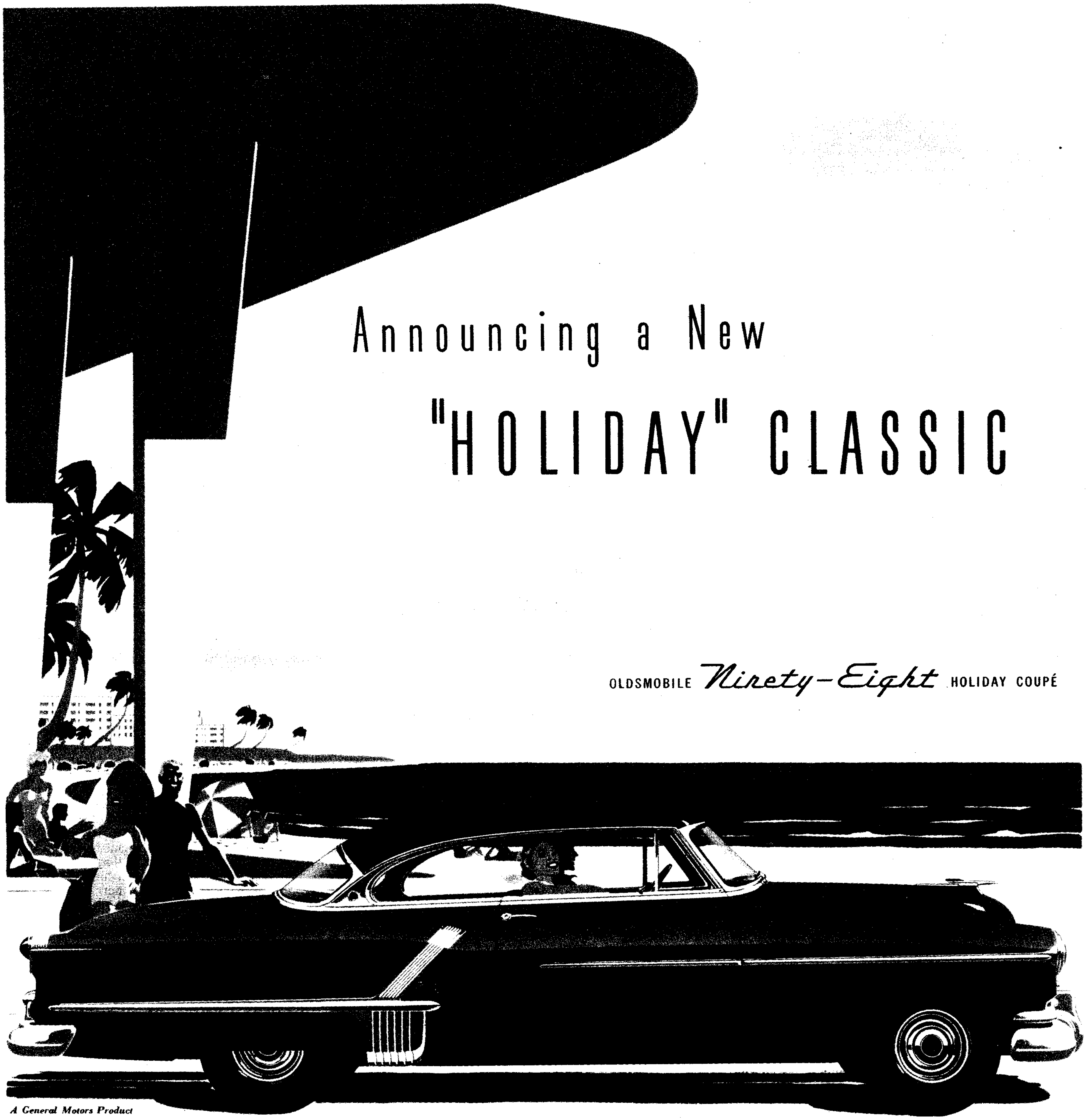
"I'll be running along," I said. "You two must have a lot of words to file."

Brad actually started to perk up at my thoughtfulness, but Peggy's next remark brought the thin line back to his mouth harder than ever. "I can only stay a couple



"When you sneeze, Fogarty, cover your mouth. Want them accusing us of germ warfare again?"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

of minutes." She seemed really sorry. "There's some silly television fashion show I promised I'd drop in for." She looked at Brad guiltily. "Could you meet me at the Versailles at midnight?"

"I guess so," he said uncertainly.

"My foot!" I said. "Look, kids, let's face it. You wind up at four in the morning, Peg, and Brad's got to be on deck to handle the running story on Frischetti from seven. It won't work. Wait'll your day off."

You couldn't reasonably argue it. Brad looked grim, and Peggy nodded. She stood up, then leaned down and kissed him swiftly on the cheek. "I guess Simon Legree is right. Watch for me—the phantom of the soap opera. I'll wave to you."

"And miss Gorgeous George?" Brad said. "I'd never forgive myself!"

IT WENT that way for weeks. I think they honestly tried to get together, but the setup was against them. The walks in Central Park became fewer and fewer, the telescope men forgot them, and that apartment in the Beaux Arts seemed to grow dimmer and dimmer, until it vanished ghostlike into the East River mists.

Brad Martin didn't know what to fight. He couldn't very well complain because Peggy had been lifted to glamorous heights—no matter how trivial we privately thought Broadway Dateline was. He just felt that he was losing his girl, and he wanted to battle something, but what? Confusion made him morose and sullen; except for the times he stayed too long in the Press Bar & Grill, and then he was too gay, his hat on cockeyed à la Hollywood news hawk, singing, "There's a broken broad for every heart on lightway."

When we did see Peggy, his hurt and worry made him say things I knew he didn't mean, and after a while she began to fight back. We were all late one night getting up some early-edition side lights and she came in before starting her rounds. Everybody was being pleasant when Brad came over. "What hat-check girl and what gold-plated doorman have discovered each other now?" he asked.

"Silly, isn't it?" Peggy said sweetly. "Brief me on the important news you handled today. What Bronx matron had triplets in a taxicab?"

"It wasn't a taxicab. It was a bus. And the company issued them all cross-town transfers."

"Thrilling," Peggy said. "My heartstrings are all a-clutch. Is there anything new on conditions in the subway?"

"Break it up," I told them. "Fight with the opposition. Mr. Brooks says that we of The Record are all one big happy family, so be guided accordingly."

It wasn't long after that, that Peggy started to go Broadway in spades. Night after night, deep in a world of plush and silver, bowed to and catered to, complimented extravagantly by publicity-conscious opportunists—and feuding with Brad Martin—she surrendered gradually to the enchanted spell.

From her columns, I could tell that she was beginning to believe that the heavens actually did revolve around a blue spotlight on a sad-eyed thrush, that muted brass told the true tale of life in a city of glamorous night, and whispered gossip was of world-shaking import. As I read Broadway Dateline, I couldn't help thinking of the observation, "Strip it of its phony tinsel, and you get down to the real tinsel."

She started to slip in those lines which always annoy me, like, *How come the feature editors missed the elopement of Sammy Daye's drummer and Penelope Pearson, the social ciggie vendor?* The fact of the matter was that we hadn't missed it. Daye's press agent had wept on my desk and threatened to stab himself with the slot man's shears until we accepted a three-line story, only it had been crowded out of the news columns by a Queens fire.

Or she would flip, *Tip to the desk: Check the woman in black who lays violets at the base of Sherman's statue every Tuesday.*

I left a note for her on that one. It read: *Dear Peggy: The woman in black is a woman in brown. She has a whole basket of violets. She sells them. She puts them at the base of Sherman's statue every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, while she eats her lunch out of a paper bag, also brown. Then she picks them up. She never heard of Sherman. Thinks the guy on the horse is Hopalong Cassidy.*

But it was going to take a lot more than a note to stop Peggy's giddy upward swirl now.

First nights, television guest shots, swaying to the hypnotic wail of saxophones—the glamor of the Main Stem caught her, instead of the other way around. I was prepared for almost anything—but I admit I wasn't prepared for Señor Alfredo Don Juan Hernando y Alvarez.

Señor Alfredo Don Juan etc., I heard, was tall, dark and, naturally, handsome. He moved like a toreador, smiled like Valentino, and whispered compliments like a Boyer *con carne.* I gathered all this from Broadway Dateline, where Peggy first wrote, *They're swooning from river to river over South America's new gift to Gotham, here to let the lucky in on a scheme to harness the Amazon. Viva el good neighbor!*

A few more items along that line, and Brad Martin began to return to life—this life, I mean. A rival who walked and talked, even with an accent that made feminine toes curl, was something he could understand. It was also something he felt he could get his hands on, if not his teeth in.

Webb, on the lobster shift, told us when it got to the point where Señor Alfredo, resplendent in white tie and tails, began hanging around the deserted city room, twirling his stick and mustache, while Peggy finished her column. "Guess they watch the dawn come up like thunder out of Brooklyn," Webb said. "This is the real fandango. Every time he clicks his heels in the lobby, all the elevators go up."

From a line here, a mention there, I got the background. Señor Alfredo, representing powerful South American interests, had burst upon the Broadway scene with all the splendor of an atomic tamale. An air of mystery, a flashing smile, and that part of the town bordered by strippers on the south and bubble dancers on the north had laid itself at his patent-leather feet.

The rush was on to pour gold into the project which would harness the Amazon. Probably half of his clients had a hazy picture of a big blonde pulling a chariot, but the money they threw at him was good, if their understanding was not.

Apparently the only thing now delaying his departure for Rio with a lot of cash was an understandable impulse to hang around our Broadway dateliner, and, from what I could gather, his attentions were not unwelcome.

WEBB telephoned me at home about one in the morning. "Brad Martin was just in and cleaned out his desk."

"Full of resignation rye?"

"Cold sober. But he's loaded for bear. Wanted to know what time Peggy Nelson and Señor Alfredo usually turn up, then said he couldn't wait. I think he's gone looking."

"All right," I said. "I'll go looking, too."

I learned that Peggy and the señor had been to the Latin Quarter and left. They had stopped at Sardi's, and peered into the Ruban Bleu. At the Copa, a headwaiter looked at me in astonishment. "She and that Don Whosis left ten minutes ago for the Carnival. Five minutes ago one of your guys was in here asking for them. Now you." He leaned forward. "Tell me—who's watching the paper?"

"Horace Greeley," I said. "Thanks."

Even at that hour, I could move faster on foot than by cab in mid-town. As I came into the Carnival, the headwaiter gave me the ten-degree-angle bow used on odd-looking customers whose collar points curl up. "Good evening, sir," he said. "The floor show starts in twenty minutes."

I could see Brad Martin threading his

way between tables to a ringside spot where Peggy's blonde hair shone beside a sleek head which I took to represent Señor Alfredo.

"It's going to start much sooner than that," I said. "I think the acrobats are on now."

Hurrying toward them, I could see Brad's lips moving, but I couldn't hear what he was saying above the orchestra's rendition of Hello, Young Lovers. As I got closer, Señor Alfredo rose. I didn't like the way he did it, too bouncy, too agile, and it reminded me vaguely of something dangerous I had seen once.

Peggy was looking from one to the other like a referee at a tennis match. Brad reached out a lean forefinger and poked the señor just below the second stud. Alfredo rotated the shoulders of his perfectly fitted tail coat in a hauntingly familiar gesture. People at the neighboring tables started to turn, and then Brad let go.

It was a sizzling right, backed by outraged love and long-nurtured frustration, and there is no doubt but that it would have done tremendous damage if Señor Alfredo had had the decency to stand still. He slid his head to the left, and it whistled past his ear.

A murderous left went past his other ear. An uppercut straightened his bow tie nicely as he leaned back. Then Señor Alfredo shot his cuffs and leaned forward with a hook that lifted Brad Martin, boy windmill, three inches off the floor. He cleared the space to the next table smartly, sent a double order of lobster Newburg spinning into assorted laps, and crash-landed at the feet of a dowager, who observed him with cultured interest.

"Hold everything," I yelled. "We concede."

Peggy was clapping her hands. She looked at me with shining eyes. "Isn't it simply wonderful?" she said. "I never had men fight over me before."

"I am so sorry," Señor Alfredo said, and when I heard his voice it all came back to me. "In my country, we do not do this before ladies. The field of honor is—"

THE waiters were moving in, the orchestra was leaning on the brass. My boy was disentangling himself from chairs, tables, and the dowager's ankles.

I looked at him and then at Peggy. "Good Lord, girl," I said, "aren't you going to offer condolences?"

"I'll nurse him back to health," Peggy said.

Brad Martin pulled himself together with dignity. "That will not be necessary," he said. "I have hospitalization."

We all swept toward the door on a foaming front of waiters. They eddied around us in the lobby, while the headwaiter glared in regret at not following his original impulse to bar me.

I got near Señor Alfredo Don Juan Hernando y Alvarez of Rio de Janeiro. "You should have been so good the night you went against Rocky Grippano in Newark," I said.

"A crooked decision," the señor snarled, his lip curling. "Lousy judges." He seemed suddenly surprised at his own words. "What is this you are talking?" he corrected. "I do not understand too well the language."

"You do not understand too well the Amazon, either," I said, and the fact that I saw two cops coming had practically nothing to do with my cool accusation. "If you were going to harness the Harlem, that would be more in your neighborhood."

"What's going on here?" the first cop demanded with customary originality.

"Nothing," Brad Martin said, with ditto. "A little misunderstanding. All over." He wouldn't look at Peggy, who was dabbing at his chin and trying not to have hysterics.

"Nothing but grand larceny," I said, savoring my moment and pointing at the señor. "Whatever he's up to it's no good. He's collected a lot of dough as Hernando from Rio, and I happen to know he's Young Pedro from 110th Street."

"We'll talk it all over at the station," the second cop said. "Come along."

"But you can't arrest us," I explained patiently. "We're newspapermen."

"Don't worry. Somebody will look after your stand."

MR. BROOKS got us out and, now that I look back, he wasn't as mad as I had expected him to be. He had to admit that unmasking "Señor Hernando" of Spanish Harlem as a fair light-heavy, whom I had seen fighting around the sticks before he went in for amateur theatricals and a slick con game, made news fit to print.

It was only that he didn't like the way we had accomplished it.

He had us standing in his office. "We of The Record are all one big happy family," he said menacingly. "I expect members of the staff to report what goes on—not start it. Furthermore, Miss Nelson, this whole thing has made me think your health and welfare may be endangered on the nightclub assignment."

"It was terribly drafty in that place for a while," Peggy admitted. "Somebody started a fan."

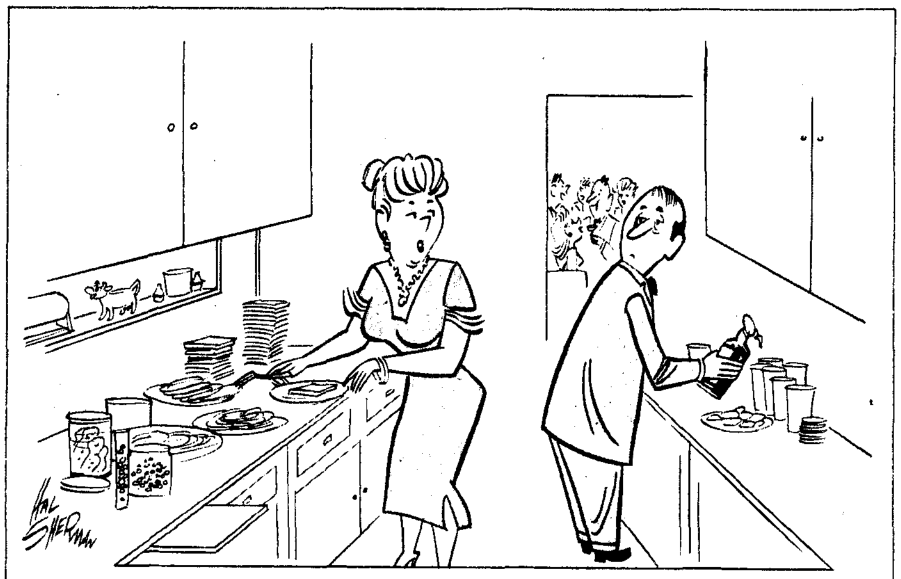
"Exactly. You will return to general assignments." He turned to Brad. "As for you, Martin. One more public fracas, and I will accept the resignation you wrote the other night."

"I've retired from the ring, Mr. Brooks," Brad said. "I promised my mother."

"Good." He looked at me. "Then we may all get back to work?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "if I can just get a couple of hours off this afternoon. I want to help some friends make arrangements at the Little Church Around the Corner, and see about an apartment in the Beaux Arts."

THE END



"Let's stop winking at Helen when I'm not looking. Okay?"

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The Take-Charge Guy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

grab him in the hide-out staggered through the door behind him onto the sidewalk, and let him have it good with the night stick.

The other cops picked him up and shoved him into the squad car and frisked him. They found Evan Llewellyn's wallet, but Mario didn't know anything about that until he came to in the station.

He was still punchy when Llewellyn arrived and identified him positively. After that, it was no contest. Mario denied that he had been mixed up in the mugging or the theft of the crate, but that was all he would do—just keep saying no over and over. Father Montana came and talked to him, but he would not co-operate. He was mad at the whole world.

He was mad at the cops for hitting him with the billy and slapping him around later when they questioned him. He was mad at the Loolin guy for being so sure that Mario was the one who had robbed him when everybody knew the guy was drunk at the time and couldn't have told whether it was Mario or Mayor La Guardia. He was mad at Angelo for not coming to the front, but he wouldn't squeal on him. He was too sore at the cops to give them the satisfaction. They were making it tough for him, he knew, because the one that had caught him in the hide-out claimed that Mario had slugged him with the bat. The cops were going to see that Mario got the works, and he was in a mood to show them that he could take it. Later on, he wondered why he did it, but at the time it just seemed that he had to.

They tried him for the mugging and held the theft over his head. It was a serious charge. It was something he would never live down. They sent him to the reformatory. They probably would have thrown the key away if Father Montana hadn't convinced the judge that Mario deserved a break, even if he had done this thing, which Father Montana still did not believe, no matter what the evidence was. He got an indeterminate sentence with the promise that he might be out in a year.

The judge said that if Mario behaved himself he would find the place wasn't so bad and that he would have a chance to learn a trade and make something of himself, but Mario didn't see it that way. No place is any good if they lock you in at night. It made it all the worse to know that he didn't deserve this, that if anybody belonged in the reformatory it was Angelo.

THE year he spent there, being reformed, nearly ruined him. Three months after he was sentenced, his father was killed on the docks when a sling broke and dumped some bales on him. Mario didn't have much reason to be brokenhearted about that, but he felt terrible just the same, worrying about what would happen to his mother. He wrote a letter to Angelo, telling him he would have to cut out fooling around now and get a job and bring something into the house. Angelo didn't answer him. A couple of months later, one of the guys from the neighborhood was sent up to the reformatory. The guy told him Angelo had left home and they didn't know where he was.

Mario lay awake nights, planning ways to escape and thinking what he would do when he got out and caught up with Angelo. He wrote letters to friends, but after a while he got tired of writing and not getting an answer. It seemed to him that he had been forgotten. He just went along, not looking forward to anything. He did his work and kept to himself, and in his free time he lay around reading comics. He even lost interest in baseball. It didn't make much difference to him when they decided he had done enough time. . . .

The first week he was home, he never went out of the house. His mother told him that she didn't mind being on relief so much, and tried to cheer him up, but nothing made him feel good. All he could think of was that he had to get a job and take care of her, and all the time he was sure he could not get a job because they would know, some way, that he had been in reform school. Somebody would put the finger on him for a thief. He was caught in a trap. The only person who could help him was the one he least wanted to have anything to do with—his brother. Angelo could make the difference, if he only would. It was up to Mario to force him.

When he had decided that, Mario felt much better immediately. It was as though he had wakened clear and healthy after a long, dreamy fever. He got busy at once, making the rounds of the neighborhood, talking to guys who might know where Angelo was or might know people who did know. He found one guy who ran across Angelo every now and then uptown.

"If you see him again," Mario said, "tell him I got something to discuss."

A few days later, a kid brought a note to the house for Mario. The note said: *Congratulations. I hear your out if you want to see me I am at Ruffinos poolroom.*

Mario was sitting on the stoop when he read the note. He did not get up for a while. Now that it had happened, he was almost afraid. He was not afraid of Angelo but of himself. Mario was not sure what he would do when he came face to face with his brother.

Angelo was waiting for him by the cigar counter in Ruffino's. His face looked much older and he seemed bigger. Maybe it was the suit—double-breasted, wide-shouldered, with a lot of drape. The shoes had cost money, too, and you could see he got them shined every day. He smiled and stuck out his hand when Mario came in. "Kid!" he said. "It's good to see you."

Mario touched Angelo on the shoulder and ran his fingers down the front of Angelo's jacket. "Sharp," he said.

They went to a table and racked up the balls and chalked their cues and ran off a few shots. Then Mario put his stick aside and said, "Listen, we're just wasting time. You know what I'm after."

"No I don't," Angelo said. "You want a job with the organization, or what?"

"I don't want any gambling job," Mario said. "I just want you to do something for Ma."

Angelo put down his cue. "I ain't rich," he said. "I can't keep her and myself too."

"You can get her off relief," Mario said. "You know she never asked for much. Enough to get by, that's all. Just enough for *her*. I'm not asking you to support *me*."

"Kid," Angelo said, "it's impossible. I'm in hock all over town."

"No you're not," Mario said. "Look, I'll get out of the picture. If I know you're sending her something—every week, not just now and then—I'll beat it. I'll go somewhere, do something."

Angelo looked down at the table and picked up the six ball and spun it slowly toward a corner pocket.

"I got something coming," Mario said. "I took a fall for you. You do this for me and we're even."

Angelo rolled another ball against a cushion.

Mario felt his control going. He had used up his arguments. "You're going to do this," he said, "if I have to kill you."

Angelo looked up from the table. His face was sad. "My own brother," he said.

"Don't give me that," Mario said. "I wasn't your brother when you let them send me up a year ago. I was your patsy then. Are you going to do it?"

Angelo's face changed. "Listen," he said. "Don't get tough with me. Now or any other time. A guy with a record ain't in such a good position to get tough. From now on, all anybody's got to do to bring you in line is phone the precinct."

"You wouldn't do that," Mario said.

"The hell I wouldn't!"

Mario looked at Angelo's drape suit and he wanted to tear it off and make him eat it. He wanted to choke him with his fancy tie. He was smaller than Angelo, but nobody on the block was quicker than Mario. He had his brother by the throat before Angelo could think about it, and then he had him down. He began banging Angelo's head on the floor and then something burned across his left arm and he leaped up and back, seeing the knife in Angelo's hand for the first time. He reached behind him for a pool ball and was set to throw it when Ruffino got to him with a sawed-off cue.

"Oh, Mario," Callie said quietly, "I'm sorry."

FOR a while, Mario just sat there. Finally he said, "It's the reform school I worry about. Having a police record and all that. The way I look at it now, Angelo cutting me was a break for me. Father Montana heard about it right away, and before the cops could move in or anything, he fixed everything up."

"That's when he sent you to the Spider's."

"Yeah. He had me on my way to the farm that same night."

The talk with Callie made everything different all of a sudden. It seemed to loosen him up. The next day he hit the first ball pitched to him for a triple and after that he couldn't be stopped. He lifted the team with him. The old pitchers began to look good again, and nearly everybody fattened his batting average. They went back home with a tight hold on second place and picked up ground with a long winning streak at Lake City. They started their third Eastern trip two games out of first place. Fletcher had one of his big days and won the opener against the Yanks, and Wiegel took the second, which put the Lions in a tie for first.

They clinched the pennant in St. Louis a week before the season ended, and Garrison excused Mario, Ferry, Fletcher and Hamilton to go East and scout the National League teams. The Lions would not meet the teams again that were fighting for second and third place in the American League, so nobody could say he was making it easy for anyone by taking his big batters and hottest pitcher out of the line-up.

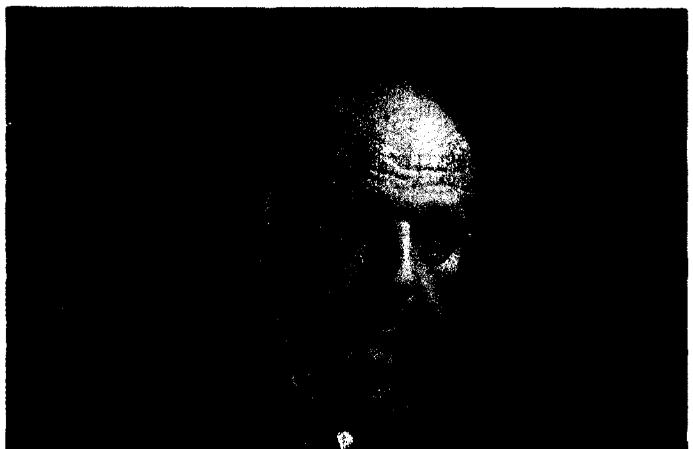
Mario and Fletcher stopped off in Philadelphia to watch the Giants, and Ferry and Hamilton went up to Boston to catch the Dodgers and Braves. Then the Giants moved back to the Polo Grounds to finish the season, and Mario and Fletcher tagged after them. Fletcher left the hotel early the first day in New York, saying he just wanted to walk around for the exercise, and did not come back in time to go to the game. When Mario got back to the hotel, Clay was waiting for him, looking foolish.

"Gosh, I'm sorry, pappy," he said. "I got tired walking so I went to a picture show and I got so interested in the cowboys I just plain forgot about them Giants."

"Well, you can keep on forgetting about them until you have to pitch against them," Mario said. "They clinched it today. They won't show us anything tomorrow."

When the Lions pulled into New York for the opening Series game at the Polo Grounds, they were 9-to-5 favorites. The cartoonists were drawing pictures showing Lions chewing up the bones of Giants that had somehow become pygmies. Grantland

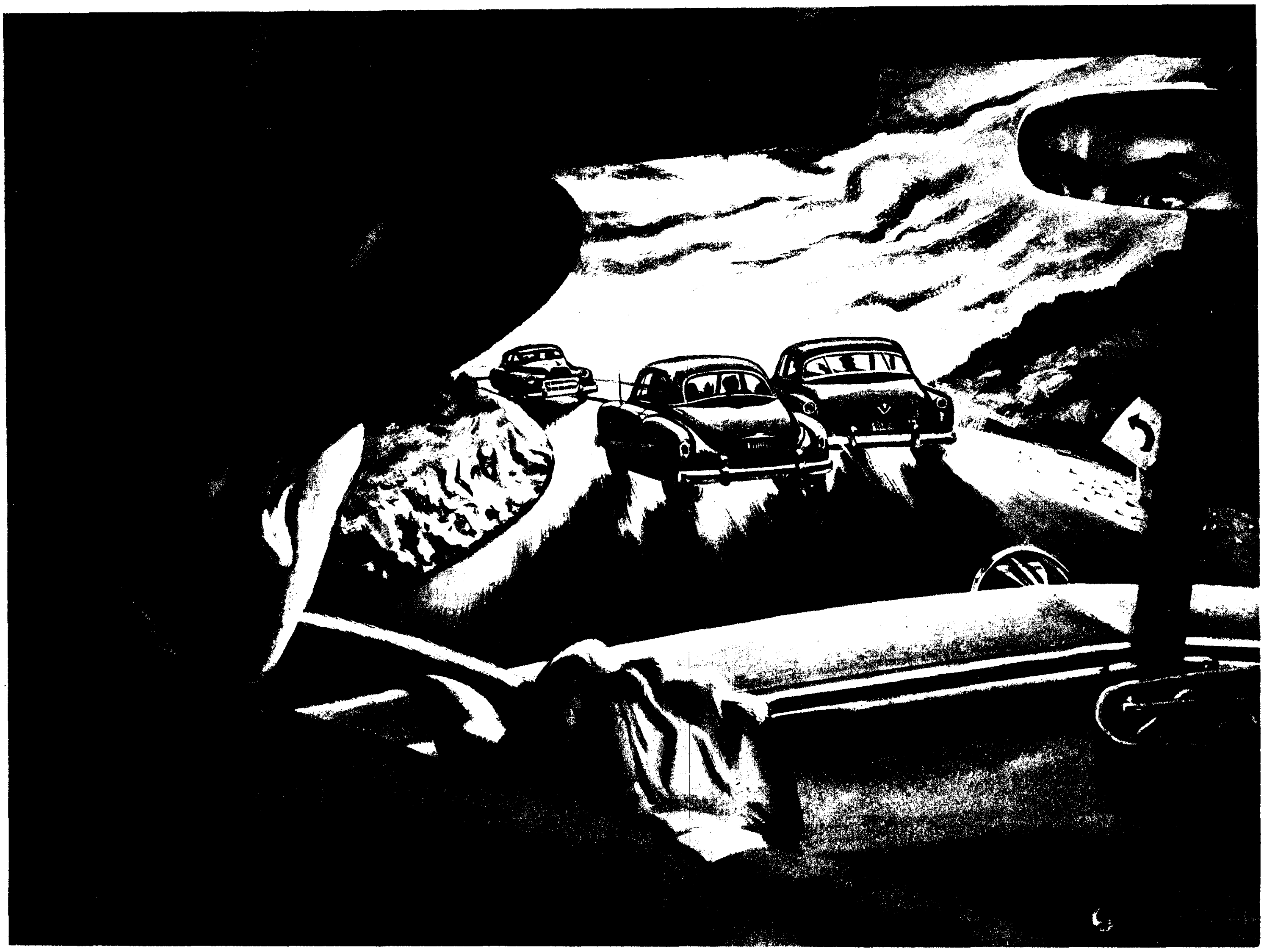
Next Week



ANTI-TRUST LAWS ARE CRIPPLING AMERICA

By David E. Lilienthal

Government policy is threatening the growth of America's industrial strength through an outmoded fear of Big Business, Mr. Lilienthal declares in a series of challenging articles. Our industrial production and expansion which are important to the whole free world as well as to this nation are being hamstrung, he says, by present interpretations of our anti-trust laws. The former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission proposes a modern, realistic administration of those laws in a brilliant analysis that no thoughtful American should miss



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Rice wrote a poem about them. The Brooklyn Eagle predicted that the Giants would lose in four straight games.

Quite a few of the Lions believed it themselves. Garrison and Mario knew better. They knew that the pitching staff was sinking fast. Hamilton had not pitched a game in a month, probably would never pitch regularly again, and had gone back to the bottle. Beyond that, it was all up to Fletcher. Fletcher would have to start the opening game and come in again for the third game, back in Lake City, and the chances were that he would be called on for the third time before it was over.

Garrison's nerves settled down a little the next day, when Fletcher stopped the Giants cold. He gave them a run in the fourth and another in the sixth. Meanwhile, Ferry had homered behind Mario's double in the first and Dowst had tripled in the second, driving in Wade and Kelsey. It was not much of a game. The odds went up to 13 to 5, and Mario stopped hating Fletcher a little.

McBrinn went the next day and had bad luck. He gave up only four hits, but one was a homer following a walk and an error, and that was enough to lose, because the Lions could do nothing with Maglie.

THERE was not much horseplay on the train going home. They were all even with the Giants, but that was not good enough. Everybody realized now what the pitching situation was and how much of a fight they had on their hands. There was a big crowd waiting for them in the station. They smiled and waved for the public and the photographers, but nobody on the club really had his heart in the celebration, and Garrison kept a tight hold on them, laying down a no-party rule.

They were well rested for the third game, and Fletcher got off to a good start. After a couple of innings, they were talking it up in the dugout and chattering in the infield. They began to count the winners' share and plan how they would spend the money. Fletcher retired the first nine men who faced him, and in their half of the third Ferry singled with two out and Blair on second. That one-run lead looked pretty good. It did not look so good after the Giants had batted in the fourth. Fletcher suddenly lost his control and walked two men after one was out. Garrison ordered him to pass the next man. Fletcher got the following batter on strikes, and then Mueller tripled, emptying the bases.

The Lions got two more runs, one at a time, and Fletcher went along pretty well and came into the ninth with the score tied. He got the first man, and then it was Mueller again. Mueller put the first pitch into the right-field stands and Thompson popped and then Westrum drove a three-and-two pitch inside the left-field foul pole, high in the seats. Hearn held the Lions through their half of the ninth.

Nobody talked at all going into the dressing room.

When Garrison came in, he said to Fletcher, "What were you throwing out there? Can you tell me that?"

Fletcher had been standing in front of his locker, with his back turned to the rest of them. He whirled around, doubling his fists. "I can't win 'em all!" he shouted. "You got other pitchers, ain't you, old man? You want me to win 'em all for you?"

"I want you to tell me what you were throwing to Mueller and that other guy," Garrison said.

"The hell with you!" Fletcher said, and stamped into the shower.

"Come out of there," Garrison said, "and answer my question."

Fletcher came sloshing out, looking a little cooler, trying to smile the old schoolboy smile that had made Hollywood woo him before the Lions won his heart with the Cadillac and the trust fund.

"The ball just got away from me," he said. "I was trying to keep it low and inside. It just got away from me. That can happen." He looked at the others. "Y'all know that," he said.

"Sure," Garrison said. "That's what makes this game so interesting." He began to get out of his suit. "Well, let's quit playing this one," he said, "and bear down on that one tomorrow."

That one was up to Wiegel. The old man was the best-liked pitcher on the club. His stuff was gone but he had cunning and stamina. He was a tall, skinny guy—nothing but heart and pitching arm, they said. He had never pitched in a World Series before and he went out there thinking he probably never would again. So he turned in something his grandsons could brag about. He walked a man nearly every inning, because he was trying so hard for the corners, but he struck out just about as many, and when it was over the Giants had goose eggs straight across the board and only three marked up in the hit column. The Lions got him five runs.

So they began the last home game, two and two. It was McBrinn's turn, and again he was unlucky. He was wild, too, and between the bases on balls and the tough breaks, he lasted only a couple of innings. The Giants won it laughing.

After this game, the team was noisy and bitter, everybody blaming himself. They got away from the park as fast as they could. On his way out of the clubhouse, Mario was given a telegram from Father Montana. It said: CALL ME IMMEDIATELY.

Mario hurried to a telephone.

"A tough one to lose," Father Montana said. "But you'll win. I have faith in you, Mario. The Lions will win, if you have to do it all by yourself."

"They're all trying, Father," Mario said. "Why did you want me to call?"

"A Miss Simmons phoned and said that it is very important for you to come to the rectory just as soon as you arrive in New York," Father Montana said. "She says she will get in touch with you here. She says it is important and that you are not to mention anything about this to anyone."

"Tell her I'll do just what she said, Father."

"God bless you, Mario," Father Montana said. "Don't give up."

MARIO slept badly that night, worrying about the two games ahead—the games they had to win—and about the news that Callie had for him. He was sure she had found out something definite about Fletcher. Just before the train got into New York, Mario and Fletcher were called into Garrison's drawing room.

"Clay," Garrison said, "I want you to be ready tomorrow. I won't start you but I may have to call on you."

"Somebody else starts they could lose it before you could get me in there," Fletcher said. "Looks like you'd start me if you want me to win. I'm the best you got."

"I know that," Garrison said. "You weren't the best the other day, but we'll throw that out. The thing is, if I use you tomorrow and you win, we've still got no better than a tie and nobody left to win the last one. I'm playing it this way: I'm starting McBrinn tomorrow. He didn't work long enough yesterday to hurt him. If he gets by tomorrow, I'll have you real well rested for the final game."

"If you pitched me tomorrow, I'd win it, don't worry about that," Clay said.

"The thing is," Garrison said, "Wiegel is through for this Series. He left his arm out there yesterday."

"Old Wiegel," Fletcher said. "All finished, huh?"

"It looks like it," Garrison said, "but keep it to yourselves. We'll gamble with McBrinn tomorrow and have our big winner for the big game."

Mario and Fletcher went to the hotel together, not talking, each one thinking hard. In the lobby, Fletcher said: "I ain't going up to no hotel room. My feet won't stay still. I'm going to walk around. See you at dinner."

Mario let him go without an argument, and set out for Father Montana's rectory. Callie was there already. Mario's mother and Father Montana left them alone.

"Well," Mario said, "tell me the worst."

"I hate to say it," Callie said, "but I'm sure Clay's pulling something. You remember when you were here to scout the Giants? Well, Clay came to my place that day."

"He told me he went to the movies."

"He was at my apartment," Callie said. "He had arranged it before. He said he had to have a place where he could talk to somebody about some business. He asked me to leave a key for him at the desk and to keep away until six o'clock. I got back a little early. I started to go into the apartment and I heard voices. Clay shouted at me and ran to the door and blocked me off so I couldn't see in."

"What happened then?"

"I went back down to the lobby," Callie said, "and sat there. About a quarter to six, a man stepped out of the elevator and walked by me. It was Angelo. He didn't see me."

"You're sure?" Mario said.

"I'm sure of what I've told you," Callie said. "And one more thing. Clay is using the apartment again today. This time he said he just needed a rest, a place to get away from baseball for a while."

"I don't know what to do," Mario said. "We go crashing in there and find them together, and what does it prove?"

"Couldn't you tell Hank Garrison?"

"Not yet," Mario said. "I don't want to worry him just now unless I have to."

"But there's not much time," Callie said.

"There's time. McBrinn is pitching tomorrow. I want a little more to go on. Can you find out if Angelo's there today?"

"I can go back and watch from the restaurant across the street," Callie said.

"Good," Mario said. "Do it that way."

"But we ought to get somebody to help us," Callie said. "A detective or something."

"No!" Mario said, almost shouting. "That's just what we don't want! The main thing is that nobody should ever know about this, if we can help it. A little scandal—just a little—and it could mean the whole game could blow up. The whole game of baseball."

"All right, Mario."

THE SPIDER came into town that afternoon to see the last two games. Father Montana invited him and Mario for dinner, and Mrs. Canto cooked it. Through the meal, everyone tried to be cheerful, but they could see that Mario was drawn pretty fine. After dinner, Callie telephoned. There had been a man at the apartment with Fletcher, she said.

"The one we thought?" Mario said, not wanting to mention his brother's name where his mother and friends might hear it.

"Yes," Callie said.

Mario called Garrison afterward and said that he could not stand Fletcher for a roommate tonight, that he was spending the night with friends. Garrison didn't like it, but he stood for it. He didn't want his take-charge guy to feel any worse than he felt now. The next day, Mario stayed away from the Polo Grounds until the last minute. He was all tightened up when the game started, and ended the first inning by lining into a double play after Blair had led off with a single and Henderson had sacrificed.

Then McBrinn went out and began pitching. He pitched well, and this time he had luck, too. He set them down one inning after another, and the boys kept getting hits, and a run here and there. The pressure was off by the end of the fifth. The Lions won it, 9 to 2. Mario was the only one who played badly. He went 0 for 5, and booted in one of the Giant runs. But nobody cared then.

GARRISON gave strict orders that Clay Fletcher was not to go out on the town that night and that Mario was to stick with him.

"I don't care if he does get on your nerves," Garrison said. "You couldn't play any worse than you did today. If you're sore at him, get it out of your system and show me some baseball tomorrow. What's wrong between you guys, anyway?"

"Nothing. I just don't like heels."

Mario and Fletcher ate together without much conversation and went straight to the room. Fletcher got a bottle of bourbon out and made himself a stiff drink.

"You want some, pappy?" he said.

"No," Mario said.

Fletcher downed the highball.

"Better take it easy with that stuff," Mario said.

Fletcher began making another one. "I can take care of myself, pappy," he said.

"You sure?" Mario said. "They can pitch some pretty fancy curves in New York."

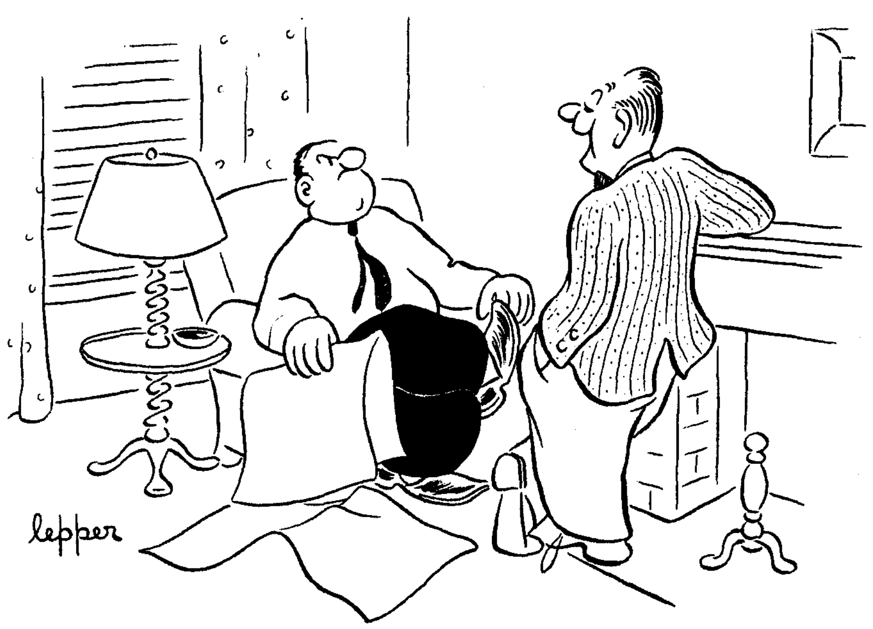
Fletcher took another long drink. "Don't worry, pappy," he said. "I'm looking after Mrs. Fletcher's little boy real good. I'm goin' to have me a right comfortable old age while you're slaving away in the bushes somewheres for room and board."

Mario put that together with what Callie had told him and decided that he had to force it all out some way.

"My brother," he said. "My brother knows some curves you never saw."

Fletcher was looking into his glass. He kept looking. His mouth shut tight and the muscles along his jaw bulged out. He was a big guy and could be very mean.

"What about your brother?" Fletcher said after a while.



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"A fellow I know saw you with him."

"That could be," Fletcher said. "When was this?"

Mario wanted to protect Callie every way he could. He thought Fletcher might be really dangerous if he suspected her, so he changed the facts a little.

"Oh, a while back," Mario said.

Fletcher looked up then for the first time, and laughed. "There must be some fellows around that would say they saw you with your brother, for that matter," he said.

"Not lately," Mario said.

Fletcher laughed again.

"There are fellows that don't care what they say," he said. "They might say it was yesterday. And people might believe them, after the way you played today. How many hits did you get today?"

"None," Mario said.

He could see it forming nicely now. He could see how it could be turned on him, and he knew people who would do that.

"You're damn' right," Fletcher said. "And you kicked in a run, too. Why, it was all McBrinn could do to beat *you,* let alone beat the Giants."

MARIO got pale, then very dark. His head seemed to be roaring inside. It was like the day in the poolroom with Angelo. "Don't talk like that," he said.

"I ain't the one that's talking," Fletcher said. "I'm just telling you how it might look, if you want to go on looks, and who was seen with who. Why, when you think about it, they could make out a fair sort of case. Your name's Canto, ain't it? And Angelo's is Canto."

"That's right," Mario said, holding on to his temper, trying to figure a way through it.

"Okay, then," Fletcher said. "I can throw a home-run ball once in a while and you can kick in a run. Only, if anybody is going to do any gossiping about it afterward, I'd rather be Clay Fletcher, in that kind of spot, than Angelo Canto's brother."

Fletcher finished his drink and stood up. "Sometimes I don't understand you at all, pappy," he said. "I'd think a man would have more regard for his own brother. Now, just think about it a minute. I ain't saying he has, but supposing Angelo thought he had this Series figured and put out a pretty fair amount of money on it and got some other guys in with him. Just supposing he likes the Giants and the Giants don't win. Well, he's out a lot of dough himself, and those other guys that went in with him are out their dough, and they don't like Angelo so much then. He's in a kind of fix, ain't he? Some of them boys he runs around with is rougher than a cob. They get mad, they don't care what they do."

"Is that the way it is?" Mario said.

"I ain't saying that," Clay said. "I'm just trying to look at it Angelo's way."

"I'm not," Mario said.

"Well, that's another thing I don't understand about you," Fletcher said. "From what Angelo told me one time, you ain't no angel. Or you ain't always been, anyway. Looks like if you were a thief once, you'd be a little more broad-minded now."

Mario started up.

"Now take it easy, pappy," Fletcher said.

Mario sat down. For a moment he was scared. He could see everything he had worked for and hoped for since the Spider had taken him in from reform school blowing up in his face. He could see the crowd in the stands turning on him, the cops coming around, the prosecutor shaking his finger, the judge frowning. And in the background Angelo would be dodging and ducking, trying to square himself first, turning state's evidence, probably.

"You don't say anything," Fletcher said. "You must be thinking."

"I am," Mario said.

He looked at Fletcher, and his doubts left him. Let Fletcher figure angles. And Angelo. There was only one way he himself could play it. "You don't get me, Clay," he said. "And I don't get you. Look what this game has done for you."

"What?" Fletcher said.

"Why, everything," Mario said.

"Look," Fletcher said. "I'm not an old man but I been in sports quite a while. It ain't no religion with me. I've given it more than it ever gave me."

"The hell you have!" Mario said.

"The hell I haven't!" Fletcher said. "Listen, when I was a little bitty kid down home I found out what an athlete is to some of these rich old boys like the guy that owns the Lions. Why, an athlete's something you keep around the place, kind of like a pet, just to watch him perform."

"You got a chance for an education out of it," Mario said.

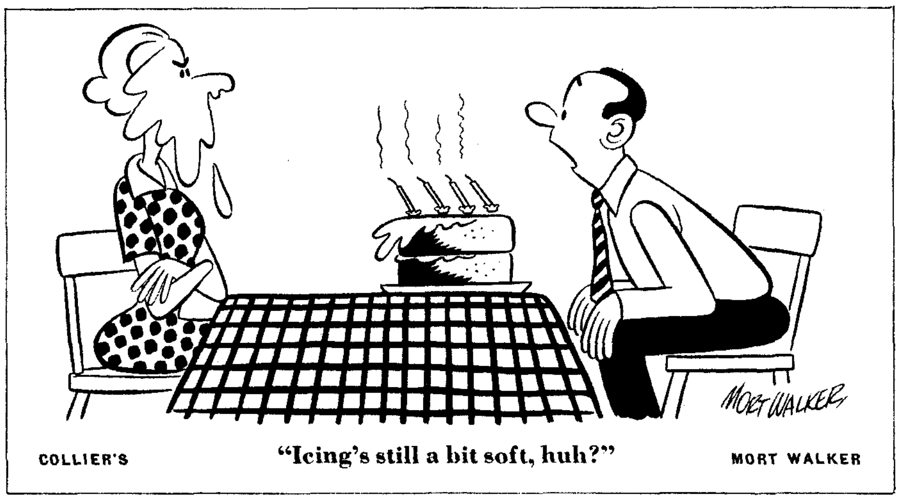
"What do I care about that?"

"They took good care of you."

"Pocket money," Fletcher said. "Chicken feed. Why, one night some of these old boys had me and some other kids to a party in a hotel. They all got good and drunk and one of them says, 'Here, Clay, get yourself a suit of clothes and show your girl a good time.' He handed me a hundred-dollar bill. A hundred-dollar bill! I'd never seen one before."

"You kicking about that?"

"Naw, but the point is, a couple of minutes later he sent out for some ice or something and he gave the *bellboy* a hundred-dollar bill. Right then's when I learned something. I'd got my nose busted that day playing football. I'd won the damn' game and give this old boy the time of his life and made him some money, too, on bets. All this bellhop done was carry a little pitcher of ice a few steps from the elevator to our room. I figured if he's worth a hundred dollars, then I'm worth a million."



COLLIER'S "Icing's still a bit soft, huh?" MORT WALKER

"So what?" Mario said. "You're doing all right now."

"I'm not getting nearly enough," Fletcher said. "I'll never get enough because I won't last that long. It's always next year with an athlete. After the Navy, they begged me to come back to college. And I come. For two years. I got peanuts. I'm getting peanuts this year."

"You got a nice bonus just to sign."

"That's over the dam. A car that'll wear out. And a little old farm."

"You're set for the rest of your life."

"I want to be more than set," Fletcher said. "I want all there is, and I ain't got so much time to get it."

"You've got years," Mario said.

"Years?" Fletcher said. "Ten, maybe, if I don't hurt my arm. They'll give me ten thousand next year. Maybe fifteen. If I win twenty games every season, I may get up to twenty-five thousand in five years. Then I start downhill, and that salary starts down with me. And I end up with a few bucks, some clothes, and a cotton patch down home. I want more than that."

Fletcher put on a tie and picked up his coat. Mario sat on the bed, his anger rising with every move Fletcher made. Fletcher had certainly explained himself. He had not exactly pleaded guilty, but he had not left much room for doubt.

"Where do you think you're going?" Mario said.

"I'm getting some air."

"You heard what Garrison told you."

Fletcher walked to the door. "The hell with Garrison!" he said.

As he opened the door, Mario got up and came after him. He did not know whether it was because he wanted to keep Fletcher from going out on a tear or because he wanted to settle it with him over the business of Angelo. He was moving fast, wide open. Fletcher turned and laughed a little and swung. It was a long, lazy swing. But it caught Mario across the neck and spun him around and sent him backward, twisting and stumbling. Mario heard the door slam as he went down and at the same time he felt his ankle go. The pain tore up his leg, and he knew at once that it was the old injury, the Okinawa foot, and that he was not going to play ball tomorrow.

He lay still, waiting for the pain to let up, wondering what he was going to tell Garrison. Mario knew that he would never be forgiven if he didn't call the trainer at once, just on the chance that quick attention could save him, for pinch-hitting, at least. He crawled to the telephone, sliding the bad leg carefully, putting all his weight on his hands and the other leg.

The trainer came and went to work without asking any questions, taping the foot tightly and heavily. When he got through, he said, "That's all I can do. It's a nice-looking bandage but it don't mean a thing. You won't play tomorrow."

"It doesn't feel too bad," Mario said.

"Don't kid me," the trainer said. "You better call Hank. I couldn't cover for you on a thing like this."

GARRISON was expecting trouble when he came into the room, but he hadn't thought it would be Mario.

"I figured on something wrong with Fletcher," he said. "I didn't expect to find the best shortstop in the world with a broken foot."

"It's not broken," the trainer said. "It's a bad sprain."

"What happened?" Garrison said. He looked around the room and saw Fletcher's glass and the bottle. "It was Fletcher, wasn't it?" he said. "Don't tell me. I know you. You wouldn't get drunk the night before the seventh game of the Series."

Mario didn't say anything.

"Never mind," Garrison said. "Tomorrow—after the game—I'm going to kill Fletcher. Now you'd better get to the hospital for X rays and then sleep there. I don't want you mixed up with that Fletcher again tonight."

Garrison and the trainer helped him to a cab. When they left the hospital, Garrison said, "There goes my first, last, and only World Championship."

"Maybe you lost a shortstop, too," the trainer said.

"Is it that bad?"

"It could be."

The next day, Mario could hardly put his foot on the floor. Garrison came to the hospital and helped him dress. They went out to the park together. On the way, Garrison said, "Tell me what happened."

Mario looked out the cab window. He could not face Garrison. It was his own fault somehow, he felt. But he still could not make himself tell the full story. How could he tell Garrison about Angelo? Garrison would understand how Angelo might come pretty close to ruining baseball for good today—if he had definitely got to Clay. But Garrison would not really understand that Mario was threatened too. He did not know how Angelo and Fletcher might make it look as if Mario had been in on the deal. Angelo was capable of doing a thing like that.

"I can't explain it, Hank," he said finally. "There's some things I don't know for sure. Something's wrong, but it may come out all right. I could be mistaken. But in case I'm not, I just want to say one thing."

"Say it."

"Well," Mario said, "just watch Fletcher today every minute, every second."

"I always do," Garrison said. "Every pitcher, every game."

"I know it," Mario said. "But this may be different than just a case of a pitcher weakening suddenly. Be *extra* careful today."

MARIO was keeping his voice down and nodding toward the cabdriver. Garrison understood him and spoke low, too.

"You don't mean a fix?" Garrison said. "We ain't had a fix in baseball since 1919."

"I don't know," Mario said. "It's possible. I suppose you've got to pitch him."

"No question," Garrison said. "The rest are finished."

The cabdriver made the turn into 157th Street. "In this crowd," he said, "you guys would do better to get out and walk."

"This man's on crutches," Garrison said. "Keep pushing it."

Mario looked out at the jammed street, the old, high walls of the Polo Grounds ahead of them, and on top of the walls the flags waving gently in the soft October breeze. There was not a cloud in the deep blue sky. You could taste the air and it tasted good. He took a long breath and sighed. He had come a long way for this—just for this, to play in one World Series, at least. And now, he thought, I'm walking through the gates of a big-league park, as a player, for the last time. On crutches.

He looked at the people in the street, running, jostling, sweating, their faces strained and eager. They could get on your nerves sometimes, but it was their game, they paid the bill, and the least a guy could do was give them a run for their money.

The cab made it at last to the players' entrance, and Garrison got out and helped Mario step down. The crowd recognized him and saw the crutches. There were some groans and a couple of laughs.

A couple of cops cleared the way, and Garrison walked close behind to see that Mario didn't get bumped.

The club physician was waiting for them in the dressing room. "No fracture, anyway," he said. "I just got the pictures from the hospital."

"You hear that, Hank?" Mario shouted.

"I heard it," Garrison said. "But it might as well be broken, so far as today is concerned."

Everybody began talking then and crowding around the doctor. Mario got up on his crutches.

"No, no, no," the doctor was saying. "If he uses that thing today, I won't take the responsibility for afterward."

"How about the old injury?" Mario said.

"I don't see any damage there," the doctor said. "The old injury just made you more susceptible, maybe."

Mario sat down, and the rest went on dressing. They went out finally, leaving Mario with Garrison and the trainer. When they were all gone, Mario said, "All right. You know what we do now, don't you?"

The trainer turned his back and went on collecting his first-aid equipment.

"Come on, come on!" Mario said. "Let's have it!"

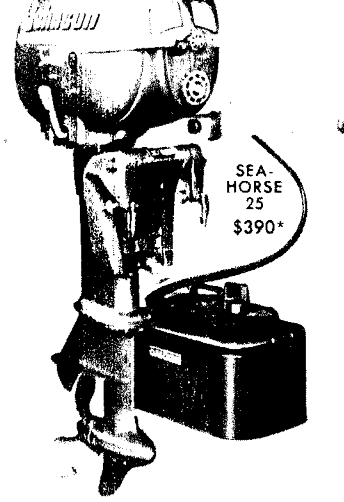
"What are you talking about?" Garrison said.

"Novocain."

"No," Garrison said. "No novocain."

Mario's face was set. Garrison and the trainer had seen him like this before, a few times, when somebody had cut him down

Portland Headlight



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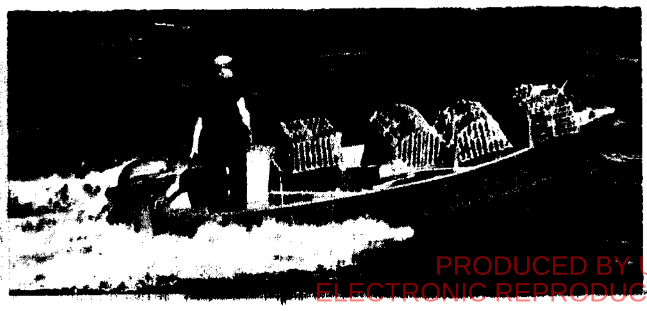


too hard on a double play or had thrown a ball very close to his head. When that happened, it sometimes took a surprising number of people to hold him.

"Give it to me," Mario said, at the same time grabbing the trainer's wrist tightly.

"You heard what the doc said, Mario," Garrison said.

"The hell!" Mario said.

Still holding the trainer, he reached suddenly, with his other hand, into the bag beside him and snatched out the scissors. The clean steel flashed brightly before the trainer's face.

"Give it to me or I'll kill you," Mario said. His voice was low and choked.

"Mario!" Garrison said.

Mario just kept holding the scissors in front of the trainer's face. "So help me," he said.

Garrison watched him for a long time. They could hear the crowd noise rising and falling outside. Garrison was trying to think of everything at once—the game today, the future of his shortstop. He decided finally that this shortstop would have no future anyway if he did not get into this game today. Mario Canto, he thought, was not made like most ballplayers. He might come all apart and never be worth a damn again, even if the ankle did mend, if Garrison tried to stop him now. And besides, it wasn't broken. "All right," Garrison said at last. "It's your ankle."

Mario sank back on the bench and sighed. He put his hands over his face and sat there, his shoulders jerking, while the trainer unwound the bandage and washed the joint and put the needle in several times and taped him up again.

WHEN the line-up was announced, the Giants and the crowd got the answer to the rumors that Canto was out of the game. Garrison had him in left field, still batting number three. Dowst moved from third to short, and Henderson came in from left to play third. The idea was that Mario, running flat-footed, could play left field, but would never be able to make the jumping plays around second. He might not be able to handle the outfield, either, but they would start him and hope that no critical chances came his way.

He stayed off the field entirely during practice, standing most of the time in front of the dugout with Garrison, watching Fletcher warm up. Neither he nor Garrison had spoken to Fletcher since they'd arrived at the park. Just before the Giants took the field, Mario picked up a bat and hammered it against the bench.

"I want to tell you guys something," he said. "Pay attention because I ain't going to shout this. This ain't for anybody to hear outside the dugout."

The players quieted down very quickly and looked at him seriously. When the little take-charge guy acted like this, it was a good idea to behave.

"We'll need lots of hits today," he said, "and perfect fielding. We won't have much out there pitching for us. I mean Fletcher. Clay's been complaining about a pain somewheres. They X-rayed him last night and located the trouble. He ain't got no heart."

Mario looked directly at Fletcher when he said this. Fletcher's face did not change, except for a little bit of a grin.

"So don't be surprised," Mario said, "if he goes chicken on us. So we'll need runs. So get 'em."

Blair, leading off, tried hard enough. He drove the first ball through the box, but Dark made a great play in back of the bag and just nipped him. Henderson went down swinging. When he turned back to the bench, Mario, walking past him to the box, said, "Don't let it bother you. You've got one coming yet."

He stepped into place and tapped the plate. He felt good now, still mad, but loose. He could hear the crowd; he could hear his name coming down from the stands in quavering cries and hoarse shouts. They all knew him, anyway. They expected something from him and he expected the same thing from himself.

Jansen studied him a long time. Jansen knew him too, as well as a National League pitcher could know an American League batter. Jansen was pretty sure that, bum foot or not, Mario was a dangerous guy to have up there today. He came in with the first one, keeping it wide.

Mario wanted it, but he let it go. Jansen saw that and thought: He'll go for bad ones today. I'll make this just good enough to tempt him, not good enough for a solid hit. Mario saw Jansen thinking that and shifted his stance while Jansen was winding up. The ball came in a little bit outside, but Mario was set. He met the pitch with the fat of the bat, and the ball sailed away. Mario knew what he had before the crowd did, even before Jansen did. He could spare his ankle on this one. He went to first flat-footed, with his head down, and when he looked up, the ball was dropping high in the left-field stands. Ferry lined to deep center, and the Lions took the field.

Mario ran out to his position, feeling pretty sure that Fletcher would not try anything now—not right away, at least. He might even cross up Angelo and Angelo's friends and go the whole way for his own sake. It looked like that in the beginning. Fletcher struck out the first Giant on four pitches and got the next two on grounders.

Saylor doubled to open the second for Lake City, but the next three were easy outs and Saylor was left. The Giants went down one, two, three.

Fletcher, Blair and Henderson did nothing in the third, and the Giants came up with the bottom of the order. We'll see what he does now, Mario thought. None of these bums should get a loud foul.

But the first man walked. From where Mario stood, it looked all right. It just looked as though Fletcher was cutting them too fine. The next batter hit a hot grounder to third. Dowst might have got it but Dowst was playing short for Mario. Henderson, unsure of himself at third, bobbled the ball, looked at second, then threw too late to first. The pitcher flied to right, and the runner on second advanced. The top of the order was up, with one out. Fletcher threw two strikes, then two balls. The batter met his fifth pitch solidly. It was a long fly to center. Blair pulled it in, but the run scored afterward. The last man struck out.

On the bench, nobody spoke to Fletcher. Mario and Garrison sat together for a moment, talking quietly. Then Mario went out to bat. This time Jansen gave him nothing good at all, and he was on. Ferry swung wildly on the first two pitches, then doubled to center. Mario should have scored, but the bad ankle held him to third. Saylor struck out, then Wade flied deep enough so that Mario could come home with the tie-breaker. Kelsey grounded to first.

WHEN Fletcher started for the mound, Garrison went with him. He said nothing until they got there. Fletcher stood there, fooling with the ball. "What's the matter with you today?" Garrison said.

Fletcher looked around at the outfield. "Didn't your boy tell you?" he said.

"He wouldn't tell me anything."

"Maybe there isn't anything to tell."

"All right," Garrison said. "Let's see some pitching, then."

Fletcher gave him pitching after that. He stopped them with one scratch hit in the fourth and did it again in the fifth. The Lions put three on in the top half of the fifth; Mario drew another walk, but died when Ferry's fly was caught against the wall. They put two on in the top of the sixth, Wade and Kelsey singling in succession, but Dowst struck out and Fletcher ended the inning popping to Jansen. It was still Lions 2, Giants 1, going into the bottom of the sixth. Fletcher came up then against the big men in the Giants' order.

He struck out the first batter, and Garrison began to think that Mario had been imagining things. Then Thomson walked. Fletcher threw a strike and then Irvin choked up and bunted down the third-base line, a tricky bit of strategy on Durocher's part. He bunted a little harder than he had meant to and the ball rolled out to where Henderson, even though he'd figured Irvin would be hitting away and was playing deep, could have taken it easily, but Fletcher charged across. Henderson held up and Fletcher skidded just as he got to the ball, and booted it. The batter was safe, and Thomson went all the way to third.

Garrison started out of the dugout. Fletcher, walking back to the mound, made an angry gesture at him, and Garrison sat down. All right, Junior, he thought, I'll look at one more. I've got nobody better.

Fletcher struck out the next man on five pitches. Mueller was up and Garrison ordered him walked, filling the bases with two out and bringing up Thompson. Thompson missed the first one and fouled off the second, and Mario, fidgeting in left field, began to breathe evenly again. Then Thompson met the third pitch and drove it deep to left center. The ball struck just below the rim of the wall and bounced back as hard as it had come. Blair ran it down and made a fine throw, but three runs were across.

THERE was a long meeting at the mound. Mario could see Fletcher stamping around and shaking his head. Mario was sure now. It made no sense for Fletcher to pitch a ball like that in this spot. Mario saw Garrison turn away and saw Fletcher hitch up his pants. The next man went down on a dribbler to the mound.

Mario walked slowly in to the bench. He was the last to arrive. When he got into the dugout, he looked over at Fletcher and said, "I told you guys we'd need some hits today. Now get some!"

Fletcher said, "Why, you—" and started to get up, but Ferry, who could lick any two men in the league, caught him by the shirt front and slammed him down so hard that his head hit the back of the dugout.

Blair walked out to the plate, looked at two strikes, and slashed the next pitch over second. Henderson picked on the first pitch and tripled to right, scoring Blair and making it Giants 4, Lions 3. It was up to Mario to tie it or put the Lions ahead.

The crowd was screaming now, even the Giant fans calling Mario's name. The first pitch was on the inside corner. Jansen thought he might get away with another one. He put it inside but a little higher than he had intended. Mario stepped back and met it, not as well as before, but pulling it strongly, and the ball sailed out, low at first, then rising, holding true just inside the foul line. Irvin went all the way back and made the catch easily enough but he had no chance of stopping the tying run. Henderson tagged up and came in after the catch. Ferry got a double and Saylor singled him home, to put the Lions ahead, 5 to 4. Jansen retired the next two and Fletcher got off the bench. This time Garrison just looked at him, and nobody said anything.

Fletcher struck out the first batter he faced, and Mario again began to doubt his suspicions. Fletcher was either trying or he was smarter than Mario thought he was. A really smart guy would play it this way, making it look good, always getting a man or two out so that Garrison would be tempted to wait just a little longer. Fletcher walked the next batter. Mario knew that Garrison would be fidgeting now but that he would not yank his pitcher. Dark had left the game with a damaged knee, and the man batting in his place was a good bet to hit into a double play. He was a left-handed pull hitter who seldom got the long ball. Fletcher looked him over for a moment, then came in with his first one.

The pitch was soft, letter-high, over the outside. Ferry told Mario later it had nothing on it, nothing at all. The batter swung, and the ball sailed high to left center, catching Blair out of position. The tying run was rounding second.

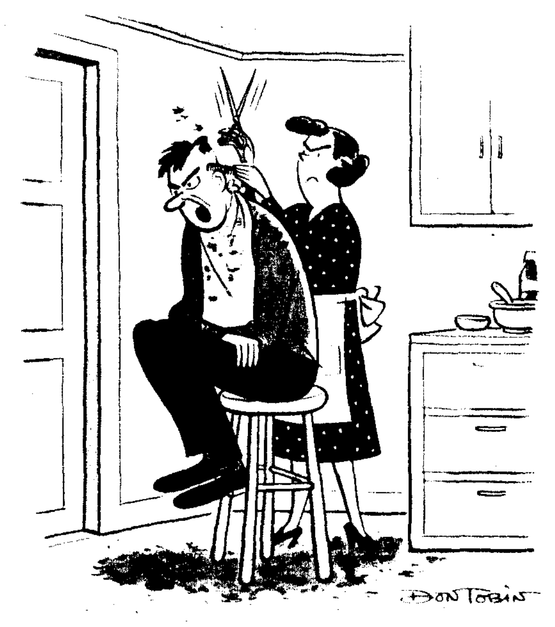
Mario started for the ball. He started without hope, running as hard as he could on the foot that was beginning to hurt again and would not work the way it should. He gauged the ball's flight with one look and then did not look again, but kept running, his eyes on the spot on the wall where he thought the ball would strike if it didn't clear the barrier entirely. It seemed to him that he wasn't getting anywhere at all and that the ball would certainly overtake him. Then the wall was suddenly right in front of him and he turned and caught the ball's line of flight in one glance and leaped.

THE roar of the crowd above him was deafening, but inside himself he could hear the ankle joint cracking, and in almost the same instant the ball smacked solidly in his glove and stuck, and he felt the wall smash him. He bounced off and struck face down on the turf and rolled over, his breath gone completely, pain screwing up from his ankle through his whole leg. The sky swung around, and out of it Blair leaned down. He was talking about the ball, it appeared. Then Mario understood, or perhaps only remembered, from afternoons a long time ago on the Spider's farm, when the Spider had drilled into him without mercy that you could never let up for a moment. Mario tossed the ball to Blair and Blair whirled and made a great throw, and they doubled the runner.

Mario did not see that, because the pain was really bad now and he was beginning to roll around. Blair did not see it either, because he knelt down as soon as he got rid of the ball and tried to hold Mario, to keep him from hurting himself any more.

They took him out on a stretcher, and the club physician came to the dressing room and gave him something for the pain, and after that it was just crazy dreams and then sleep. He was on his way to the hospital when Wiegel took over in the eighth, and he did not know until the next morning that Wiegel had held the Giants through the last two innings with a dead arm. He was still under the anesthetic they had used for setting his broken ankle when the Lions tried to move their victory celebration into the hospital, but he heard all about it afterward from one of the orderlies who had got a black eye helping the cops put them out and from various nurses who had been chased up and down the corridors.

Once or twice during the night, he thought he woke up. He was evidently dreaming, because Callie was sitting at the bedside. He came



"This is silly, Margaret! I've never even spoken to that new manicurist at Tony's shop!"

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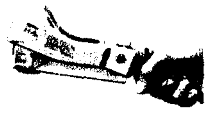

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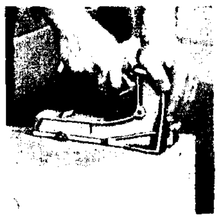

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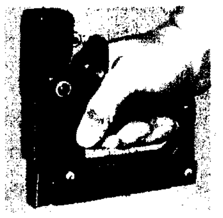

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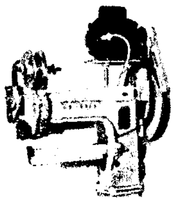

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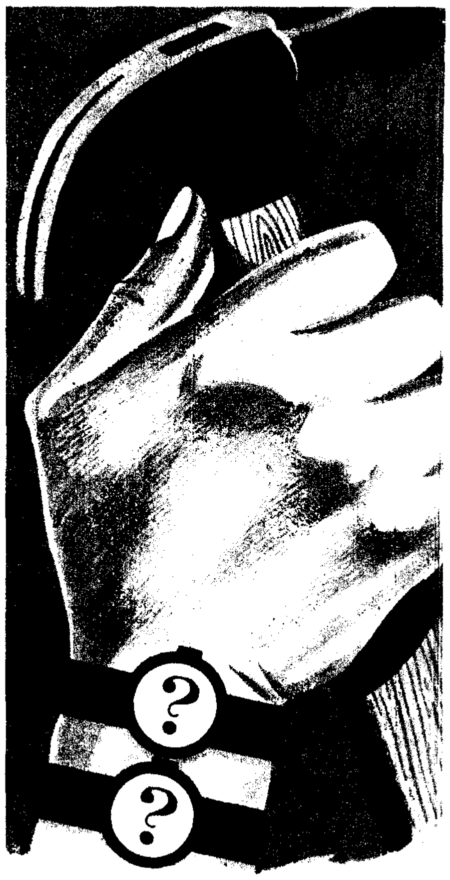

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out of it long after daylight, and Callie *was* sitting there.

"How did we make out?" Mario said.

"We win," Callie said.

Mario closed his eyes. A nurse came and fussed around him, and when she had gone, Callie told him some of the things that had happened.

"After the side was out," she said, "Clay started toward the dugout. Garrison just waved him away, and I guess he went to the showers. I don't know for sure. I was watching you. When I saw them bring out the stretcher, I went to the players' entrance and talked to the ambulance men and found out which hospital you were going to."

"You should have stayed to see the finish," Mario said.

"I thought you were dead," Callie said, and began to cry.

Mario took hold of her hand and told her to stop it, that he couldn't stand it. After a while, he asked her if she was really through with Fletcher, and she said she was.

"Why do you ask?" she said.

"No special reason," Mario said.

"I'd like to marry *you,*" Callie said. "I'd marry you in a minute."

"You don't want a husband in a wheel chair," Mario said.

"I wouldn't mind a bit," Callie said.

"All I know is baseball," Mario said. "Without baseball, I'm a bum. I'm back on the West Side, standing on a corner."

"You're no bum," Callie said. "You'll make out You've got a fractured ankle and a dislocated shoulder and maybe some cracked ribs. But that wouldn't stop *you.*"

Mario turned his face away. "I'm finished," he said. "After only five seasons in the majors, I'm finished."

The nurse spoke from the door. "More visitors," she said.

This time it was Mario's mother, Father Montana and the Spider. They all talked a lot, trying to cover up the fact that they were worried about him. They talked about next year and how Mario and the Lions were going to be even better.

Then Garrison came in and asked them if they would mind leaving him alone with Mario because he had something important to talk about that couldn't wait.

When they were gone, Garrison said, "Fletcher beat it when I chased him at the end of the seventh. He was gone when the rest of us got to the clubhouse and he didn't show up for the party. The guys from the papers are being pretty good about it, but they're beginning to think things. So look, kid, you got to talk now. You got to talk to me, anyway. What's been going on?"

"All right," Mario said.

HE WAS too tired to carry the whole load himself any longer. He told Garrison everything that Callie knew and everything that had happened between him and Fletcher in the hotel room.

"That's quite a story," Garrison said. "Do you think any of the other boys are in it?"

"No," Mario said.

"I guess you're right," Garrison said. "But it would be hard to fix a Series with just one pitcher. How do you figure it?"

"Like this," Mario said. "Fletcher tells them about the pitching staff being in bad shape and they can count right away on maybe two losses, perfectly legitimate, between McBrinn and Wiegel. So they got an edge. Then they wait for the odds. They let Fletcher win his first one, because he can't afford to look *too* bad, and that will help the odds and it does. We go up to 13 to 5 after that first win. Then they get their money down. They bet, say a hundred grand on the Giants to take the Series. So McBrinn loses his game—honestly—and they're in pretty good shape.

"Then Fletcher goes for us in the third game and guarantees to lose it, if he possibly can. They bet, say fifty grand on us to lose that game. With Fletcher pitching, they can get odds. They can win enough on that one game to pretty near cancel their losses in case we should win the Series some way. No matter what happens after that, they can't lose much. We come into the last game all even. They may bet a little more on that last game, or they may not. It's a good bet because they know you've got to string along with Fletcher, and Jansen is good enough to beat us even with Fletcher pitching pretty good ball. And besides, after the money they won when Fletcher threw the third game for them, they're not out much and they stand to clean up on the whole Series. The only way they could have been hurt would be if they got hoggish on the last game."

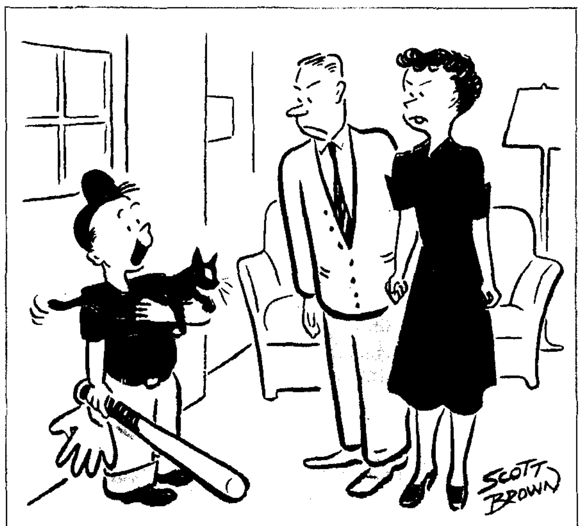
"If they did that," Garrison said, "Junior may be in a bit of trouble."

"Clay's in trouble, whatever they bet," Mario said. "Even if they didn't lose much cash, they lost the chance to clean up three, maybe four hundred grand. Maybe more."

"I suppose this is too hot to keep," Garrison said. "We got to tell the cops."

"Don't do it!" Mario said. "No matter what happens, don't do it, Hank."

"I know better myself," Garrison said, "but some people might think you were covering up for your brother."



"The man was darn' nice! He invited all of us boys in, gave each one of us a bottle of pop and a kitten, and never even mentioned his broken window"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

"I don't care about those people," Mario said, "because I know I ain't thinking about my brother. I'm thinking about the game. Just a little dab of dirt is all it would take to get all the busybodies in the country down on baseball. Fletcher don't count. And it don't matter whether you prosecute guys like Angelo, whatever they did here, or whatever they do to Fletcher."

"It don't?" Garrison said.

"No. Because it's not worth it. It's not worth wrecking baseball. Angelo and them will get it eventually, anyway, for one thing or another."

"I'm inclined to go along with you," Garrison said. "As for the Wonder Boy, we'll just tear up his contract, when we find him, and he and the management will announce that his arm is dead and he has retired to the farm the Lions bought for his old man. If he kicks on that, we'll have to offer to call in the law."

Mario had an idea they were not taking much of a chance. If he knew anything about Angelo and his friends, they would take care of Clay. One of these days, Mario thought, he'll be sailing along in that convertible and another car is going to come up and edge him over . . .

"You know," Garrison said, "Clay can get hurt fooling around with those boys."

"I was just thinking that," Mario said. "But I got no mercy for a guy that would throw a ball game."

The rest of the day was taken up with more visitors and the people from the papers. Fletcher's name was mentioned, but nobody suggested that it was anything but a case of a pitcher being off form.

Callie came at dinnertime and had a tray with him in the room. She was full of ideas about what he could do if the ankle didn't mend. He could run a sporting camp somewhere, for ballplayers especially. They could put in some tourist cabins. Things like that. After a while, she quit talking. She could see that none of that was for Mario. She was about to leave when Garrison came back.

Garrison stood in the doorway and grinned at them.

"Miss Simmons," he said, "you look like a woman that's thinking of marriage."

"You don't miss anything, do you?" Mario said.

"Then I'm right?"

"You're always right," Mario said.

"In that case," Garrison said, "she might as well stay and hear the news, now that she's a member of the family."

Garrison looked at Mario, and Mario smiled in a kind of silly way and nodded.

"I guess I got no secrets from Callie," he said. "What's on your mind? You found Fletcher?"

"Nothing that bad," Garrison said. "I come to tell you that you got a job, even if you can't walk from the dugout to the plate."

MARIO couldn't say anything for a moment. He tried to swallow, and Callie poured a glass of water for him. He drank it slowly, using the time to get hold of himself. He put the glass down finally and said, "That's fine, Hank. I sure hoped you could find something for me. I wouldn't know what to do summers, away from the park."

"Find something for you!" Garrison said. "The guy that owns this club ought to be able to 'find something for you,' all right."

"I saved the ball game, Hank," Mario said. "I admit that. I ain't modest."

"You saved more than a ball game and more than the Series," Garrison said. "The way I look at it, you saved the whole damned institution, if you want to call it that."

"Let's forget it," Mario said. "What's this job you mentioned?"

"The boss and I talked it over last night," Garrison said, "but I couldn't tell you about it until we'd cleared up the Fletcher business."

"Is the job settled?" Mario said.

"We settled it at the victory brawl," Garrison said. "We were hoisting a few, and I thought it might slip his mind in the morning, so I got him to put it in writing. He sat down right there and wrote it out. He wants you for manager next year."

"Manager!" Mario said. "You're nuts, Hank! The Lions got a perfectly good manager right now."

"I'm getting out," Garrison said. "I've had my pennant and my World Series. I've had enough."

"You're not getting out," Mario said. "That's crazy. Nobody's going to let you get out now. I wouldn't want the job—not that way."

"I'm getting out of the dugout," Garrison said. "I'm moving up to the front office."

"You mean that?"

"Absolutely," Garrison said. "I'm moving upstairs, and you slide over to my spot on the bench. If the foot gets well and you can play some ball, too, so much the better. But that ain't essential."

"I don't know if I can handle it," Mario said.

Callie laughed. "Listen to him," she said. "He doesn't know anything about himself, does he? He can do anything, can't he?"

"He'll be the greatest boy manager in history," Garrison said, "and if you feed him right, he'll last longer than Connie Mack."

THE END

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Iron Man From Mill Mountain

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

caught one glimpse of him, sitting erect in the saddle, far down the road, where he would head into the mountain below the abandoned marble quarry.

By the time Tucker had reached mid-field and set his water bucket beside a shock, keeping it shaded, the men had already gathered in a loose circle around the remaining block of alfalfa. Most of them had pitchforks. They stood poised and watching closely. The Gaylor boys had their hounds at collar and the tan-and-white was yapping and jumping up on her hind legs.

Tucker unfastened his belt and slipped the tin cup off and put it to float on the water and buckled his belt again. "Water!" he called out.

"Ain' nobody got no time for water now!" Hamhocks Gaylor yelled.

Jess brought the mower to the near corner of the square. The horses fell into a neat haw turn. The clatter halted one instant, then resumed.

A racer black snake, glistening blue-green in the sun, slid out of the alfalfa in one incredible streak toward the creek bank. It moved like a greenish slither of flame. No one attempted to kill it.

Then someone yelled, "Here—they—come!"

THE block of hay belched seven or eight rabbits at once. They sprang from the entrapment, already fanning out like dizzy streaks of light. They burst terrified into the open and darted across the stubble, headed for the brush over in the Hacking or the tall, thick weeds along the creek. White tails hopping crazily, they dodged and zigzagged among the shocks. There was a burst of man-movement, yells, the yap and boom of the two hounds, and the flashing of steel pitchfork tines.

Down the field, Mose Kelly was whooping and hollering because one had run right between his legs and he had missed it with his fork. Over toward the creek, the tan-and-white hound had caught a second one and Ringtail was loping along to get it away from the dog before it was chewed. It was all happening at once. Tucker had intended vaguely to take some kind of part in the chase, but it was practically over before he could make a move. Hamhocks charged past him in the direction of the Hacking, where the black hound had run down a third rabbit. Hamhocks ran up to the hound and kicked him and snatched the rabbit away. He held it out in one hand and snapped his other hand down, hatchet-like, against the back of its neck; he was already running back, calling the hound and snapping his hand against the rabbit's neck once more.

In a dead run, he came back across the field, carrying it. Passing Tucker, he thrust the rabbit into his hands.

"If you can't hep ketch 'em," he panted, his sweating face excited, "*hold* it!"

Without having broken his stride, Hamhocks was racing toward the narrowing block of alfalfa, where the men were already taking another stand, and even before he got there the pulsating hay erupted another batch. There was a burst and wave. Men, hounds and pitchforks were in another frenzy of movement and sound.

Several rabbits had streaked in a bunch for the creek bank, and the black hound had already made its second catch, and the tan-and-white, her nose just above the stubble, was right on the zigzagging tail of another desperate rabbit.

Everything in the field was suddenly centered on the plunging run of the rabbit from the tan-and-white.

Tucker was still standing near the shock and the water bucket; again it had all moved too fast for him. All at once, watching the tan-and-white closing in, he was filled with a hatred, a special sudden loathing, for the hound. He wished she would break a leg. He had seen rabbits killed before. He had gone along with his brother Kyle or Uncle Jerome hunting in the broom sage up on one of the hills. He had even had a rabbit trap of his own last fall, set in a brush pile near the old colored graveyard. That he had never caught anything in it, before he got tired of it and gave it away, was mere chance or inexperience in locating or baiting the trap.

But that was a long time ago. That was something of an entirely different nature, adventure and contest involving someone who was not quite himself and a rabbit that was not quite real. If the rabbit he had been trying to catch that long time ago was ever more than an abstraction, it was certainly not this particular tragic and doomed rabbit whose legs were not flying insanely just ahead of the nose of the tan-and-white.

The rabbit made a good try; it came within ten feet of the weeds before the hound nosed it; it flipped up into the air and turned over, and seemed to hang there indefinitely, upside down; and then the hound's jaws were around it.

It was about this time that Tucker felt a quiver from the rabbit that Hamhocks had thrust into his arms and which he was cradling. It was a young one, little more than a baby, and its heart was still fluttering. Hamhocks, in his hurry, had failed to get its neck broken. It was twitching now, and its belly was stirring with erratic heartbeats—*pittity-pat-pittity-pat*.

He began softly stroking it, as he would a pup or kitten. He did not know why. It was more dead than alive. It was not even pleasant to touch. It had been chewed and its fur had hound-slobber on it.

TUCKER felt weak with a curious aching sadness and tenderness. A quick shame that he was a sissy, and he was breathing oddly, taking two or three short in-breaths before exhaling at all.

He nestled the young rabbit against his shirt. He was overwhelmed with the feeling he was the only friend it had in this entire world into which it had not even asked to be born, and in which it certainly had not asked to die.

He thought: I'm goin' to take it home and keep it for a pet. I'll teach it to follow me around. Even as he thought it, he knew Hamhocks would not give him the rabbit; Hamhocks would laugh in his face. He wished desperately that Father were there to appeal to. But Father was not there.

The men were now coming across the field toward him to get a drink before finishing the shocking. Ringtail had a clump of rabbits in his hand, holding them up high and kicking at the dogs to keep them away.

Jess started the mower again. Its clatter and knock broke the hot stillness.

Very quickly, Tucker leaned down and set the rabbit on the ground. It simply huddled there.

He nudged it with his toe. "Run!" he said softly, and, as if the rabbit had heard him, it started scudding, low on the ground, toward the fence, not running like a rabbit at all but like a field mouse, and then suddenly bobbed up above the stubble and changed direction and went hopping straight down through the field toward the oncoming men and dogs.

Apparently Hamhocks had seen him when he did it.

"What you think you're doin'?" Hamhocks yelled; and then, to the dogs: "Sick 'im! Git that rabbit!"

It took Hamhocks and Ringtail several seconds to get the hounds started, but by now the rabbit had stopped entirely and was simply squatting in the stubble. By the time it realized dog-nearness and perhaps had its second and final terrified realization of what dog-nearness meant, and started again, the dogs were almost on top of it. As Tucker watched, both hounds grabbed it at the same time, in mid-air, one by the head and the other by the hind feet, just as it had started to hop.

The men were a stone's throw from him now, coming for water, their faces hot and dripping sweat and their shirts wet. And he hated them—all and indiscriminately.

He ran to the bucket and grabbed it up. He drew it back and let fly out into the stubble every drop of water that was in it. The tin cup sailed out with the water.

"Hey!" he heard someone yell. "What's comin' off here?"

He had already started trotting up across the stubble in the direction of the barn. He heard a guffawing laugh that sounded like Uncle Jerome's. He stopped and turned. Then, savagely, he shook his fist at them. He turned again and began running. He ran all the way to the fence and got over it. After that he walked, with a kind of furious stamp, up the hill to the blacksmith shop.

The shop was quiet, a place of aloneness, and held the almost-fresh forge odor and the constant odor of coal dust. He leaned on the workbench, looking out the open back window through the branches of some blackberry vines growing up in a pile of rocks behind the shop. He knew when the mowing machine and then the hayrake made the final round in the alfalfa field and, soon afterward, the men built the last shock. He felt very alone and could not get from his mind the ugly death of the rabbit he had cradled in his arms.

He saw the shockers come up across the field and up the hill and around out of sight to the front of the barn. He knew they were going in there to drink some more and finish mending the seine before going to the river.

He went over to the other window and stood looking out eastward across the valley toward Mill Mountain. Jess drove the mower through the field gate and up the lane past the shop. Spruce Gaylor came just behind him on the hayrake. Tucker heard the harness chains of both teams clanking and the wheels of mower and rake grinding and then soon heard the horses clomping onto the barn floor.

THOSE things did not interest him now. In the distance, across the valley, just down from the top of the mountain, old Confederate breastworks traced a faint, wavering, horizontal line toward the south. They were only a relic now, a thin scar in memory, in places completely lost among chestnut oak, scrub pine, chinquapin and huckleberry, and then appearing as a shallow ditch along the bare stretches of shale and slate. The old days were gone and even most of the evidence of their very existence was gone. For some moments Tucker studied the breastworks with a familiar emotion of gentleness and reverence.

There had been no sound at the door, although Teaberry must have been standing there watching him for some time. She merely said, "What yawl doin' standin' in here?"

"Nothin'," he said, turning and starting on out past her.

"Come on—le's go out there't that barn."

"I don't want to." He was already going toward the house.

"Ah am. Ah wants some more of that easy money."

She must have streaked for the barn. He did not look back. He went on beneath the walnut tree. There he changed his course and started up through the meadow. Out at the barn, the banjo and the singing had started again. He did not glance out that way. He wanted nothing to do with the men. He went on up across the meadow alone.

He came to the rusty iron gate and opened it and went through. He walked on across the plank bridge and down the road to Soldier's place. There he slipped through the bars and went around the high tangle of jimson and pokeberry weeds that took the place of a yard. Soldier was out on the stoop in his straight chair with the broken bottom. His white hair was tousled. He was grizzle-faced and mean-faced, and his shirttail was out and one side of his galluses was unbuttoned. In one hand he had a homemade fly brush and in the other a long hickory walking stick with which he whacked off all the weeds he could reach, a fraction of an inch at a time.

Soldier fastened his irascible eyes on him and demanded, "Boy, what you doin' mopin' up here by yerself? How come you ain't down thar'th the rest of 'em?"

"I don't feel like it, sir," he said, coming on up and sitting down on the edge of the stoop.

"What'd they do to you?"

"Nothin', sir."

"Somebody's been tantalizin' you. Tell it by yore face."

"They were catchin' rabbits in the alfalfa and I turned one loose."

"They can't hang you fer thet," Soldier said.

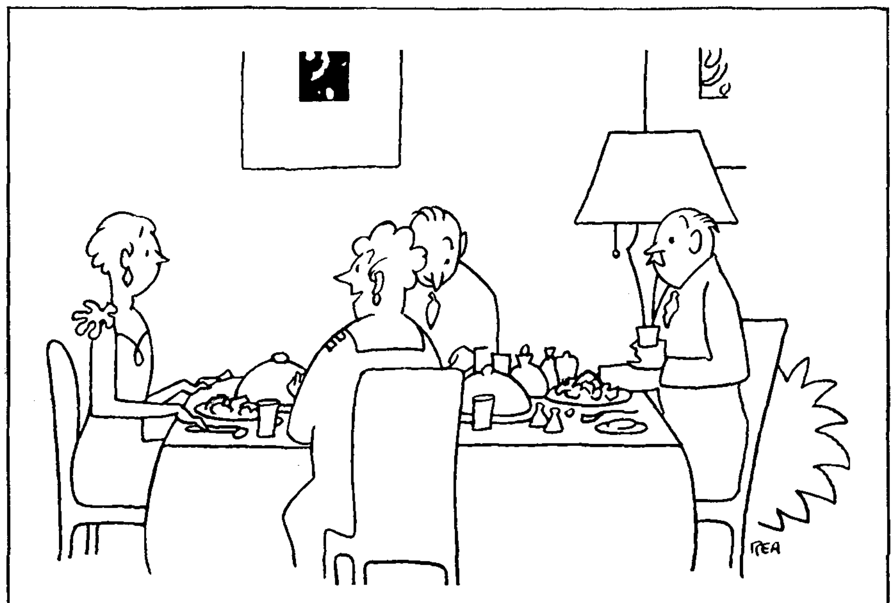
"No sir, I know they can't, but I don't like them anyway."

"Done what you thought was right, didn't you?"

"Yes sir."

He did not look directly at Soldier. He knew that Soldier was studying him.

Miss Prinnie sat in her rocker just in-



"It's not that I *mind* housework—it's just that the way everything's gone up, we find it cheaper to eat out"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

side the doorway, shelling peas. She wore a bonnet and had on an apron over her black dress. She was diminutive and shrunken and her face had the crinkled tan of a last year's oak leaf. The bonnet and her position in the chair made her look like a cowled bird grown so ancient it had forgotten how to fly.

"Boy," said Soldier, squinting at him, his face grizzled and harsh, "I was jest settin' here thinkin' about yore grandaddy. Made outa solid arn, thet man was, when he thought he was in the right."

"Yes sir."

"Did I ever relate how he turned back Phil Sheridan's army right up thar on Mill Mountain?"

"I don't believe so, sir," Tucker said dutifully. He had heard the story many times, but today he was in a mood to hear it again.

Soldier squared himself in his chair and whacked the edge of the stoop with his cane. "Thet," he began, "was in the fall of sixty-four—"

From inside the cabin, Miss Prinnie said, suddenly and incisively, "Sixty-one!"

Soldier fastened his eyes on the doorway in a fierce glare. "Prin," he snorted, "when I want infummation from you I'll ask you for it." He took out his handkerchief and blew his nose. "Fall of sixty-*four*. McCantland's men had fit their way up the valley—"

Once more Miss Prinnie's voice came from within: "Sixty-*one!*"

Sometimes Miss Prinnie would let him tell one of his stories and some days she would not. It depended on how she was feeling. This seemed to be one of the days when she would not.

Soldier batted his hard old eyes and scowled. "Prin," he snarled, "how do you know so all-fired much about them breastworks?"

"Set right here and watched 'em build 'em," Miss Prinnie said. "Bunch got chased outa West Virginny by the Yankees. They 'peared up there on the mountain one evenin' and dug that trench. Next day they lit out agin. Wasn't nobody after 'em by then, neither."

"Be jumped up and damned!" Soldier bleated in outrage. "Lot you know about it!"

Miss Prinnie stuck her face out of the door and snapped, "Stop fillin' that little shaver up with all that truck!"

Soldier glared at her. His expression had become very sullen. For the time being, he would not say another word. He took out his handkerchief and blew his nose again. He hit the stoop with his cane.

Finally he squinted at Tucker. "What're them fellers doin' down at that barn?"

"Drinkin' moonshine liquor," Tucker said.

"Never mind what they're doin'," Miss Prinnie said. "You stay whur you're at."

WITHOUT a word, Soldier got up. He laid his cane and fly brush on the seat of the chair. He stepped just inside the cabin and reached up and took one of his guns, a short-barreled 30-30-caliber rifle, from the pegs above the door.

"Now whur you think you're goin'?" Miss Prinnie snapped.

"None of yore business," Soldier said flatly, and stepped out with the gun in his hands. "Come on, boy."

Through the weed-tangle and along the road and down across the sun-drenched meadow they went. Hatless, coatless, carrying the rifle, his white hair shining like cotton, Soldier strode with a kind of sullen ancient dignity and Tucker walked politely just a step behind him.

As they approached the barn, he heard somebody say, "Well, great day in the mornin'! Look who's out there'n the field!"

Uncle Jerome was just fishing another penny out of his pocket for Teaberry and she seized it and streaked for the house.

There was a single guffaw, and then an uneasy hush fell over the men. It was so quiet Tucker heard the sparrows chattering around the louvered windows high above the haymows. He did not feel any more friendly toward the men than he had an hour ago. He did not want to go along seining with them and he knew they were not going to let Soldier go, especially with that rifle. He was apt to drink too much and when he got that way he was unpredictable. Once he had come down there and poked around the outbuildings until he found a jar of Uncle Jerome's whisky hidden in the icehouse. He had drunk a good deal of it and stretched out on the sawdust-covered ice, and they had to use the rope and pulley to haul him out before he froze.

As Soldier stomped, scowling, across the plank ramp, his eyes batting and blinking in the sun, he bawled, "Whur's the liquor at?"

The men spoke to him. "Mornin', Mister Parrish." "How're you this mornin'?"

"Like arn," Soldier said shortly, hobbling up onto the barn floor. "Bring out thet liquor!"

SOLDIER'S son Zeedie had his rangy, stoop-shouldered form slouched against one of the big square pillars. He eased himself away from the post. "Pap," he said in his tongue-tied drawl, "you go set that ol' gun down an' stop wavin' it around that-away. You got that blame thing *cocked!*"

Soldier scowled at him. "What good's a gun if you don't keep it cocked?"

"Come on into the granary here, Mister Parrish," Uncle Jerome spoke up. "I think I can find you a touch."

Uncle Jerome and Soldier went on into the granary. Everything else on the barn floor had come to a standstill. There was a definite uneasiness among the men; having Soldier around with his rifle cocked was just not something that made anybody comfortable.

"Somebody's goin' to have to get the old gent back home," Jess Baskin said quietly. "Zeedie, you reckon you can take care of him?"

"Wail now," Zeedie said uncomfortably, shuffling his feet, "you know how Pap is. He ain't no easy matter to handle."

Soldier and Uncle Jerome stayed in the granary two or three minutes. When they came out, Soldier was wiping his mouth with his shirt sleeve and Uncle Jerome was carrying an empty quart bottle, looking at it with a certain concern.

Soldier flourished his gun at the assemblage. "All right now," he yipped, "let's go get thet buck."

Zeedie walked up and confronted him. "Pap," he said, "you stop wavin' that gun around. You know blame well nobody's goin' deer huntin'. You're just lettin' on."

"What the tarnation you keep sendin' thet chile up thar devilin' me fer, then?" Soldier snapped. "You're congregated around here fer some purpose. You ain't holdin' a preachin', air you?"

"We're jest restin' up," Zeedie drawled.

Soldier glared at him. "Zeed, you ain't done a lick of work in fifty years. How come you ain't come up thar an' laid in some winter wood fer me?"

"Wail now, Pap," Zeedie said placatingly, but somewhat on the defensive, "it ain't nowhurs near winter yet."

"Don't hafta be winter t'need wood! How come you ain't come by an' worked my garden?"

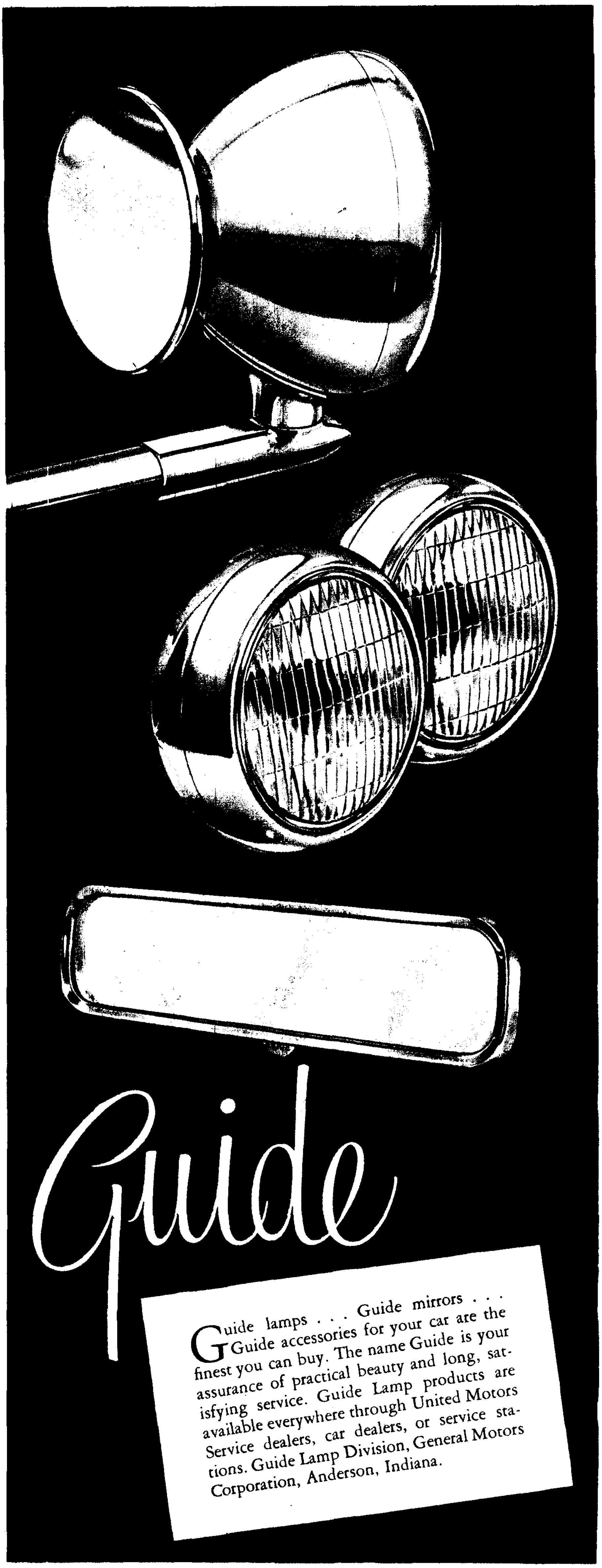
Zeedie ran a scaly hand up and down his lean jaws. "Now, Pap," he drawled, shifting his feet, "you jest stop that bellerin' at me. I been layin' off to come up there but I ain't been feelin' none too good."

Soldier brandished the cocked gun as if it were his walking cane. "Oughta be like me. Never been sick a day in my life. What's ailin' yuh now?"

Zeedie rubbed his jaw with one hand and the small of his back with the other. "Mainly my teeth," he said. "An' a tech of rheumatiz an' sumpin' around here'n my back."

Soldier looked at Zeedie in steady fierceness. "Zeed," he said, "I been hearin' you lay yore wuthlessness on yore teeth ever since Grant was 'lected the second time."

"Wail now, Pap, I be dog-taken when a



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man's teeth goes bad on 'im they jest ain't nuthin' much he kin do about it."

For thirty seconds or more, Soldier looked at him hard and steadily. Then he spun around. His irascible gaze searched the group of uneasy faces. He flourished his gun. He spotted Tucker standing in the big open doorway. "Boy!" he snapped. "Run down't thet blacksmith shop an' bring me a pair of plars!"

"Now you jest hol' on here, Pap," Zeedie said, straightening up briskly. "Whatta you wanta go gittin' a pair of plars for?"

"Boy!" Soldier bawled at Tucker. "Don't go gittin' fossips now. Bring plars!"

"Yes sir," Tucker said, not knowing what to do.

"You jest hol' on a minute here, Pap," Zeedie said. "Now jest what you think you're goina do with them plars?"

Soldier said not a word. He was standing face to face with Zeedie. He turned and cut loose with a splatter of tobacco juice in the direction of the haymow. Tucker believed he saw a quick hard twinkle flash across his eyes and for a second there appeared on his lips a grin, alarming and evil.

"Now you jest listen here, Pap," Zeedie said, shuffling and squirming, "I'm sixty-one years old an' I reckon I gotta right to some say-so about who goes stickin' a pair of plars in my mouth."

Soldier waved his gun at the group. "Couple you fellers step fard here! Jer! Jess! Need a leetle hep. Is thet boy back with them plars yit?"

He was not back because he had not left. He would not care much if Soldier went ahead and really pulled Zeedie's teeth and pulled the teeth of all the rest of them into the bargain. But he was afraid that things might turn out so that Soldier himself was humiliated or hurt. He did not know what to do. For advice he looked at Uncle Jerome, who was standing by a pillar with a frivolous grin on his face. "Go ahead and get 'em," Uncle Jerome said out of the corner of his mouth.

Still he tarried. He took a few steps out onto the plank ramp and stood there, undecided.

"Now you jest hol' on here," Zeedie was saying, backing away from Soldier. "You ain't in no shape to go pullin' nobody's teeth, Pap. The liquor you had's done made you onsteady."

JESS spoke up then. "Mister Parrish, this here's liable to be right smart of an undertakin'. Maybe we better have another little touch 'fore we start."

"All right, sir!" Soldier said with dignity. "I kin drink a bar'l of it. Made outa solid arn!"

Jess got up from the fertilizer sack he had been sitting on and started for the granary. Soldier marched after him. Ringtail Gaylor suddenly began playing Yankee Doodle on his harmonica, and possibly that was the first thing that made the old man mad, because he stopped and turned in his tracks and scowled at Ringtail and opened his mouth to say something but, for some reason, said nothing, and turned again and stomped on into the granary.

Zeedie was already on the move toward the open stairs leading down into the cutting room. "Expect mebbe I better be gittin' on home," he mumbled vaguely. "Got a lot of things need lookin' after—"

The rest of his words were lost because his hunched shoulders and then his head had vanished below the level of the floor.

Realizing that Zeedie was gone, but because of a fast loyalty to Soldier which he could express only by bringing him the pliers anyway, Tucker by now was on his way to the blacksmith shop. Just what happened inside the barn within the next couple of minutes he never did learn positively. Some of the men gave one account and others gave another, and Soldier himself, so far as anybody knew, never again mentioned the incident in his life. Tucker was just closing the door of the blacksmith shop when he heard the three shots—fairly well spaced. They went *spong!—spong!—spong!*

Between the first and the second shots, Ringtail came sailing out of the back end of the barn, like a crane in flight, and landed on top of the strawrick and slid down.

With the sound of the second shot, the cutting-room door flew open and Cales Plecker, three Kellys and five Gatemyers hopped out, and by the time Tucker heard the third one all the rest of them had poured out of the barn—Sam dragging the seine with him—and were hotfooting it down over the hill. It was like a scene incredibly repeated: the pell-mell abruptness of their going had the same blind urgency as that of the rabbits bursting out of the alfalfa.

SOME of the men said later that Soldier came out of the granary fuming when he could not sight Zeedie and started shooting immediately and wildly; others contended he was outraged because Ringtail had not had sense enough to quit playing Yankee Doodle, and, pretending to take aim at the end of the drill on the far side of the barn, had fired a bullet that passed within a foot of Ringtail's harp and head. The third version was that he knew the men were up to something they were trying to keep from him and he blazed away, out of his ancient meanness, just to give all of them a scare.

Anyway, he emptied the barn. Tucker thought he might still have some cranky use for the pliers, so he started trotting for the barn to give them to him.

By the time he got out there—Teaberry was back from the house and trailing him, and Ginnie, alarmed by the shots, had come out on the kitchen porch and was yelling something—Soldier was not doing anything except sitting unconcernedly on some sacks of fertilizer, with the gun across his lap.

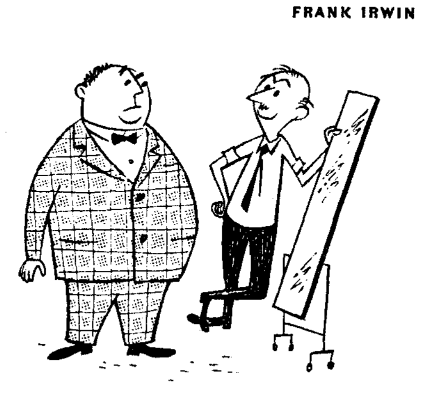
As Tucker offered him the pliers, he cocked an eye and said, "Boy, mebbe we kin have a little peace and quiet around here now. Like fer me to finish tellin' you how yore grandaddy stopped them Yankees thar on the mountain?"

"Yes sir," Tucker said.

"Me too," said Teaberry. "Tell about us's granpappy an' them hellions."

Both of them sat down together on the sacks. It was very still in the barn. The sparrows were not even about. It was so peaceful Tucker could hear the faint intermittent cracking of the tin roof under the sun's steady heat.

"Fall of sixty-*four!*" said Soldier. "Thet was as big a setback as the Northerns ever got. Yore grandaddy's men left somethin' like twelve hundred of Phil Sheridan's hellions laid out thar in one pile." He gave a quick chuckle, or else cleared his throat, and then scowled. "One of the purtiest sights I ever saw—" THE END


FRANK IRWIN

Clothes Lines

The suit that fits me to a T
Should really suit me perfectly;
The reason I'm not all aglow
Is that I'm shaped more like an O.

—PHILIP LAZARUS

Truce and Consequences

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

was looking at him with his lip curled up as if to say "Well of course, dear boy, if you want to make a *fool* of yourself . . ." and Burchett straightened up and let the ball lay.

"Now that was a kind of wistful thing to do," I said.

"Sometimes I think," said Sweers, "that those guys get lonesome, the way they hang around us all day instead of their own side."

"Made their bed and found rocks in the mattress, huh?" I said.

"I wouldn't be too sure about that," said a UP reporter named Leroy Hansen, "but you do notice the people on their side don't act very friendly with them. Hell, what do they expect, they help the enemy work up a big hate for the white man and then they're stuck with their own complexions."

"How do they feel about selling out their own countries fighting in this war?" I asked Hansen, having to holler a little bit because the game was getting rowdy.

"Ask 'em yourself," Hansen said. "There's no law against it."

"To tell you the truth," I said, "I would just as soon keep away from them. I read in Stars and Stripes that some of you guys hobnob around with enemy reporters and even drink with them. I'm a young man trying to make a name for myself and I have got to be careful."

"Once I offered three of them a drink," said a UP man. "Winnington, Burchett, and a Chinese reporter named Chu Chi Ping. They'd been putting out that stuff about us dropping bombs full of flies to spread the plague and they came around here one day holding on to their arms and hollering about how they'd taken plague shots the day before and their arms still hurt.

"I was kidding them and asking what kind of anti freeze we're supposed to be feeding those insects to keep 'em flying so early in the spring and all of a sudden I remembered a medic once told me you shouldn't ever drink after a plague shot, it will make you feel awful sick. There wasn't any way to make sure this was true but I thought it was worth gambling a half pint on, even though that's all I had and the office has been cutting our expense accounts down.

"They didn't take the drink even though Chu Chi Ping almost sprained his shoulder grabbing for it before he stopped himself. I guess some medic must have told them the same thing."

* * *

Some Chinese soldiers kept drifting up to watch the football game, not looking very hostile but sort of interested like maybe they had seen American soldiers play a game or two in the old days when they were friends with us. Then one plump character with horn-rim glasses started edging up by me and pretty soon I caught on that he was taking pictures with a little camera, sort of keeping it behind one hand.

I faced right around and struck a pose for him, enemy or no enemy we have all got our pride, and besides I may write a book sometime now that I'm in this war correspondent business and they say publicity never hurts an author type—even if they rap him in the hostile press, somebody might buy his book because they heard about him. But when I mugged for this photographer he made a sour face and walked off.

"He didn't even ask my name," I said to Painton, feeling kind of hurt. Freddie was out of the game again with a barked elbow. That boy is too skinny to play football.

"It's for their file," he told me. "They like to get pictures of newcomers out here and put them in the file."

"Hell," I said, "I'll send him an eight by ten glossy print with my life story on the back."

"You don't understand," said Freddie. "That would take all the fun out of it. They like to sneak them. Sometimes they'll stand a hundred feet away and get you with a telescope lens when there's nothing to stop them from coming right up to you. This way they've got a little mystery and he can pass those fuzzy snapshots around for all the proper people to memorize and tell them how he risked his life or something to get the pictures. They resent it if you make it easy. These are working people."

The conference in the tents was still going on and the game was breaking up so I went for a walk, passing close to this Chinese photographer so he would have another chance if he wanted it. But Freddie was right, by this time the guy didn't like me a bit and turned his back on me. I headed out across some rice paddies to the north, went over a little hill, and ran spang into a couple of gold bricking North Korean dogfaces that looked like they were supposed to be patrolling but were laying on their tail smoking a cigarette. One of them grabbed his rifle and jumped up but the other one acted like a veteran, he looked me over and said something to his buddy that probably translated out, "Relax, it ain't the sergeant, it's only the enemy," and I went on by them.

* * *

On top of the hill I came across one of those cloth aircraft panels that marked the thousand-yard line, and you are not supposed to go past it because from there on is enemy country and you're their meat. I got a good view of some of our artillery landing on a ridge to the south and Willie I tell you it was a sad feeling to watch our shells probe around blind when with a good pair of glasses and a radio you could correct the artillery and get it right on the bunkers it was after. But I'm a correspondent now and you're not supposed to think like that in a truce camp. If they could have read my mind they would've maybe hollered about it and stalled the talks another month, that's how touchy they are. I guess a few lousy bunkers aren't worth it.

In a hollow to the north was a village you couldn't see from the camp, a real peaceful-looking little place with women carrying wood and kids playing in the streets. One old lady about fifty yards away was looking at me kind of friendly and I wanted to step down there and ask her how she was feeling these days and what she thought of all this history being made in her back yard, maybe getting myself an exclusive type story, but I noticed the two dogfaces back there had thrown their butts away and were looking at me in an interested sort of way. I didn't want the story bad enough to be a steady guest up there and I headed back for Panmunjom before I could think up any more ways to get in trouble.

You know my luck, by the time I got back the session was over and everybody was leaving. I ran up to this bunch of reporters that was standing around Admiral Libby, cussing myself and thinking what a hot reporter I had turned out to be. Libby was looking kind of tired like a man that had been butting his head on a brick wall for the past three hours, but he was being good-natured with the reporters and was just finishing his story of the day's session.

"To sum it up," he said, "there was no progress."

Willie, a man could go crazy around here. I'm going back to the mountains. I'll let you know next week what I find to write about.

Your friend,
Joe.

Next week Bill Mauldin reports on a visit to the Marines in Korea

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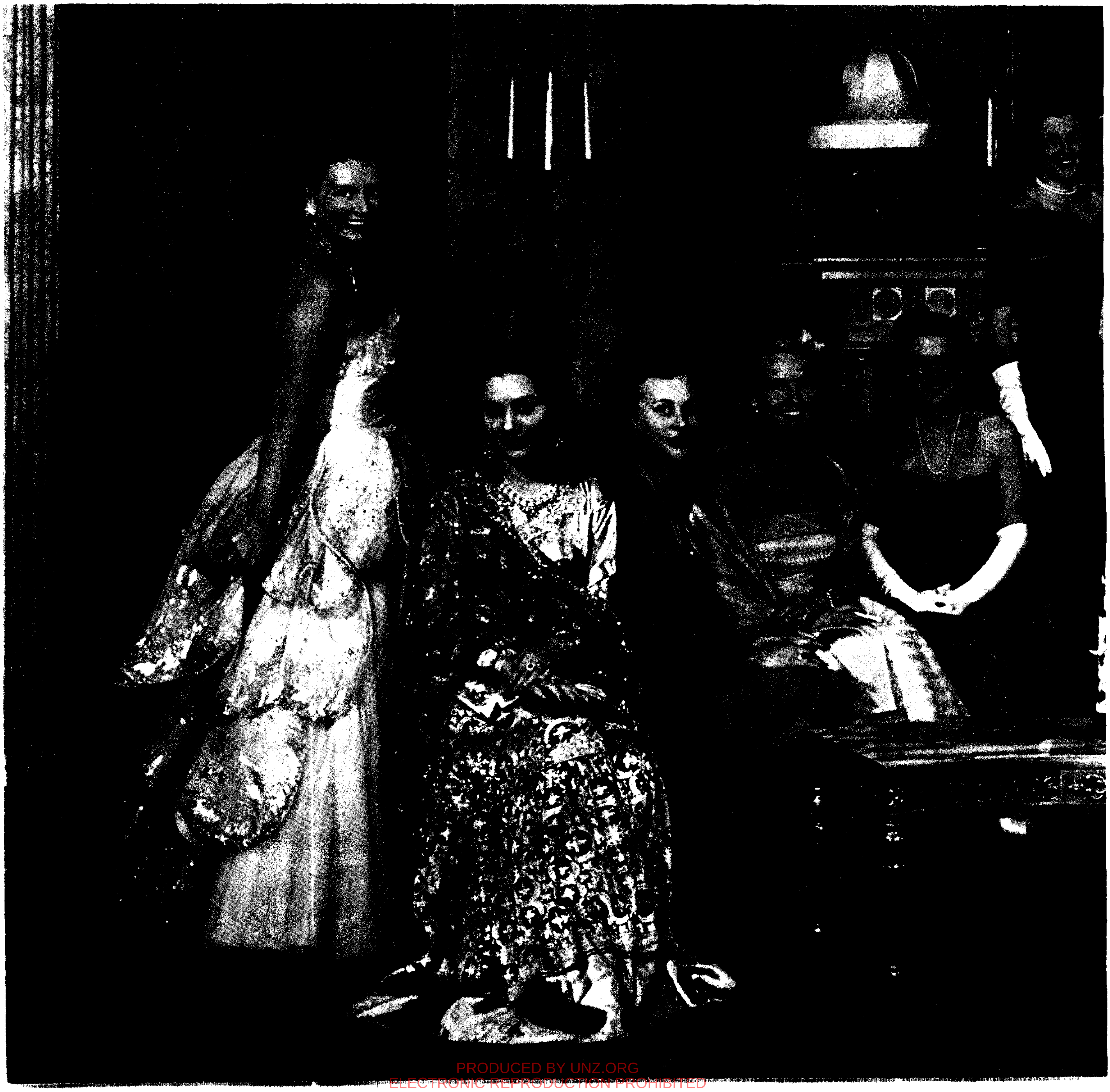
WASHINGTON'S MOST GLAMOROUS WOMEN

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ELLIOT CLARKE

Rare assembly finds all nominees in Pakistan Embassy (l. to r.): Mrs. Wiley T. Buchanan, Jr., Mme. Suraya Tyabji, Mrs. Albert L. Cox, Jr., Mrs. Robert



AS THE world's most important capital, Washington, D.C., plays host to all manner of influential men from every corner of the earth. Almost all bring their families with them.

Taking an admiring look at Washington's wives and daughters recently, the editors of Diplomat, a periodical which reports on local society, concluded that the nation's political capital must also be its beauty capital. In short order, Diplomat drew up a list of Washington's loveliest ladies. Braving the risk of partisan brickbats, it called them the most glamorous women in America.

Collier's exclusive photograph is, perhaps, Diplomat's best argument for its fascinating thesis. The roll call:

Margret Thors, twenty-four, is the daughter of Iceland's Minister to the U.S., Thor Thors.

Mary Hope Hurley, twenty-one, a student at George Washington U., is the daughter of Patrick J. Hurley, former U.S. Ambassador to China.

Maria de Oreamuno, wife of the Costa Rican Ambassador, has a twenty-one-year-old daughter.

Mrs. Albert L. Cox, Jr., married to a U.S. Army colonel, was born in China of White Russian parents thirty years ago. She has two sons, four and five years old, and a seven-month-old daughter.

Mrs. Wiley T. Buchanan, Jr., thirty-four, has two daughters, eight and ten, and a son, six. Her husband is a financier.

Princess Abbasi, born in England, is just twenty-one, has a son, three and a half years old, and year-old twin daughters. She is married to a Pakistanian Embassy secretary.

Mme. Suraya Tyabji, 19, is a native of Pakistan, has no children and is married to another of the Pakistan Embassy's secretaries.

Mrs. Meade C. Patrick, who will celebrate her first wedding anniversary in September, is married to a Washington attorney. She is thirty years old.

Mrs. Blake Clark, 35, born in Greece, has a five-year-old daughter and is married to the Washington editor of the Reader's Digest.

Mrs. Robert E. Moran, forty-three, has three sons, ranging in age from seventeen to twenty-two, and an eight-year-old daughter. Her husband is a prominent Washington physician.

Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., wife of the publisher, writes a weekly column for the Washington Times-Herald. She is thirty and has a two-and-a-half-year-old son.

As to which is the fairest of them all, the editors of the Diplomat remain diplomatically neutral. "Each wears her beauty with a difference," they say.

MARIE MCNAIR

oran, Mrs. Blake Clark, Mary H. Hurley, Señora Maria de Oreamuno, Princess Abbasi, Margret Thors, Mrs. Meade C. Patrick, Mrs. W. R. Hearst, Jr.

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Arizona Strip—"America's Tibet"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

the ground crumbles into sinkholes. Merely damp, its quicksands drown a horse. Its rare springs of living water, alkaline and unpalatable, dry up momentarily. Arid except for flash floods, which can occur when local skies are clear, its drainage systems cut their drunken course across the land, usually just too wide and deep to cross.

The Parashaunt Wash, for example, meanders 75 miles to cross the six between it and the great Colorado. Within the Pakoon at the Strip's western tip, a waterless desert of peaks and chasms and boulder-clogged gullies, few white men have ventured.

Water Can Almost Be Chewed

Generally the Strippers collect rain water in "tanks," sand-bottomed reservoirs, for both human and stock consumption. Sometimes, what with the slime and polliwogs, the water is not quite thick enough to chew, and Strippers hold that no water is good "until there are enough skippers to eat off the germs." Living on steady, intimate terms with drought and disaster, the Stripper's first concern is whether his tank will "ketch"—if it doesn't he may have to haul water as far as a hundred miles for himself and his animals.

Water worry has become part of the Strip's folklore. On the Strip you buy not land but water. If the Strip's First Commandent is Mind Thy Own Business, the Second is Mind Thy Own Water Hole. Though a Strip killing could result from anything, an argument or sheer cussedness, the usual motive has ~~been a~~ water hole. In a land where water is literally more precious than blood, a cattleman's spring is his life. Yet to a solitary roving shepherd—whose thirsty charges are companion, friend and family—technical considerations of ownership do not matter. Thus the cattleman hears every sheep's bleat as a war cry and the battle is joined for 20,000 square miles.

Winter and summer are equally harsh extremes. In July, with the thermometer at 113 degrees, the Strip might serve as a decompression chamber to hell. A cow-poke thinks twice before picking up a horseshoe in the sun. The earth, hardscrabble range at best, cracks like fevered flesh, the bare rocks glisten and the eye shrinks from the satin sheen of colors that merge and waver in the heated air as if this primitive landscape were still taking shape, a world in flux. Carcasses of cattle strew the plain, and herdsmen guard their shrinking mudholes for eight or 10 weeks, waiting for rain. Even today, men still die of thirst within sight of the Colorado. Only last summer a passing cowboy discovered a family of foolhardy sightseers, their car caught on a high-centered road, themselves curled beneath a mesquite, tongues protruding, already delirious.

In winter, the Strip is locked in icy cold and sweeping blizzards that obliterate its already impassable pathways. For about six weeks in 1937 the snow never stopped falling and the sun never shone. The old snow didn't melt and the new snow piled on the frozen crusts. Under the constant half-light the snow took on a bluish cast and the stockmen began calling it "the Year of the Blue Snows." The Strip was cut off for three months and only a direct call to the White House brought help. Three years ago the winter snows killed cattle and sheep by the score. They also took the life of a seasoned Stripper, a Saint George sheepman who had spent years in the lost reaches of the Pakoon.

Caught in town by the storm, Wayne Gardner was cautioned by everyone against making the return trip to his camp, a 12-mile hike beyond the point he could take his truck. But his herder was out of supplies and Wayne started out anyway. It was only because his hat had blown into a cedar that they found him a month later. Chin cupped in hand, within sight of his camp, he was still sitting as he'd stopped to rest—completely encased in ice, like a package in cellophane.

Yet despite its frightening liabilities, the Strip manages to support life, or rather life manages to support itself. Until 1949-'50 no census of humans was ever attempted. But that census, according to the official Fredonia census taker, showed 1,000 citizens, of whom 600 are grouped into the Strip's four "towns"—Littlefield, Bundyville, Short Creek and Fredonia. Thus there are no more than 400 inhabitants for most of that aching space—50 square miles of elbow room apiece. Until World War II there were almost no roads into the interior. Today, with the high price of beef, some of the Strippers themselves have carved dugways over which they can haul heavy excavating machinery to build larger "tanks" which will hold even through droughts.

This is expensive. During the past five years, for example, kingpin Lee Esplin has averaged an expenditure of $22,000 a year for water storage and development. Nevertheless today, for the first time, a few Strippers are in the black. Last year, the 3,000,000 acres in use supported 19,739 cattle, 36,260 sheep (goats, once numbering 8,000, are no longer permitted because they graze too close), 710 horses (including 250 wild mustangs such as used to run there by thousands) as well as 500 wild burros, 200 buffalo, a herd of antelope and unknown coyote, quail, rabbits, deer, fox, bobcats and cougar.

Historically the Strip was settled by Mormons for cattle grazing in the 1860s and 1870s. Those who pioneered Brigham Young's "Dixie Mission" in southern Utah found survival possible only in the tiny pockets and folds of the mountains which rimmed the Great Basin. But the fierce and unknown dooryard, which stretched southward below their green piping of towns like a dun-colored apron to the distant Colorado River, they let alone. Then as their crops failed, they discovered that if the apron would not feed humans, it would feed stock prodigiously—and for decades it became the grazing land for the communally owned, lifesaving Canaan Cooperative Cattle Company.

Thus the Mormons prospered—with disastrous consequences to themselves. Those Americans who had already stoned, pillaged and hounded them from New York to Illinois to Utah because of their practice of polygamy and their messianic self-designation as a "chosen people" were further infuriated by the Mormons' success. When, in 1850, the Congress made Utah a territory, it simultaneously began deliberately chopping it down and giving it away. By 1896, when the defeated, nearly demoralized Saints traded polygamy for statehood, their Zion had been cut to one third its original size. Furthermore, in their amputating zeal, apparently without studying either the map or geography, Congress had separated the Strip's 20,000 square miles from the territory most able to police it.

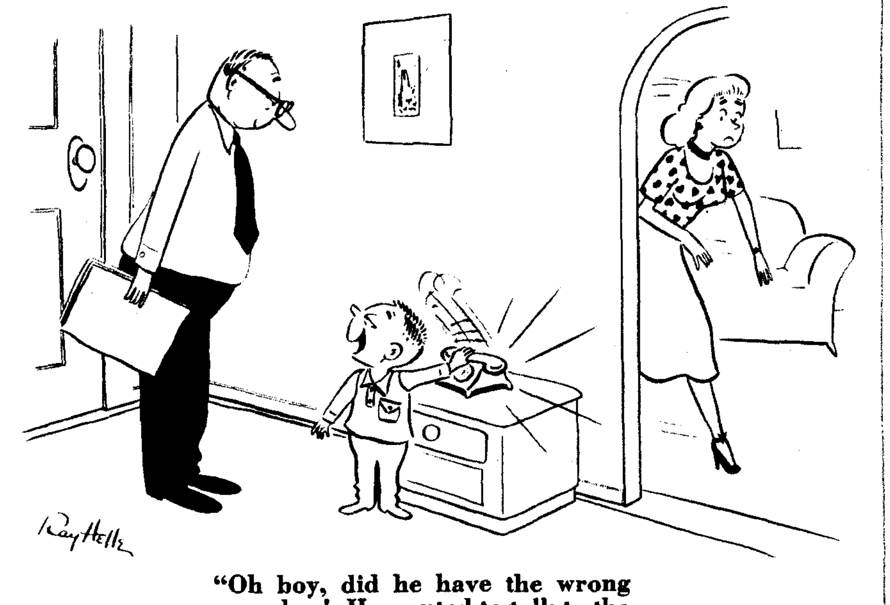
According to a contemporary statement by Utah State Senator Albert E. Miller, Arizona was equally distressed by the gift of this territorial white elephant and in 1901 had indicated its willingness to give the Strip back to Utah for $35,000—a sum which Utah could not then afford to pay. In 1909, Senator Miller cosponsored a bill in the Utah legislature to memorialize the United States Congress for annexation of the Strip by paying Arizona $50,000. The bill insisted that by reason of its geographical position the Strip was cut off from local or other government and that it was impossible for Arizona "to administer the laws of said Territory, or enforce the criminal statutes . . . or preserve peace and order, as a result of which criminals rendezvous therein and obtain immunity from prosecution."

The Utah lawmakers approved the bill, but the federal Congress turned it down. Separated from Mormon authority, the Strip now became the prey of an influx of speculators, freebooters and rustlers. A Topsy area, it "just growed," with revolver and bowie knife. Adventurers entered the area with little more than the shirts on their backs and within several months sold stolen herds worth thousands of dollars.

At the Law's Headquarters

Of the little towns that bordered the Strip, Saint George, Utah, nucleus of the early "Dixie Mission," was (and is) the only one large enough to boast not only stores but a district judge, legal machinery. Ten miles due north of the Arizona line, it became inevitably a Strip headquarters, rendezvous and clearinghouse. An easygoing burg, half of whose citizens were part-time Strippers themselves, Saint George accepted next-door violence as the *status quo*.

Although the average cow-poke behaved at the town's dances, meticulous as to introductions and language, it was always startling to hear later that last night's nice young fellow had killed a man. If the Strip's action scenes took place in some lonely corner of the wings, Saint George

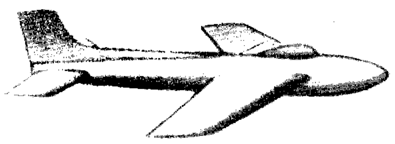


COLLIER'S

"Oh boy, did he have the wrong number! He wanted to talk to the most beautiful girl in the world"

RAY HELLE

Magic in Motion



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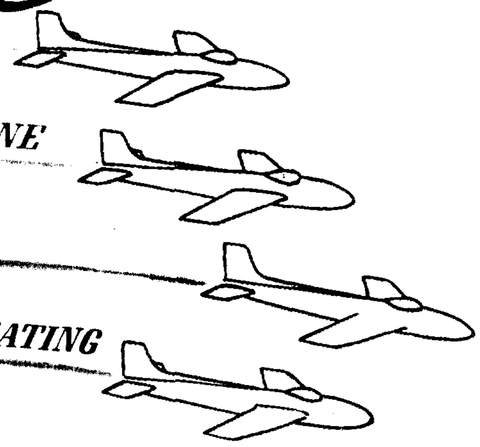

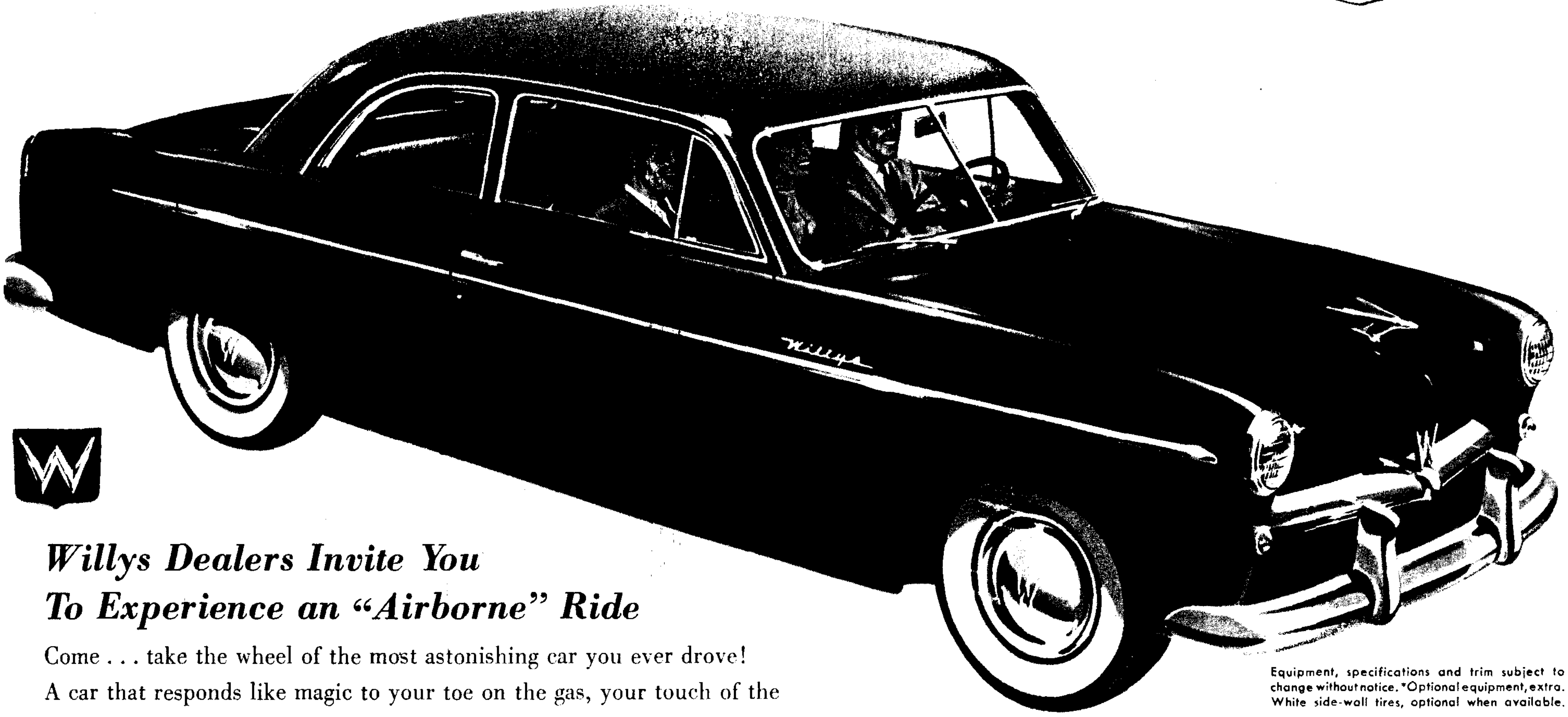

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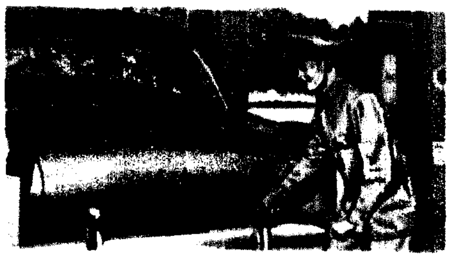

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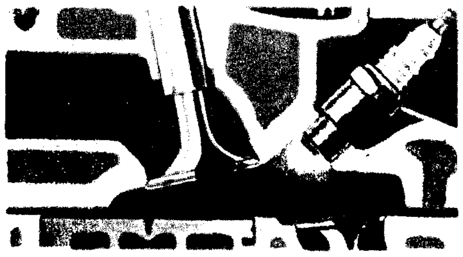

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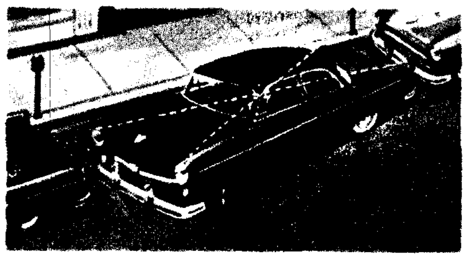

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was the stage for its dialogue. The trouble was that the dialogue was all ad lib, the truth lying undiscovered with a bullet in its back.

Sometimes, as in the case of Mr. Black, the truth was a costly joke. Mr. Black (no one was ever sure of his real name) was one of the handsomest cowboys who ever whirled a girl in a waltz. Exotic as a bird of paradise in a chicken run, he sauntered along the streets of Saint George with tip-tilted cow-poke grace, all silver-encrusted black from Stetson to polished "custom-mades." Many a girl dropped a parcel just to watch him bow as he picked it up. But regardless of fluttering hearts, Mr. Black remained unmoved. Love was not his game, and one evening the town found out why.

Irresistible as ever, he staged a farewell party for 20 of the town's leading cattlemen—a banquet complete with punch, both spiked and unspiked, and steaks two inches thick. Proposing a toast, Mr. Black lifted his glass. "My conscience has been bothering me," he confessed. "I felt that I owed you a good dinner. Since I've stolen all your fat cows it'll be a long time before you have another beefsteak." Roaring good-humored appreciation of the joke, the guests clinked glasses and Mr. Black bowed out mid a fanfare of applause.

In spring, when the cattlemen rode out to their ranges, they found that Mr. Black had indeed been true to his word. Impossibly, he had rounded up 5,000 of their best cattle, maneuvered the unruly animals across the deserts, chasms and through the single Pakoon gopher-hole where the village of Saint Thomas, Nevada, now lies under Lake Mead. Still undetected, he had shipped the stock out by train and collected $80,000 for his take.

Today's fugitives from the law in other parts of the country favor the southwestern section of the Strip called Pakoon, lost and desolate as the landscape of the moon. Here sand gullies writhe among tremendous upthrust masses of malachite or sandstone, snags of fierce color explode out of the dun hillsides, and whole forests of Joshua trees march against the sunset, arthritic prophets contorted in an ancient agony. This harsh and inhospitable maze has a further advantage. Near its entrance, the state lines of Utah, Nevada and Arizona come together like a T; to escape the law one need walk only a few steps.

Strongholds of Wanted Men

The Pakoon's impregnable eyries shelter perhaps half a dozen known killers and fugitives. Holed up in hillside dugouts from which, at rifle range, they can demand strangers' names and business, they emerge for supplies not oftener than every four or five years; and dubbed variously Skunk-Eye, Thumb, Jerkey-Jeter, Scab or Fore-feet, these outlaws, whose real names cannot be used, now live off stolen cattle, occasional suckers, moonshine and the stout brew of memory. They hold target practice every evening and no native Stripper ever approaches their habitats after dark.

The house of Skunk-Eye and Thumb grows out of the earth like one of the boulders. Here are timbers shored up by Gargantuan laughter and the stanch odors of ten thousand whisky bottles bricked up into a sky-high chimney. While the white mule runs out of the still, Skunk-Eye offers visitors a sample in a tin cup. Coughs Slats, "Makes a rabbit spit in a cougar's eye." Everywhere are pyramiding ore samples. Skunk-Eye and Thumb recently sold an option on their uranium mine—the same option sold a dozen times this year to trusting nabobs.

Nearing seventy, a man of Falstaffian belly, wicked and joyous of eye, Skunk-Eye has friends in half a dozen states who vie for the privilege of buying his overalls and grub. In 50 years, Skunk-Eye and Thumb have never made a forced trip to town. A staid Saint George matron buys Skunk-Eye's Levi's (54 round by 31 long!) and if need be will take out a liquor license to keep him in whisky.

Years ago, drifting on the cow-poke fringe of outlawry, Skunk-Eye shot a man in Colorado. Since the cuss needed killing, according to his pals, his friends flummoxed Utah-Colorado law by moving the state-line section markers. By the time Colorado established jurisdiction, Skunk-Eye was safe on the Arizona Strip. Skunk-Eye's partner, Thumb, seventy-three, once owned not only a tavern but a beer-drinking dog. When a customer kicked the dog off his favorite stool, Thumb shot the customer.

Amid these roistering, aging villains live two Samaritans—Ed Yates, Hermit of God's Pocket, so bowlegged from lifelong riding that Levi Strauss is said to cut out his pants with a circle saw, and Slats Jacobs, who raises Brahman bulls for rodeo stock on his isolated ranch 50 bucking miles south of the nearest highway at Mesquite, Nevada.

Slats is a Pakoon newcomer, having been there only 19 years instead of the usual half century. For 22 years a world-famous rodeo star, Slats, now forty-five, still has the vitality of a lighted firecracker.

But a bronc-riding career in which he broke nearly every bone in his body was duck soup, says Slats, compared to life in the Pakoon. "To make it pay I got to raise me stock crossed between a camel, a burro, a jack rabbit and a deer." For 10 years, Slats has been trying to locate a well. Last spring, government geologists mapped the Pakoon's water table ("Hell, nobody thought she had a water table!"). Slats tramped with them until he couldn't keep up. "If God had intended man to walk," he told the geologists, "he'd have given him four feet, like a horse." Nevertheless, on their instruction, Slats finally drilled. At a cost of $6,000, Slats finally struck sweet water 1,000 feet underground—a possible 15 gallons a minute.

Neighbors by crow, the Strippers are strangers by road. Divided into five impregnably distinct regions—the Pakoon, the Parashaunt, the Mount Trumbull, the Short Creek and the Kaibab—there is no direct communication between them.

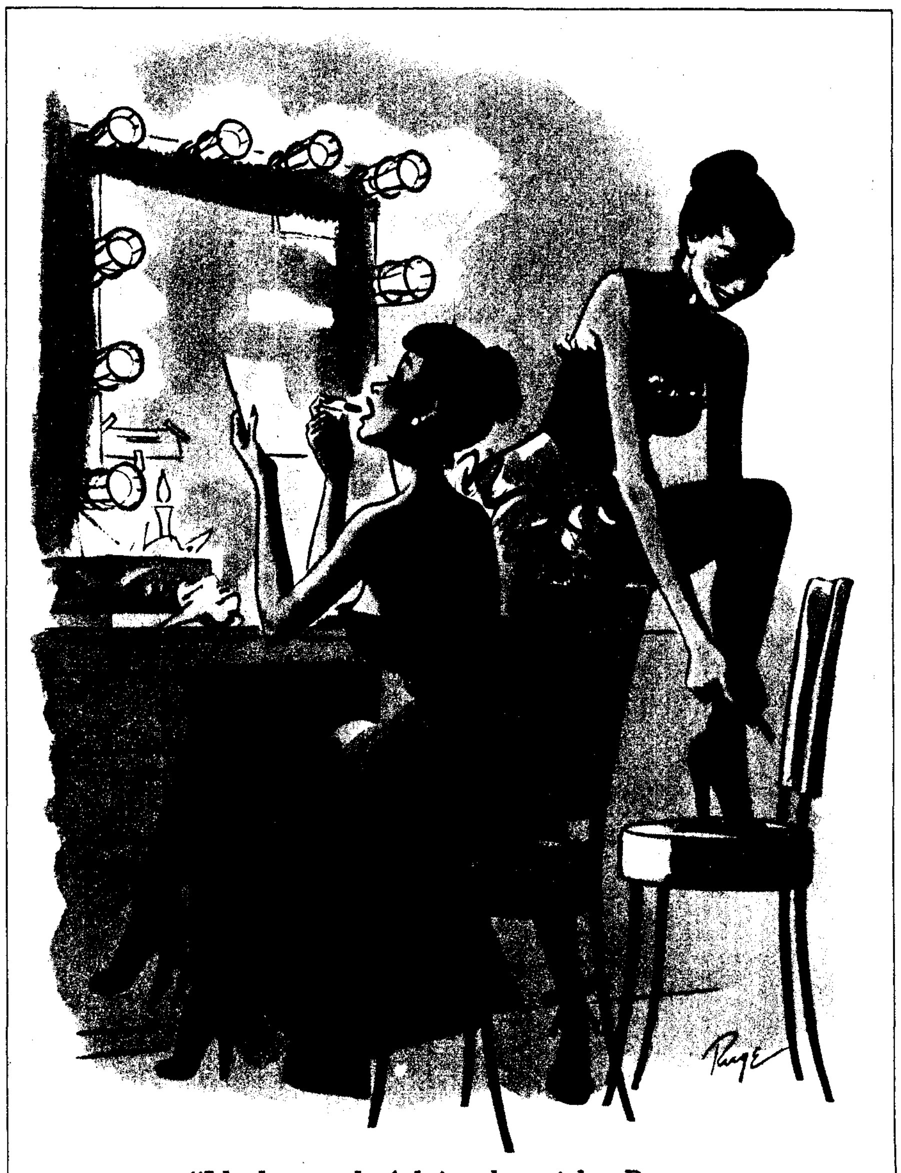
The Stripper—the godly and the ungodly, the pioneer and the parasite—has always been a breed apart. As with a wind-etched tree, the harsh solitudes cut character to its essential grain. But if they temper the men, then the women—to survive at all—become somehow larger than life.

An Indomitable Woman Rancher

Where else could one find a woman like Grandma Craig, eighty-three, who has lived alone for 23 years atop Trumbull Mountain where she runs an efficient cattle ranch. Snowed in, burned out, made of rimrock and baling wire, Grandma Craig has survived a dozen disasters. In the year of the Blue Snows, when all the hay and grain were used up, Grandma baked bread and fed it to starving cattle and pigs, a slice at a time, as they wallowed through the drifts to her door. Grandma refuses to leave for a vacation "or any of them newfangled excuses to get out of work.

"I git tired of radios and horns and jabber-jabber," she chirps tartly. "Besides, what would the Trumbull boys do without my pies?"

South of Wolfhole, in the Parashaunt, a solitary brick chimney pokes out of that monstrously heaving sea of sage like the mast of a foundered ship—all that is left of what one woman called home. Lucy Esplin centered her life around that chimney for 20 years. Giving up a fine home in Kanab, she followed her sheepman husband to Little Tank. To pretty, social-loving women like Lucy Esplin, the Strip is a brutal master. But you can fight the terrible loneliness, the wind, the silences—you can fight "going desert" with books and magazines, quilt blocks, a diary, homemade



COLLIER'S "I had a *wonderful* time last night. Roy phoned twice this morning to apologize" JOHN RUGE poetry. After your rebellious heart once accepts the master he may even let you grow house plants, outside petunias watered by a roof rain-trough.

And there is always work. During the years she served thousands of free meals to passing stockmen, trappers, saddle tramps—meals unrepaid, except in the heart. But to a woman alone on the Strip with four babies there was always fear, always vigilance. At one time Lucy's husband ran 10,000 sheep on land he had leased but that other men used, willy-nilly. Finally, to protect his range, Ray Esplin put his wife and children in a sheep wagon in the midst of that lonely plain. For supposedly not even such lawless men would shoot a woman.

But one battle Lucy Esplin lost. Her young sheepherder son, spelling off his father, lay dead for three days only four miles from home, slumped over his gun in the wagon doorway . . . still on guard. Sick with long foreboding, Lucy went with the men when they found him—"I didn't want no secondhand tales." Afterward, she cut his clothes into quilt-blocks but wore his new sheepskin windbreaker, "for comfort, sort of." And when Ray himself died, she enshrined their two big Stetson hats side by side on the mantel—lares and penates of a Stripper's wife.

East of the Parashaunt, at the base of 8,000-foot Mount Trumbull, lives Chloe Bundy, "Mom" to 247 healthy Bundys raised in a country that would discourage a jack rabbit. Still beautiful at sixty-three, Chloe Bundy has the romping enthusiasm of a colt. But even she cannot erase the heart's-eye view of a young wife on a horse, a baby in front and one behind, riding 12 miles to a spring where water was to be heated and clothes scrubbed under a hot sun—and always under the relentless menace of rattlesnakes.

Unspoken, but still present, are memories of infant drownings in the tanks, the War Department death notice of her soldier son that came weeks after the telegram had gone astray, the tragedy of $8,000 sunk 1,160 feet in a well that would not flow.

Seeking a Zion in the Strip

Religious nonconformists, the first Bundys came to the Strip in 1916 seeking refuge, a Zion. But the desert, a Cinderella cloaked with flowers and grass under spring rain, is a dried-up witch later on. And so the alfalfa shriveled. But the Bundys scooped into the cliffsides for shelter and they did not shrivel. Even today, from a vantage point on top, the meager squares of green or yellow that mark man's aggression only emphasize the land's aching sterility, the 80-mile insanity of Whitmore Wash, the omnipresent lava spreading like an eczema. But in that lava the Bundys have found the grudging holes of grass that are Pa's Pockets; upon this bitter nonirrigable sierra they raise corn and beans, peaches and pears literally coaxed out of the ground by the human will.

The Bundys have the tenacity of the ant, the industry of the bee, the strength of the eagle. They are rooted not to pavement but to earth, and the fertility of earth flows in their veins. It is startling in these days of small families to meet a woman like Chloe, who has given birth to 14 children and at the age of sixty-three has 50 grandchildren and great-grandchildren; or her daughter, Genevieve, who has borne 16 children, and still has all her teeth. Moreover, only eight of these 30 children were delivered by a doctor in a hospital. And the Bundy youngsters are all beautiful, healthy and intelligent, with not a deformity or subnormality in the lot.

At the Strip's eastern end lies the pretty hamlet of Fredonia. This, with its population of 420 people, is the Manhattan of the Arizona Strip. The women who settled Fredonia fled to the spot because it was the nearest good campground across the Arizona line. Early Mormons dubbed Fredonia "Lambing Ground." The word is said to mean "Free Women," for the pregnant Mormon plural wives who fled U.S. marshals there to have their babies in peace.

However, today Fredonia is famous for a man, Alfred Brooksby. Brooksby was born a dentist, just as some people are born with an ear for music or with webbed toes. Coming home from the first World War with an old-fashioned treadle grinder, Alfred Brooksby set out to fill the Strip's long need—at prices to fit the Stripper's pocket. Ten or 15 years after Dr. Brooksby started practicing, he betook himself to Kingman, passed the state board, and hung out his shingle. He has practiced for 35 years since.

Correction of a False Rumor

The Strip boasts that Alfred Brooksby learned to fly a plane the way he learned to fill teeth—by guess and by God. This is a lie—pilot Brooksby had at least three lessons. It was his nephew, a youngster named Shuttleworth, who, having never been in the air, took up Fredonia's scoffers on a bet, climbed into his uncle's plane and buzzed the town's rooftops for 10 gallons of gas. Perhaps the fact is anticlimactic that, at seventy, Alfred Brooksby wins nearby air shows.

Many another nonconformist has found haven on the Strip. After the first World War a man named Bancock set out to find his promised land in the Sunshine Hills atop Mount Trumbull. Despite the fact that his revealed homesite had belonged to a cattleman for years, Bancock packed water, improvised four walls and a roof, begot children and held prayer meetings. Rising to all occasions, Bancock himself delivered his children. Then, intent on spreading the gospel, he left the children tethered to a nanny goat that served as wet nurse.

It was Bancock's belief that God had promised him a personal resurrection and he intended to hold Him to His word. When Bancock felt death approach, he made his wife swear solemnly that she would not bury him. For two weeks, Mrs. Bancock and the children waited for Lazarus to open his eyes. Such faith had she that she finally procured cement and walled him up a crypt, uncovered, so that on awakening he could climb out easily.

When the pestiferous law finally arrived, she kept the officers at gun point. Even when at last they overpowered her and cemented up Lazarus and took her away, she left staples such as beans and baking powder and flour at the crypt so that he would not get hungry in case he resurrected before she could return. You can still see the crypt at Sunshine Hills, on Trumbull Mountain. However, the stone has not yet rolled back.

More and more, the Strip's diverse citizenry exchanges guns for tractors. But to teach this undisciplined Goliath the ways of peace required an extraordinary David. When the Taylor Grazing Act became law in 1934, Judge LeRoy Cox of Saint George and two government representatives met 75 Strippers at Zion National Park. Whiskered, holstered, implacable, they clanked into the lodge. Artillery forcibly checked, they listened to the heresy of "bob-wire," these impostors corralling, dividing, cutting out their unfenced immensities, hobbling their freedom. That meeting ended in a wholesale battle, dog fashion, with one Stripper grabbing his gun and rushing outside to shoot the leaves off the trees. But out of it has evolved a brand-new human creature, the "Government Grazier." He exists elsewhere, but only the Strip demands "all his buttons."

You will say that no one man could keep order over 20,000 square miles, but actually the Grazier is many men. He must be Kit Carson, Solomon, J. Edgar Hoover and Sam Spade; he must be an expert on archaic land titles, water rights, timber, minerals, surveying, sheep, goats, cattle, horses, forage, soil, meteorology and human psychology. While his family lives in town, you will find him beside some dust-choked forgotten trail 25 hours a day. And despite bribe or gun, he must always remember the greatest good for the greatest number. At first the Strip scared him off. There were five Graziers in three months. Not until Myron "Boo" Allen came out of Texas, via New Mexico's A & M College, did the Strip say uncle.

Raised on a cattle ranch, ex-government surveyor and forester, an easygoing guy who loved his fellows and yet had a bulldog courage, Boo was tailor-made for the job. He was the kind of man who could "track bees in a blizzard," who could stick to a punishing undecipherable horse trail as long as any Stripper. He spoke the language of cattleman, sheepman and nester alike, and he wasn't afraid of anybody. Deputy in three states and five counties, ordered by the FBI to wear a gun constantly, he traveled the Strip alone, unarmed.

Boo lasted until transferred—seven years. Of course he made his enemies—any man in that job makes enemies. But the majority of the Strippers discovered to their amazement that the pooling of resources and the calm ways of compromise actually put money in the bank. It is a fact that Strip values have raised from $5 per cow unit in 1934 to $200 in 1951. Thus, in 1946, when Congress held up appropriations, 200 of the Strip's rugged individualists voluntarily assessed themselves an entire year to keep the Grazier in office, rather than have the range revert to anarchy.

It is a long jump from that first rudimentary attempt at order in 1934 to the manifold duties of the office today. The Strip Grazier has grown up. The current Grazier, Vern Peterson, is now the district supervisor of the Office of Land Management and he is more apt to concern himself with the complexities of administration than to ride the trails, to carry a brief case rather than a gun. But the job is still arduous and perilous, and it still sifts down to the policing, the on-the-spot judgment and decisions of a single man.

Relics of Earlier Settlers

The Strip is a lonely land, a land of ghosts. One comes to a solitary doorstep standing stark in the plain, and beside it a rosebush rattles its valiant skeleton. Unlike a commercialized ghost town one can shrug off, this mute evidence of human life tugs at the heart unbearably. Did a woman plant that rosebush? Was it a nester's wife? Or an exile with an outlaw husband? Why did she come here; why did she stay? And one asks the same question of the present living. What keeps the Bundys put despite the efforts of both government and church to move them? What tears a wealthy stockman voluntarily from town, from cushioned ease to a mudhole and a "gut-shrunk" steer? Even his apocalyptic sunset has its horseflies.

Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that the Strip is not merely a country, but, as some of its settlers have claimed, it is also a state of mind. Strippers claim that you can put down a native, blindfolded, in the middle of the Pakoon, and some extrasensory perception, some mysterious quality in the very air, would tell him where he was. Perhaps it is the immense sighing of the wind, something about a sky not decently clothed with fog or smoke but naked and elemental, some near-tangible quality of moonlight that limns the minute exactitude of every pebble, every cactus spine—a shining so hushed, so crystalline, that the world seems drowned in a globe of glass. In the calm of a huge unbreathing twilight the Strip is an emptiness as unearthly as the mountains of the moon, an emptiness marked only by the primeval calligraphy of trails-to-water carved centuries deep through seas of sage and juniper.

In any case, to the Stripper there are compensations. He knows the long red caterpillarlike undulations inching off space, horses and men a classic frieze against the sky; he knows what it is like to have his human pushings mocked by scenery 50,000,000 years old; he knows a space just too vast to worry in, the long, free thoughts unsnarled by appointment or clock or telephone or the folly and froth of headlines. Stacking these things against our modern insanities, the Stripper may hold his lot cheap at the price. THE END

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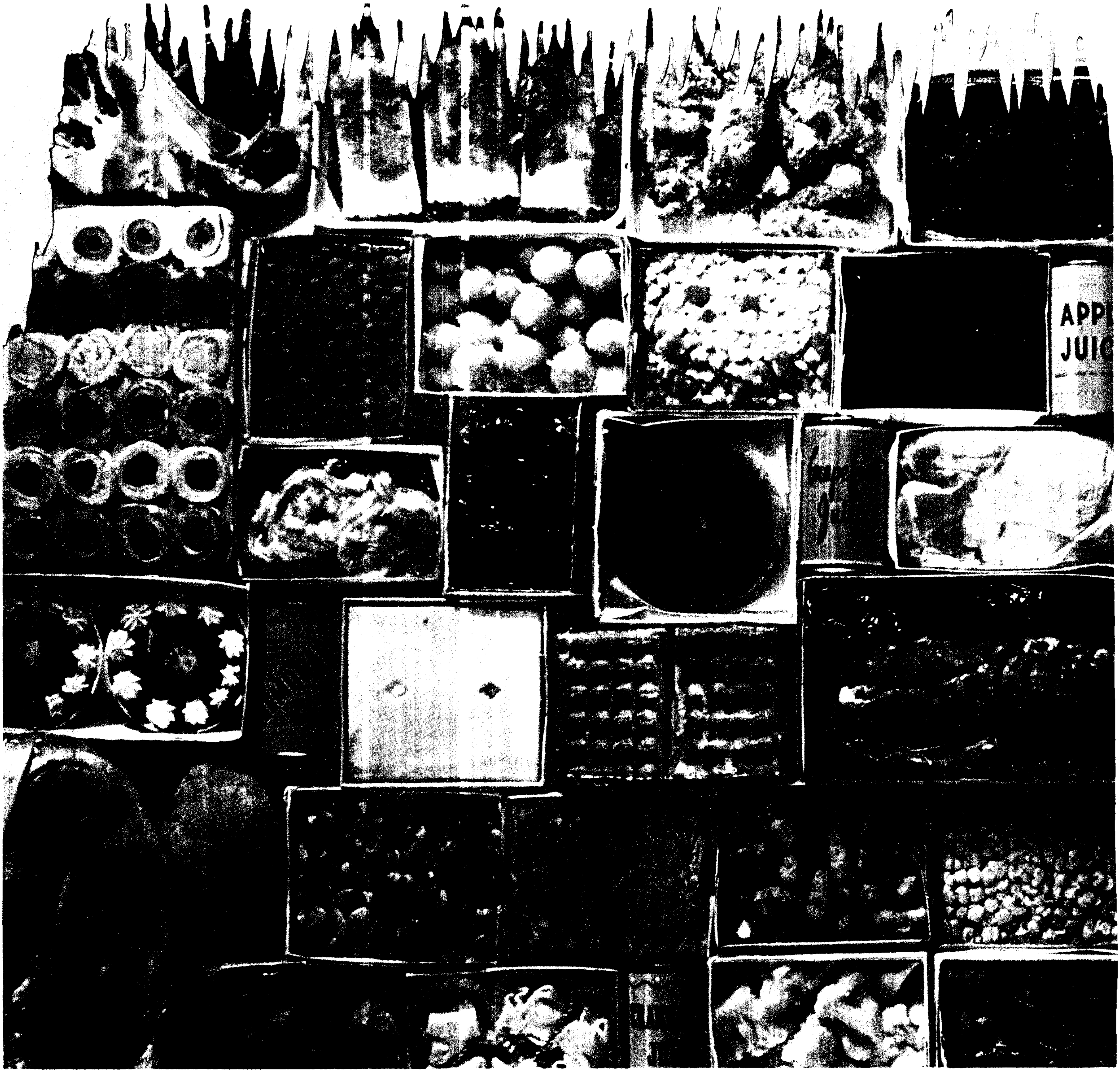
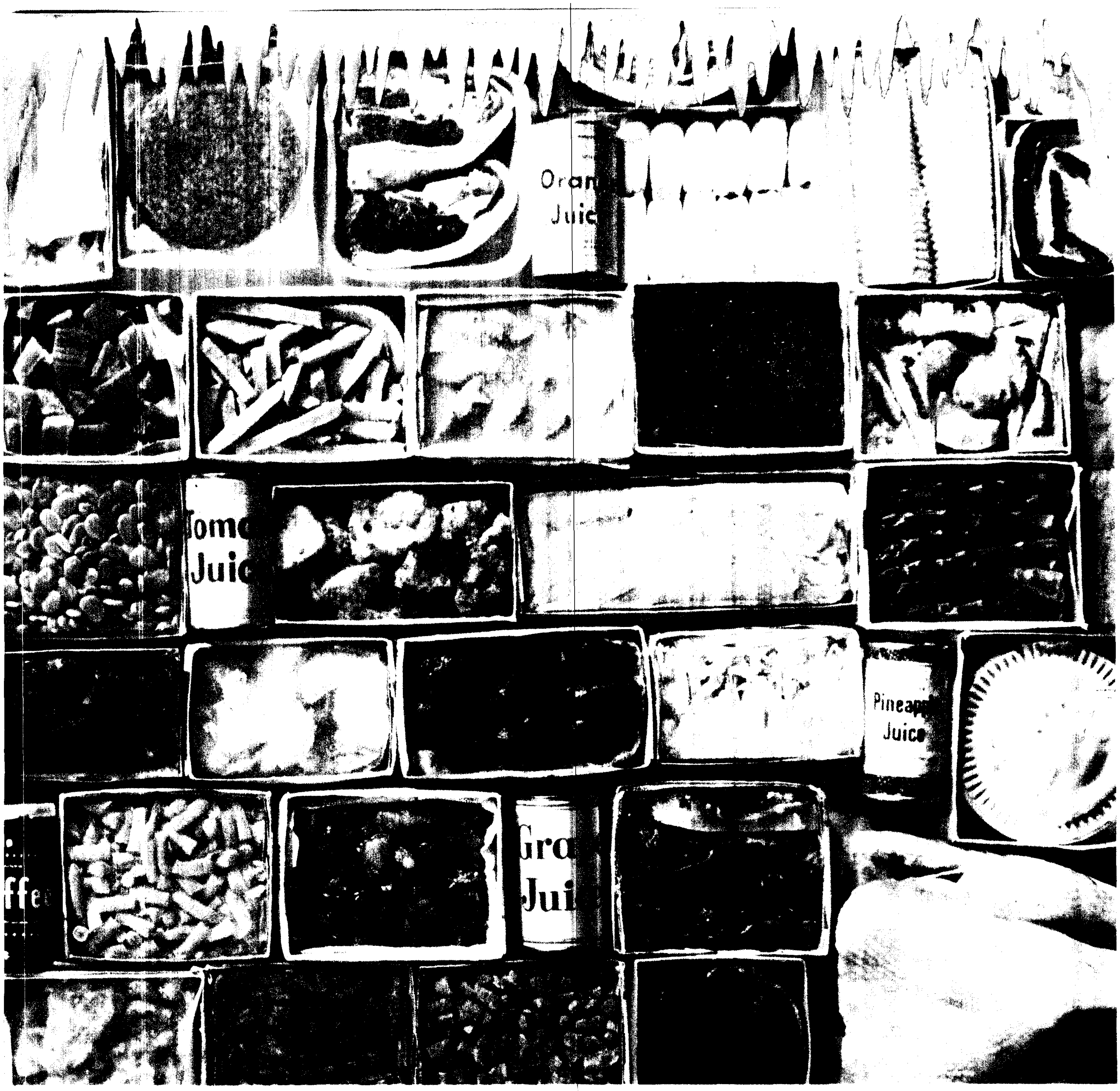


They Freeze for Your Ease

By ROBERT FROMAN

Strawberries in wintertime, lobsters in Phoenix, handy and delicious food for all of us, at low prices, in all seasons—that's the great contribution which has rocketed quick-frozen food into a billion-dollar-a-year industry



YES, we do have bananas today—in the refrigerator. The packers of quick-frozen foods are putting the freeze on just about everything edible, and—in spite of Chiquita Banana's famed musical advice not to put bananas (fresh) in the refrigerator—they are successfully preserving this tropical fruit at subzero temperatures. In fact, they are freezing not only plain and sliced bananas, but also chocolate-covered baked bananas. And not only bananas, but also such other exotics as guavas, feijoas, persimmons, papaws, ubes, zapotes and papaya and pomegranate juice.

You can make entire and exceedingly bizarre meals of frozen foods, though you might have to scurry around the country to round up all the items, since many are on sale only in a few localities. A tray of assorted hors d'oeuvres might start you off. For soup you could try borsch or Chinese egg drop. Almost every known sea food, including octopus, is available for the fish course. Your entree could be whale meat or buffalo steak or a rump roast of bear. In vegetables you can have anything from artichokes to zucchini, not skipping even dandelion greens. If none of the tropical fruits interests you for dessert, you can have crepes Suzette accompanied by frozen, concentrated coffee.

Most people want better-known dishes than those, and they have little trouble in filling their needs from the frozen-food stocks at the nearest grocery store. Though they were unknown 30 years ago and rare curiosities 15 years ago, frozen foods now have become so commonplace that, according to a survey by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company's market researchers, more than half the nation's urban families dine on them at least once a week. Roughly one family in five uses them nearly every day. Altogether in 1951, we ate about 19 pounds apiece of commercially quick-frozen vegetables, fruits, meats, poultry, fish, shellfish and such cooked dishes as clam chowder, sweet-and-sour pork, cherry blintzes and pizza pies.

Dishes which once were rare luxuries available only to wealthy gourmets are taken almost for granted—asparagus and strawberries in December, Rocky Mountain trout in East Coast cities, New Orleans prawns in Minneapolis, Maine lobster in Phoenix. In addition, the estimated 3,500,000 deep freeze cabinets in homes and 11,000 deep freeze locker plants provide huge amounts of home-frozen foods and, in some parts of the country, are making year-round staples out of such once seasonal rarities as pheasant and venison.

As a result of all this, the frozen-food packers and distributors have much to celebrate during this year's National Frozen Food Week, set for May 10-17. It will be marked by special promotion

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN BRUEHL

Ideal TV News

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of frozen foods in supermarkets and groceries all over the country. Every year, the week is timed to begin the day before Mother's Day, one of the chief themes of the promotion being that frozen foods save the housewife much drudgery.

Nearly 1,300 companies now commercially quick-freeze several hundred different foods for the nation's tables. They range from giant corporations which turn out dozens of items and distribute them from coast to coast to single individuals such as Elly Lupinska, of Princeton, New Jersey, an ex-opera singer who discovered that there was more profit in her blintzes than in her voice.

Every state in the Union does some commercial freezing of foods, but the bulk of it is done in the West Coast, northeast and Gulf states. Washington, Oregon, California, New York and New Jersey lead in vegetable freezing. The same states, plus Pennsylvania and Michigan, do much of the fruit freezing, and Florida dominates in citrus juice. Massachusetts leads in fish and Louisiana in shellfish. Meats and the precooked specialty items are frozen chiefly in or near such metropolitan centers as New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia and San Francisco. Maryland, Georgia and Arkansas lead in poultry freezing.

Altogether in 1951, the commercial freezers packed more than 1,000,000 tons of food, which neared the $1,000,000,000 mark in value. In 1952, the industry expects to zoom far past that mark.

"Not bad," one frozen-food packer puts it, "when you consider that less than a generation ago the whole business was merely a twinkle in one bird's eye."

Clarence Birdseye, the victim of this and countless similar puns, is the man who did most to put the deep freeze on the nation's food supply. His chief contribution was giving an aeons-old idea a big, new chance. Even our cave-dwelling ancestors knew that a hunk of meat would stay edible longer if they stored it in the coldest part of the cave, or, better yet, on a chunk of ice. Until near the end of the last century that simple, obvious fact constituted just about the whole body of knowledge on the subject of refrigeration. And if you wanted ice in summer, you had to cut it in winter and store it where it wouldn't melt too fast.

Forced to Make Their Own Ice

The mild winter of 1890 was largely responsible for launching the development of modern refrigerating techniques in this country. By then the nation was consuming millions of tons of winter-cut ice every summer. When the natural ice failed them, the meat packers and brewers in particular had to turn to the newfangled mechanical ice-making methods to protect their investments. The basic principle behind such methods is that certain liquids, such as ammonia, can be made to evaporate at very low temperatures by reducing the pressure over their surfaces. If a closed container is half filled with ammonia and the air is pumped out of the top of the container, the ammonia rapidly evaporates and, in the process, draws heat from the walls of the container. If the container is surrounded with water, so much heat can be drawn from the water that it will turn to ice.

After 1890, these techniques were developed and improved rapidly and the way was prepared for Clarence Birdseye's big idea. Born in Brooklyn in 1886, Birdseye is a thin, wiry, restless man who belongs to the great American tradition of "Jack-of-all-trades" inventors and entrepreneurs. He has dozens of inventions to his credit, including such diverse items as a dehydrator, an electric light bulb with a built-in reflector, and a whaling harpoon. After a couple of years in college, he worked briefly for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, discovered he couldn't bear the security of his job, and quit to trap furs in Labrador. It was there, in 1915, that he casually noticed, and filed in the back of his mind for future reference, a remarkable phenomenon.

By that time the refrigerating of perishable foods such as fish and meat was practiced on an enormous scale, but not very successfully. Merely cooling such foods lengthened their keeping time only slightly, and they rapidly lost flavor. Freezing them hard often seemed to make them almost completely unpalatable. What Birdseye noticed was that when fish or game was left out in the 40- or 50-below-zero Labrador winter winds, it froze solid almost instantly—and when thawed and cooked was almost as tasty as when fresh.

Eight years and several enterprises later, he finally found a practical application for this discovery. In the meantime, a number of researchers in the involved science of thermodynamics had worked out the theory behind the phenomenon. Slow, gradual freezing of any substance containing water, they found, caused the water to form large crystals of ice. Rapid freezing formed only tiny crystals. In a food, the large crystals ruptured the cells and caused great changes in flavor. Small crystals did little or no damage to the cells and left the flavor unimpaired.

Until Birdseye came along, no one went much beyond the idea stage with this information. When he went into the wholesale fish business in New York, he remembered his Labrador experience and decided that rapid freezing might be the answer to the fishmonger's prayers.

After a year of experiments with freezing equipment, he launched quick-frozen fish on the retail market in 1924. He promptly went broke. To the general public at that time, frozen food meant inferior food because it meant slow-frozen. If the apples or potatoes in the cellar froze, everyone knew they went bad. Also, many fish dealers had got into the habit of freezing their wares only after trying to sell them fresh, so that they were already nearly inedible when frozen.

Freezing was in such disrepute that many states required markets dealing in foods so treated to post signs announcing, "We sell cold storage goods." In New York it was against the law to serve frozen foods even to the prisoners at Sing Sing.

Birdseye's earnest efforts to explain that his methods were different, that his was a deep, fast freeze, fell mostly on deaf ears. But he was convinced that even the most stubbornly conservative consumers would be enthusiastic if he could get them to try quick-frozen foods. He borrowed on his life insurance and spent the money rounding up backers. With their assistance, he set up a new plant in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and began freezing not only fish but also shrimp, oysters, lobster, asparagus and spinach.

Slowly but surely, the public's glacial attitude began to thaw. By 1929, though sales were still minuscule, the tremendous potential of his quick-freezing process had become so obvious that General Foods Corporation bought his patents, his company's assets and trade-mark for the remarkable sum of $22,000,000.

In the 23 years since then, there have been times when that investment seemed a wild gamble. But today that amount is a mere drop in the bucket compared to the total invested in the processing and distributing of quick-frozen foods. More than 200,000 retail grocers, for instance, have installed quick freeze cabinets, often at a cost of several thousand dollars each, in order to be able to display frozen foods to their customers.

Following the Food Trails

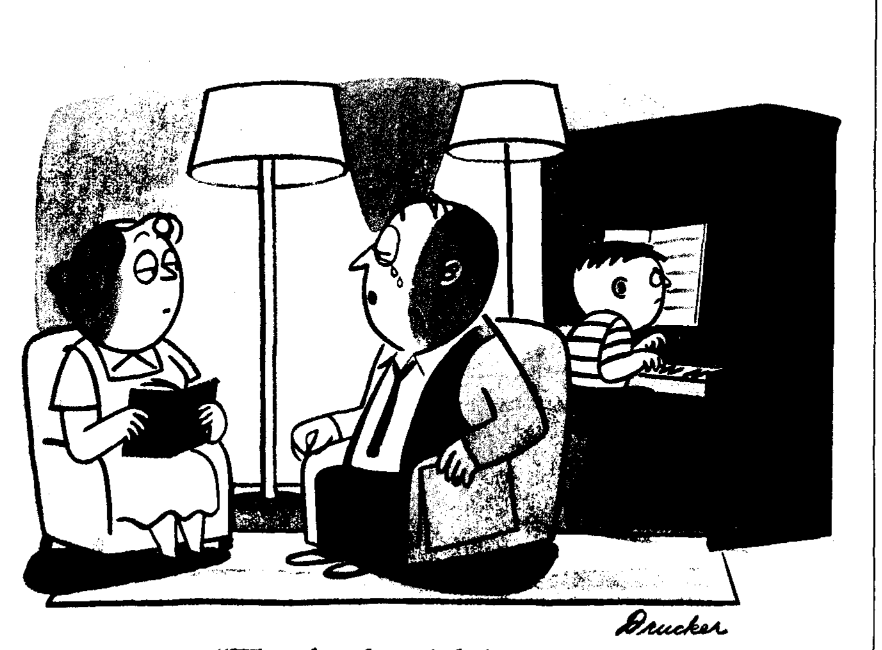
During those years, quick freezing has wrought some big changes in the nation's food growing, processing and distributing methods and eating habits. To see how this has come about, I followed several foods from their sources on farm or fishing fleet via quick-freezing plants to their ultimate destinations on dinner tables. And since quick freezing started with fish, I started at Gloucester, one of the chief fish-freezing centers.

In fact, Gloucester owes much of its current importance as a fishing port to the quick-freezing process. Before the advent of freezing, the fish on which Gloucester has made its fortune was so little regarded that it usually was tossed back into the sea when caught by mistake. It was in 1930 that a Chicago fish dealer happened to meet a Gloucesterman and, in the course of some fishy shop talk, remarked that he was having trouble getting enough lake perch to keep up with his Midwestern customers' demands. The Gloucesterman answered that he never could understand why anyone ate such a bland, unfishy fish as perch.

"Why," he went on, "we have a fish something like it. Kind of an ocean perch, you might call it. We throw it back, but maybe you could use it."

The Chicago man followed up on the suggestion and persuaded a Gloucester firm to try filleting and freezing a few ocean perch, or rosefish as it is sometimes called, for him. Today, more than 60,000,000 pounds of frozen ocean perch fillets are sold every year, more than twice as much as of frozen haddock fillets, the nearest rival. In Gloucester, ocean perch has made the other fish mere side lines, though the local people still turn their noses up at it and insist on fishier fish for their own use.

When a boatload of ocean perch arrives in Gloucester, often from as far away as the Grand Banks off Newfoundland, it goes to the highest bidder among the now numerous processing firms. Then the boat



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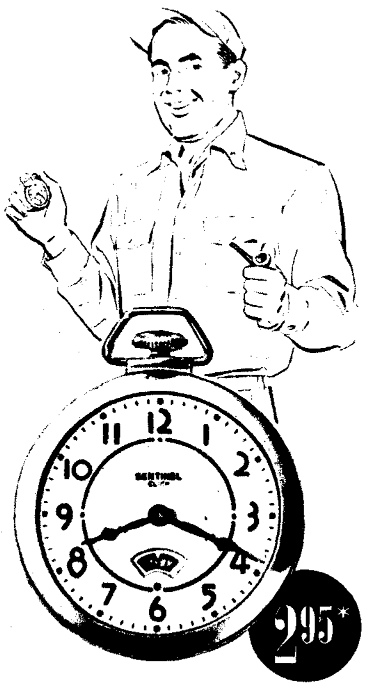

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ties up at the purchaser's dock, and the fish starts down a "disassembly" line.

First comes a thorough washing in brine, then a ride down a long revolving drum with numerous sharp-edged perforations which remove the scales. Then the stream of fish flows between a double row of experts armed with heavy knives who pick out one fish at a time and deftly slice off the boneless, meaty fillets, one from each side of the fish. (Recently, machines have been invented to perform this operation on some of the larger fish, such as haddock.) The rest of the fish, or "gurry," goes off to be processed into animal feeds, and the translucent fillets go to a row of girls who examine them over bright lights to make sure no bones or bad spots are left. Then the fillets are packaged for the freezer.

Though various other freezers have been devised, such as an enclosed tunnel through which roars a blast of supercooled air, one of the most widely used still is the "multiplate" type, originally invented by Clarence Birdseye. This consists of a huge cabinet with movable, hollow aluminum shelves, through the interiors of which the ammonia refrigerant circulates. The packaged fish or other food is placed on the shelves, and a hydraulic mechanism presses the shelves together so that each package is in contact with a shelf top and bottom. Then the refrigerant begins to circulate at high speed. Within 90 minutes, the freezer reduces a load of packages to a temperature of zero Fahrenheit.

This quick, efficient method of processing fish usually makes a deep impression on summer visitors at Gloucester's wharves. But in its early days it moved one old trawler captain there to violent protest. He flatly refused to sell one of his catches to the filleting-and-freezing plants.

"They can't," he announced with deep conviction, "do that to *my* fish."

Compared with the poultry processing methods of a modern freezing plant, though, the fish operation seems almost old-fashioned. I watched one such plant in action at Pocomoke City, Maryland, in the heart of the Chesapeake Bay's eastern shore Delmarva area (so named because it includes parts of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia), which produces almost one third of the 10,000,000 chicken broilers the nation consumes each week. The whole area is a vast chicken factory.

"All we do," one Delmarva chicken farmer said, "is convert feed into meat. The chickens are our machines."

How Broilers Are Processed

About 250,000, or 8 per cent, of the Delmarva output now is frozen, and the percentage is growing steadily. The broilers (actually, most of them are destined for frying) go to the freezing plants at the age of ten to twelve weeks, when they weigh about three pounds. There they are killed and drained of blood, then passed through a scalding steam bath where small rubber hoses briskly remove their feathers. Brief baths in ice-water tanks cool them off, and they go back on the belt to be taken apart piece by piece. At the end of the line they go into packages, which now more and more often consist wholly of breasts or drumsticks or other individual parts, and thence to the freezer.

The whole process is organized in minute detail, beginning with the breeding of the hens which lay the eggs destined to be hatched into broilers for freezing. Many vegetable- and fruit-freezing firms have imposed equally detailed organization on the raising of crops for their processing plants, organization which has revolutionized farming practices in some areas. Often the freezers contract with farmers for several years in advance and provide them with specially developed seed, fertilizers and planting schedules. Sometimes they even undertake to do the harvesting.

The chief reason for such careful planning is that only certain varieties of peas, asparagus, strawberries and other fruits and vegetables freeze well, and the freezability of even the best types can be greatly influenced by the way they are grown and harvested. Peas of the Alaska variety, for instance, are excellent for canning but don't freeze well because they lose color and tend to split at low temperatures. Better freezing peas are the dark, firm Thomas Laxton, the jumbo-sized Alderman, and the Perfection freezer varieties.

But even crops of the same variety can vary widely, and to test various qualities the processors have had to develop a number of ingenious machines such as the Tenderometer. This neatly measures the tenderness of a vegetable by determining how much force is necessary to crush or slice it.

Freezing Spoiled This Beef

Another reason for great care is that odd things occasionally happen to foods at very low temperatures. Several years ago, one big quick-freezing concern experimented with freezing beef products from cattle raised on a certain Montana range. These cattle were chosen because their meat when fresh was of top quality. But to the utter mystification of the firm's beef experts, after a couple of months' storage in very deep freeze the meat was almost inedible.

It took ingenious detective work to trace the trouble to the buffalo grass which provided much of the cattle's forage. Stored in the animal's fat, oil from this grass's seed was unnoticeable in the fresh meat. But when the meat was kept for a few weeks even at temperatures well below zero, the oil went rancid.

Once meats, vegetables, fruits and specialty items of proper quality for freezing have been chosen, the methods of freezing them are much the same as those used on fish. But one type of frozen product goes through a more complicated process—namely, the concentrated fruit juices. Most of the juices are concentrated to about one fourth their original volume. This could be done simply by boiling the juice to drive off the water, but in the process most of the flavoring also would be boiled away.

To avoid this, the concentrators create a vacuum over the surface of the juice, so that the water in it will evaporate at temperatures as low as 60 degrees or less. But some of the volatile flavors are lost with the water even at this temperature. So the juice is concentrated to *less* than one fourth the original volume, and a small amount of fresh, full-strength juice is added to fortify the flavor. Then the product flows on through a series of cooling and canning processes and, finally, a quick freezing which takes it down to 15 to 30 degrees below zero.

At some Florida and California concentrating plants, the whole process is so efficient that the juice reaches this last stage in less than half an hour after the fruit has entered the plant.

Once the juice or any other food has been frozen it must be kept near zero until the buyer is ready to thaw and eat it. That simple but stubborn fact was the rock on which early food freezers nearly foundered. To get their products from their plants to the nation's dinner tables they had to build, or persuade others to build, thousands of refrigerated trucks and freight cars, vast "zero space" warehouses, hundreds of thousands of grocery storage and display freezers and millions of home freezers.

They succeeded to an amazing extent. Though there still remain some shortages in all these categories, all are rapidly expanding. In 1951 alone, for instance, some 722,000 home freezers were sold, and the industry expects 1952 to break the record. In addition, there is an enormous and growing amount of frozen-food storage space in conventional refrigerators.

Numerous fortunes have been made by men who had the nerve, the luck or the foresight to specialize in one branch or another of frozen-food distributing.

One tale often told in the business is that of the three Gaudio brothers, Joseph, Fred and Arthur, of Camden, New Jersey, who started out as truck hucksters, sidewalk

"Ooooh—that gooey stuff in my car?"

—says Judy Holliday, starring in "THE MARRYING KIND" a Columbia picture.

YES, MISS HOLLIDAY, THIS OIL FILTER IS CHOKED UP WITH MORE THAN 2 POUNDS OF SLUDGE AND ABRASIVES.
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IT'S BAD ALL RIGHT! A CLOGGED OIL FILTER CAN'T KEEP ANY MORE OF THAT DANGEROUS STUFF FROM DAMAGING DELICATE ENGINE PARTS.
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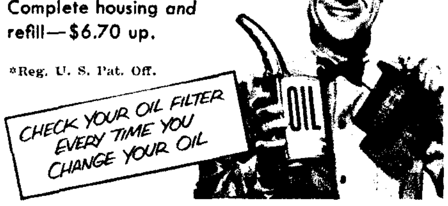

CHECK YOUR OIL FILTER EVERY TIME YOU CHANGE YOUR OIL
OIL

PurOlator
(ENGINEERED FOR EVERY MAKE OF CAR)
Micronic OIL FILTER

peddlers of fresh fruits and vegetables, in the early thirties. Eventually, they graduated to a corner store, then to a wholesale business in the same line. They were doing all right in a small way when, in 1941, they installed a freezing unit on one of their trucks so they could handle a few frozen foods as a favor to some of their customers. By 1948 they were getting so many orders for frozen foods that they abandoned the fresh in order to be able to concentrate on the frozen. Last year they sold more than $5,000,000 worth.

But this was a fairly orthodox progression up the ladder of success, compared with some frozen-food bonanzas. One unorthodox idea which had been tried several times with disappointing results is that of selling consumers freezers plus regular deliveries of foods to stock it. A couple of years ago one New York City entrepreneur, John Bess, revived this idea and promoted it so successfully that in 1951 he sold 5,000 freezers and 2,000,000 pounds of frozen foods in New York alone. After a few additional highly encouraging tests in New England and Florida, he now is launching out on a nation-wide scale and expects soon to have the plan in some 400 towns.

Other frozen-food men look on this operation with varying degrees of interest, but few of them will make any predictions concerning its chance of success. In fact, many of them will make no predictions for publication about any facet of the business.

"All we know," one packer says, "is that something's going to happen—probably."

Considering the record of past prognosticators, their caution is understandable. Six years ago, for instance, one pompously omniscient business publication surveyed the frozen-food field and announced that, no matter what else happened, there obviously was no future in freezing citrus products. The concentrating process was developed the following year, and last year some 36,000,000 gallons of orange juice concentrate alone were frozen.

Even when they get a big response from the public on a new product, the packers have learned to be cautious.

A Case of Curiosity Buying

"It seems like almost any new frozen food will sell well when it first hits the market," one of the industry's old hands explains. "But you can't trust that first success. We call it 'curiosity buying.' We got caught once on frozen melon balls. When we first put them out, it looked as if we weren't going to be able to keep up with demand. But within a few weeks the sale of a single box was big news. We just hadn't stopped to think. They were strictly novelties, and most housewives wouldn't serve them more than once in a blue moon."

In 1946 the whole industry got caught by a great wave of curiosity buying accompanied by an invasion of fly-by-night packers out to make a fast buck. It's now referred to as the year of the blood bath. Sales briefly zoomed and, for the year, totaled about 50 per cent higher than the 1941-'45 average. But quantities of inferior foods, clumsily processed, with which some of the newcomers flooded the market, alienated countless buyers. In 1947 sales dropped precipitately, and it took two years to regain the 1946 level.

The experience taught the industry an unforgettable lesson, however, and its strenuous efforts to avoid repeating those offenses have helped raise the rate of sales to more than double the 1946 high point.

Nowadays, most of the packers devote their main efforts to the foods which are established leaders in popularity. Peas were the first vegetable to catch the public's fancy in the frozen form, and still outsell their nearest competitors, lima beans, by nearly two to one. Other top rankers are spinach, corn, green beans and broccoli, a relative newcomer to this country which owes much of its popularity to the freezing process. In fruits, strawberries account for more than two thirds of the retail pack, with raspberries, peaches and blueberries the runners-up. Orange juice dominates the concentrate field, ocean perch and haddock lead in fish, shrimp in shellfish, fryers in poultry, hamburger in meat and French fried potatoes in cooked specialty items.

In general, these leaders have the same dominance all over the country. Our tastes in some of the lesser items are more varied. Pittsburgh, for instance, dotes on a frozen fish called butterfly whiting. This is whiting so processed that the two fillets are attached at one end and, when spread out flat, have the shape of a butterfly. New Englanders want their frozen crab meat in small flakes, but the Pacific Coast insists on chunks.

Hard to Overcome Old Taboos

And occasionally we exasperate the packers by refusing to give up our old fresh-food taboos, although freezing has eliminated the reasons for them. Few of us, for instance, will indulge in frozen oysters in summer, though the package labels scream that they were put up in a month containing a good, loud "R."

On the other hand, we recently startled the industry by enthusiastically taking up vegetables once thought salable only in the South. A couple of years ago one packer tentatively tried selling frozen okra in Detroit. It went big. He tried a few other Northern cities. It went big in them, too. Now frozen okra gradually is spreading all over the country, and frozen black-eyed peas, collard greens and turnip greens are also achieving national popularity.

Although most of the exclusively frozen-food shops which cropped up during the 1946 boom have since disappeared, many supermarkets now feature long lines of freezers displaying wide varieties of frozen foods. I browsed along several such lines choosing unusual dishes to sample. In everything from appetizers to desserts, there is something for almost every taste.

Deviled crab cakes, plump with crab meat and spices enclosed in a delicate brown crust, breaded and French fried shrimps or scallops, crusty Chinese egg rolls—all make intriguing cocktail snacks. Quick-frozen soups include Chinese *won ton* and hearty fish chowder. In fish there are, besides the usual ocean perch, haddock, cod and flounder, such rarities as sea squab and rainbow trout.

Among the favorite frozen meats are succulent little sandwich steaks made by pressing together very thinly sliced slivers of beef. For omelets, rice dishes or just plain frying, frozen chicken livers are so much in demand that many stores have difficulty keeping up their stocks. Among vegetables, there are interesting items such as a corn and green pepper combination, mashed potato puffs and French fried onion rings. For dessert, there's rich cheese cake or cherry cobbler, luscious boysenberries or rhubarb.

A good many new items currently are being launched. One is boneless fish shaped into four-inch sticks, breaded and French fried. Another is a two-minute, frozen breakfast consisting of orange concentrate, coffee concentrate and waffles.

Some packers think these products may have a big future in small restaurants and in bars which are required by law to serve food but whose owners want to keep their food-preparing investment to a minimum.

Macy's New York department store is importing frozen dishes from France. And the U.S. Department of Agriculture, which has backed the industry with a great deal of solid research and has also trained many of its technologists, now is working on several items such as cooked rice and a tasty dish called guacamole, which consists of mashed avocado, lemon juice and salt.

"We intend to keep trying new items all the time," an executive of one large quick-freezing firm told me, "although we don't think the public is ready yet for things like breast of guinea hen. But for Heaven's sake, don't say I said there is *any* kind of food that can't be frozen and sold successfully. For all I know, someone may be about to make a killing with frozen hummingbird tongues."

THE END

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Must You Retire at 65?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

exertion. What we do not now possess is any idea of the age range where such stresses most affect most people, and the point where they pass from a health stimulus to a health menace.

The development of such age norms is a major obligation of American public health science, industrial medicine, and industry itself. It may be superficially convenient to have an arbitrary retirement age of sixty-five and make it compulsory. Whether the convenience justifies a double wastage of human resources, first through eliminating the productivity of the people retired and then through supporting them from pensions paid by the productivity of those in the working force, is something we ought to find out a lot more about.

A Right That's Been Earned

It should be understood that there is nothing wrong with retirement, if it is by choice. A man or woman who has earned the right to take it easy by a lifetime of hard work should have the privilege of quitting when he reaches the agreed-upon age, and that age should not be the one which is cold-bloodedly determined as the last possible time when a useful service can be extracted.

Here, by the way, is a place where folk wisdom goes wrong. There is a widely held belief that retirement is often a death sentence; that men used to activity die like flies when the pressure of work ceases to maintain their interest in life.

A first look at the statistics seems to support that conclusion. Data on the mortality of people retiring under the federal old-age insurance system have an alarming implication. A good sampling showed that in the first year of retirement, more people die than is expected in their age group. In those cases where the retirement age was sixty-five, we find that the retired group had a ratio of seven deaths in the first year to the four which we would normally expect in that age group. This preponderance of deaths among the retired begins to decline after the first year of leisure, and by the fourth year of retirement, it has about equalized itself with the mortality rates that are normally expected.

But railroad workers show another set of figures. In the operation of their retirement system, the workers retiring in the age groups from sixty to sixty-four have fewer deaths in the first year of retirement than the general expectancy, and the group retiring at from sixty-five to sixty-nine has only a slightly higher ratio of deaths.

The reason for the disparity is a difference in the systems. The railroad pension plan has a separate category for disability, and railroad workers who are disabled by failing health have been taken care of by special disability pensions. The federal system provides no such selecting out of those in failing health, and there is a spurt of retirements for health causes at sixty-five.

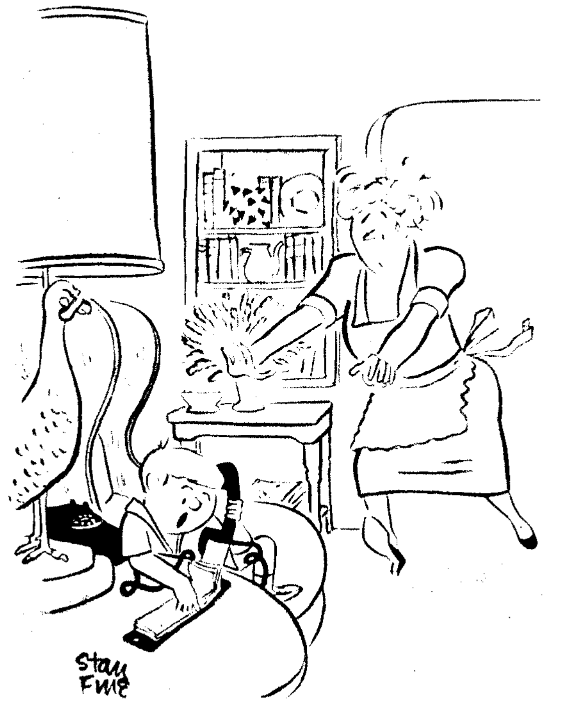
We can conclude that the high death rate in the first year of retirement under Social Security is due not to the retirement itself, but to the fact that persons in ill health cling to their work until the pension age is reached. The deterioration in health which led to the retirement benefit being claimed at the earliest possible time seems to be the cause of the high initial death rate among persons retiring in systems where there is no provision for earlier disability pensions. There may be such a thing as "retirement shock" which occasionally causes a fatal heart attack or stroke, but we have no reason to believe that such occurrences are frequent or form a pattern.

A pattern we *are* sure of is the importance of everything we do that relates to older people. There are more than 12,000,000 Americans who are sixty-five or older, enough people to fill up New York and Chicago, with San Francisco thrown in for a make-weight. Since 1900, the advances we have made in public health and individual medical care have raised our life expectancy at birth from forty-nine years to sixty-eight years. We are approaching the Biblical promise of three score years and ten, not for patriarchs alone but for almost everyone. The ratio of older people to the total population has constantly grown, although the recent bumper crop of babies has given the population forecasters of 10 years ago a bad time. Youth is not being outclassed quite so drastically as they had predicted.

Those babies, however, are being born with a chance of longevity unknown to previous generations, and it is quite clear that we are going to have more people over sixty-five in the future than we have now, and that people over sixty-five are going to be an increasing percentage of the whole population. Bernard Baruch, who shows no signs of retirement himself as he approaches his eighty-second birthday, has called this prolongation of life more profound in its effects than atomic energy, air transportation and modern communications. It is one of the great phenomena of our age, one which we have largely ignored because it has happened so gradually.

At the moment, if we had universal compulsory retirement at sixty-five we would at once exclude 3,000,000 people from the working force. Estimating their earning capacity at only $3,000 a year, these 3,000,000 men and women are contributing $9,000,000,000 a year to the national income. That $9,000,000,000 is roughly equal to the value of all the coal mined, all the oil pumped, and all the natural gas piped out during a boom-time inflation year. The value of these workers over sixty-five matches the value of the energy sources on which America keeps itself warm, runs its autos, drives its Diesels, and operates its industries.

It is possible that we have another 1,500,000 men and



"Heck, that isn't so much. Listen to what MY dad's got in HIS checking account—"

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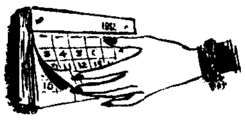

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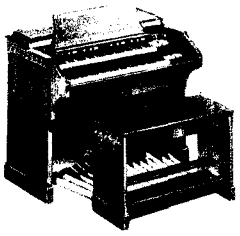

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women over sixty-five who are excluded from the labor force involuntarily, because no one will hire them. Their earnings could be $4,500,000,000 a year, which is equivalent to the whole farm income of the rich agricultural states of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin. The sad fact is that while we can't prove on the basis of incontrovertible facts that we are wasting the full sum of this asset, it is certain that we are neglecting some substantial part of it.

The man or woman who is able to work and willing to do so, but is barred from work he knows and likes because of an arbitrary age limit, is in the red ink of the economy, deliberately transferred from the black.

In 1890, when the economy was simpler, with far more self-employment, seven out of every 10 men over sixty-five were still working. By 1930, only about half the men over sixty-five were in the labor force. Today, in times of man-power scarcity and full employment, only four men out of every 10 who are sixty-five or more are still at work.

If we extend that trend into the future, combining an extension of compulsory retirement with an ever-increasing number of older people, we can envision an American population in which almost 19,000,000 people—the equal of the present-day population of Pennsylvania and Illinois combined—are more than sixty-five years old and barred from productive work. This is a time only 23 years ahead. In 1975, we can expect to have about 8,500,000 men over sixty-five and 10,500,000 women whose birth certificates, at least, will indicate that age.

The question that the 1970s will have to face, if there is no reversal of the present trend toward universal compulsory retirement at sixty-five, is the support of this huge population, and, more important, its happiness and health.

We have been citing a good deal of economics, which is traditionally a tough, inhuman, "supply-and-demand" kind of approach. My own field is public health, where we are trained to believe that people are by right more valuable than dollars, and where we have found that, by practice, good health brings us more dollars too. Economics seems to tell us that the labor force needs the older worker and his contribution to society. For most of us, society is a vague concept. Each of us, as a person is very real, tangible and important. The public health problem is to discover whether—and to what series of ages—continued work is good for the older worker himself, in all the personal aspects of living that affect his health and his enjoyment and length of life.

A committee of our faculty at the Graduate School of Public Health of the University of Pittsburgh has just completed a study of all the available information on this subject. It is remarkable in that it points up how little we really know. There are many clues and many guesses. But there is a great area that is scientifically unexplored. One of the principal tasks of public health science will be the mobilization of first-rate research talent for fact-finding expeditions into this unknown land.

Every explorer, from Columbus on the mid-Atlantic to Theodore Roosevelt on his River of Doubt, has a chart to follow, a map which is a mixture of legend, accurate observation and educated guesswork. Our chart for the public health exploration of the question of retirement has some of its outlines sketched in, but the map is still as crude as the sailing directions of a hunt for pirate treasure. As matters stand, we can raise far more questions than we can answer.

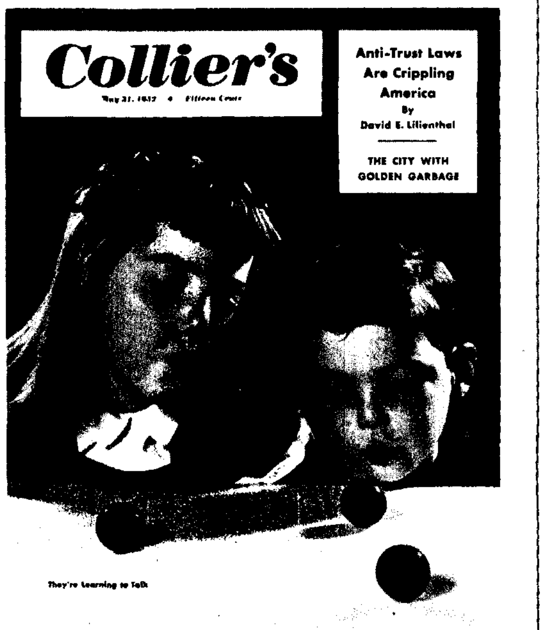
We know, for instance, that every job has its pressures, and that it is possible for these pressures to reach a point where they are injurious to health. Does that mean that we would all be healthier and live longer if we loafed all our days through, sleeping in the sun? There are times at the end of a hard-pressed week when even the most eager public health beaver would like to say yes to that, but he can't. The science of life, human and animal, shows that the exercise of our bodily and mental powers and the use of them to meet the stresses of existence is good for us. Continued use of our powers and skills, within the limits of our competence, will preserve and prolong the term of our abilities. Disuse results in deterioration; and we lose earlier than we should abilities we once had.

When the "Break" Point Comes

Performance, it is clear, maintains our capabilities, physical and mental. Somewhere, for every individual working at every job, there is a "break" point. On the near side of that point, the stress of the job is satisfying—stimulating to health. On the far side of that point, the pressure of the work has become too great to be compensated by the stimulation.

The "break" point is postponed in our life cycle by the fact that very few jobs call for all our strength and skill, exerted all the time. We have resources beyond the ordinary call of duty, abilities that the usual job does not demand of us in full. The margin between capacity and the requirements of the work may narrow with age, but, because this margin was so broad to begin with, it takes a long time for the stresses to become too great, even after the inevitable "slowing up" process has begun. And, as we just said, men with training and dexterity tend to maintain their skills into late matur-

Next Week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THE CITY WITH GOLDEN GARBAGE
They're Learning to Talk

THEY'RE LEARNING TO TALK

THE CITY WITH GOLDEN GARBAGE

ity; the job which might be difficult and a serious strain for untrained men presents no difficulties to their experienced hands.

The cited example is the case of the loopers in hosiery mills; like Grandma who could still thread a needle in her eighties, these men retain a visual skill which most of us lose as we grow older. The increasing use of laborsaving machinery, and the elimination of actual muscle power as a motive force in industrial processes, should tend to lengthen the period in which men and women can work. There aren't many jobs any more which call for the proverbial "strong back and weak mind." Research seems to show, by the way, that it's actually the back muscles which give out first, and that the strength of the arms and legs is retained to a greater age.

But, as if to show the really unexplored nature of this whole problem, just after we have assumed that things are getting better, we must reckon with a conflicting trend. Mass production and the simplification of processes tend to match the worker with the second hand on the clock. The operation may be simple and the work may be light, but it must be regular and it must be fast. The evidence seems to show that this stress of time in endless repetition is the hardest pressure of all for the older worker to meet. The query is: Which trend is having the greater effect?

Public health people can argue violently about another two-headed trend. We are living longer than ever before because the average of health protection and medical care is better than ever before. Therefore, it is said, we go into our later years with fewer accumulated physiological "scars" on our bodies. We ought to be in better shape in our old age, and to be able to work a longer life span than our forebears, who, when they did survive into their sixties and seventies, had run a gamut of diseases and health hazards to which we no longer are exposed.

That sounds reasonable enough, until the counterargument is made. Ah no, those on the other side say, natural selection was at work then, and the people who lived long were the really tough ones, the people with a natural endowment of longevity. That's a possible reason why you had a greater percentage of the people over sixty-five in the labor force 50 years ago than you have today. They were, like Lee's veterans of the last years of the Army of Northern Virginia, the hard-dying ones. Now, thanks to our advances in public health, almost anybody whose constitution isn't downright puny can make the grade.

Which school of thought is right? We honestly don't know.

Valued by Ability to Work

Science likes to be omniscient, to be sure of everything. In this field of aging and capacity to work, it has a long way to go. Some things seem to be certain, as matters now stand. In our culture, we value work, and men and women value themselves largely by their capacity to work. We know that emotional well-being, ego satisfaction, the sense of contributing, of being useful and wanted, all have a powerful effect upon one's general health. If premature and unwanted retirement produces a sense of being tossed on the scrap heap, it is bad for the person who suffers it. Unless we have a strong shift in our values, there are few people who can adjust to hobbies or civic activity as a complete substitute for the dignity and earning capacity of their lifetime's work.

Earning capacity is important to health in two vital respects: medical care and proper nutrition. In the great majority of cases, retirement sharply reduces the income of the worker and his dependents, cutting down his purchasing power for both medical attention and food.

Usually, too, it removes him from the group medical and hospitalization insurance that covered him while he was still employed, and he finds that the cost of individual hospitalization or medical insurance is far beyond his means. At his age, he is a poor risk, and the various insurance plans reflect that risk in their charges. Only a small minority of the aged, less than 20 per cent, are covered by any kind of hospitalization insurance.

The problem of medical care for older people brings us to another unexplored "opportunity zone" for public health research and community interest. Malnutrition, resulting in part from improper diet, is a medical problem with older people. The Peter Bent Brigham Clinic in Boston has treated thousands of aging persons; its experience, recently analyzed by Dr. Robert T. Monroe, points to the presence of malnutrition in a large majority. There are a variety of factors involved, but obviously an inability to stretch the food dollar is one of them. A cut in income means a cut in living standards, and the first items to be reduced are the relatively expensive protective foods, meat with its animal proteins, milk, eggs, fresh fruits and vegetables.

Money helps buy health, just as it does the other commodities of a mercenary world. And when we are able to work and be productive, we have more money.

System in an Age of Bigness

What we must do, and it is not easy, is to relate the problem back to individuals, and the jobs they can do. We are in an age of bigness—big employers, big unions, big government. The bigger things are, very often, the more rigid they are, with an increasing necessity to do everything on paper, with rules, regulations and compulsions. The system lasts, while the individual passes on; great is the system and it shall prevail.

In this problem of matching age by the calendar with age by the person's own capacities, our need is for less rigidity in our thinking and practice. We need more flexibility; a willingness to do what is best for the greatest possible number of people, instead of using merely the most convenient way out of a difficulty.

Having conquered most of the historic plagues, public health science itself is finding a new direction. Its obligation and opportunity lie in the study of man and his adaptation to the complex environment which modern technology has created, with its emphasis on urban living and industrial employment.

"In the past, we have studied diseases rather than lives," Dr. C. Ward Crampton, a long-time student of the medical problems of the aged, recently told the New York State Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging.

Dr. Crampton's point is that the effects of disease can be cumulative, that it is a product of living, and that the medical history of the individual may—if it is detailed enough—foretell his future. He argued for what amounts to a medical notebook on each of us, starting with an examination of our mother before our birth, and with special emphasis on a full-scale medical review at the time we start to school, at puberty, before marriage, at the average age of menopause in women, and in the sixties.

Dr. Howard A. Rusk, who, through his articles in the New York Times, has done so much to interpret current medical and public health problems to a wide audience, has described the required investigations in these terms: "Research . . . would need to encompass far more than just the traditional periodic health inventory, but should include equal attention to the nutritional, psychiatric, psychological, social and vocational aspects of aging."

Technically, these are "longitudinal" studies, which follow the same group of persons through the long course of their lives. We need such studies very badly if we are to understand the process of aging, and if we are to relate the changes which come with age to the pressures of employment. Statistics taken from a range of people at fifty or sixty or any given age don't tell very much, unless we know what those same people, as individual persons, together with those in the group who fell by

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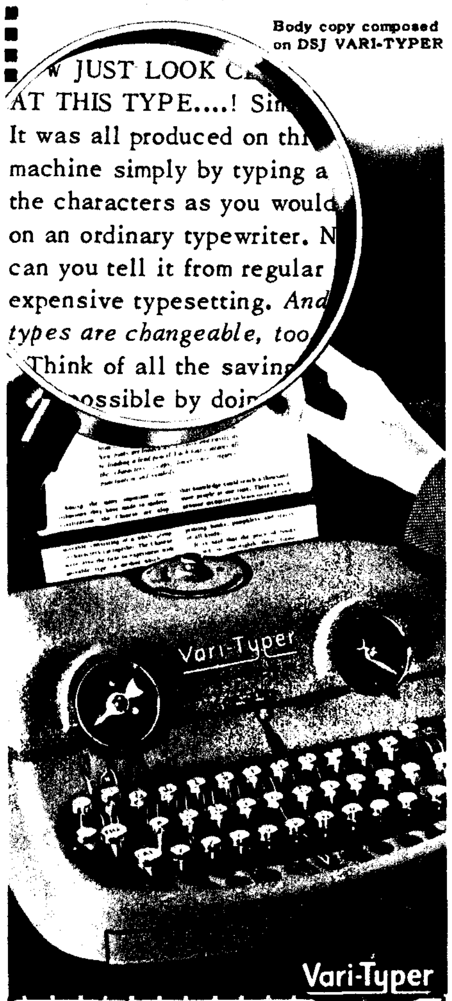

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the wayside, were like at forty or thirty and so on. We know the framework on which to hang these longitudinal studies. We know how to do the research. We seek a few basic measurements which will make a collective index, sufficiently accurate and simple to determine a proper retirement age. This is long-term investigation—unspectacular, expensive, tedious, and promising only the advancement of our understanding.

The eventual goal is a score card of man against his job. We must learn to know them both far more intimately than we do today. The task will be to build up a body of knowledge that will allow us to test both jobs and men; to be able to judge what each particular type of employment demands from the human being who is engaged in it, and what each single solitary human being, at stated periods in his life, from youth to age, is capable of putting forth, with benefit to his health and sense of well-being, in meeting the demands of his job.

Theoretically, then, when John Smith goes to work in a steel mill at the age of nineteen, we will know his capacities for meeting the physical requirements of his work. As Smith grows older and his job changes, we will be able to keep up with both of them, and know how they are getting along with each other in terms of John Smith's health. Smith won't stop working because he has reached a given age. He will stop working when it is sensible for him to do so, and when he has reached the point where there are no more minor adjustments in his job that can be made to extend the safe and happy period of his working life.

That may be the ideal and the ultimate solution. An enormous amount of research, perhaps a generation of study, will have to flow from the laboratories and the personnel offices of America before we can fully effect it. Meanwhile, what do we do with our present and growing problem?

Recently, it has begun to worry thoughtful people, which is always the first step in doing something about a danger. New York State's legislative committee, under the chairmanship of State Senator Thomas C. Desmond, is taking much valuable testimony. Research teams are beginning to get their feet wet in the problem. The MacGregor Fund of Detroit and the National Committee on the Aging of the National Social Welfare Assembly recently called together a National Conference on Employment and Retirement of Older Workers. Behind all those capital letters and impressive titles, there is a stirring that forecasts action.

The National Conference was held in New York State, at Arden House, the former country estate of the Harriman family, which is now a campus of Columbia University. Nearly 100 businessmen, personnel experts, sociologists, public health people and economists came to the quiet solitude of the Ramapos and made it anything but quiet. They had a question of which they liked to talk and argue, vigorously. There was substantial agreement that chronological age alone, age by the calendar, was not a sufficient basis on which to build our whole retirement system.

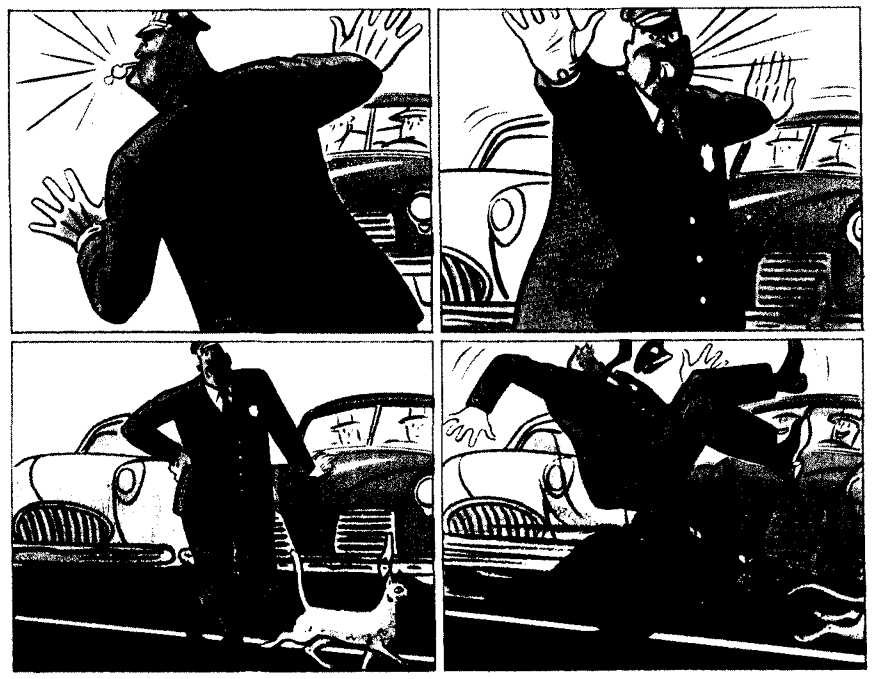
In that section of the conference which dealt with the health aspects of retirement, it was agreed, however, that there is some age limit beyond which so few workers are able to continue that it can be used, even arbitrarily, with rough justice and good sense. They were cagey in fixing it specifically, but the participants in the discussion mentioned seventy, a five-year gain over the present sixty-five, as this possible upper limit. There was agreement that the top age limit, wherever it is fixed, should be only a ceiling. There should also be a floor, a lower age, where voluntary retirement, for disability or for personal desire, could be claimed.

The main point agreed to was this: there should be an age range—a period of 10 years—in which retirement would be possible but not compulsory. Within that range, the health and competence of the worker, and not the date on his birth certificate, would be the factors to determine his retirement.

The act, then, of calling attention is well under way. The facts of our national life will guarantee, I think, that we cannot ignore the problem. We are shortening our working span on its youthful side as well as on the side of age. We are steadily increasing our educational standards before we allow entry into the working force, prolonging the period of preparation for work. To this, there is currently added the demands of military necessity. All of which means the support of a bolder and bigger economy than we have ever known by a smaller and smaller percentage of people working to produce it.

Our psychological ideas of what is "old" are changing, as we shift our population to an older basis. Better health means that decade by decade we are more vigorous, and we become more and more reluctant to accept chronological age as a limiting factor in our personal lives. Even the glamorous people of the motion pictures admit to middle-age and remain glamorous. Politically, we will be anxious to avoid the creation of huge pension-pressure voting blocs. As a matter of public policy, we will want the

CLANCY



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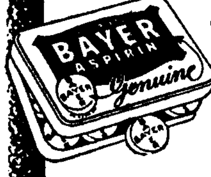

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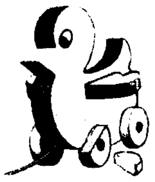

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Admittedly, industry, labor and government each will have to make adjustments if we are to prolong the useful working period of our lives. The rulebook will never be a simple one, when we come to place our emphasis on individuals. No one can expect an employer, who must operate a plant so as to return a profit to the stockholders, to convert his factory into a social work agency, with its major effort concentrated upon the retention of less efficient workers. The union will have difficulty in explaining varied treatment of personnel to its membership. The point is to combine efficiency with wise social policy, and not to sacrifice human values to administrative convenience.

That this can be done was stressed at the Arden conference by an outstanding industrialist, Leland A. Hazard, vice-president and general counsel of the huge Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, one of those companies which permits its employees to retire at sixty-five, but does not insist upon it.

In Pittsburgh Plate, an eighty-four-year-old glass cutter, just about able to walk to his job, still has valuable technical skills that are a production asset as well as an example of the art for younger workers to follow. As Hazard sees it, the policy of his company permits its nonretiring employees to extend their earnings, and saves the company money in pension payments. Also at Arden, the chairman of the board of another great corporation was quoted approvingly by Dr. Theodore Klummp, who is himself an unusual combination of physician-scientist and successful business executive, in these words:

"Never let administrative convenience dictate basic policy. Administration, like accounting, bookkeeping and statistical work, is a service function and its purpose is to help you do what you want. If a new way of doing things is genuinely better, the service machinery can be adjusted to accomplish that purpose. Administrators go to great lengths to make things automatic, to spare them the trouble of making decisions. But they are paid big salaries in the very hope that they will make decisions and change things. Any competent clerk can run a business, if the job is merely to preserve the *status quo* and refer to precedent as the guide to action."

The point of it all, as we now see it, is flexibility in thought and action. When we don't know all the answers—as we surely do not scientifically know them in respect to aging, employment and retirement—we should leave ourselves as wide an area for maneuver as we possibly can. That is why we should not, at this time and with our present knowledge, put our working lives into deep freeze at sixty-five. THE END

Programs Packaged to Go

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

got to have angles that are all our own. These we've got, but we're still trying desperately to get that awful quiz show label off us. Someone calls up for a show and I tell him frankly, 'If you want a panel show I'll take you for a lot of loot. But I'll give you a variety or dramatic show for cheap.' This never cuts any ice. They all want panels or quizzes."

Products bearing the Goodson-Todman signatures are seen each week, the networks claim, by 34,501,000 people in 12,960,000 homes. The Boys—as they are familiarly known in the industry, although they are also referred to as the Gold Dust Twins, the Quiz Kids, and Flotsam and Jetsam—have a current output of six television shows.

What's My Line?, CBS-TV, attracts the largest audience: 9,855,000 viewers, according to current ratings. On this show, a panel of expert question-game players—columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, actress Arlene Francis, comedian Hal Block, and publisher Bennett Cerf, with commentator John Daly as master of ceremonies—is allowed a limited number of questions with which to cross-examine a contestant (who can answer only yes or no) in an attempt to uncover his occupation, whether bell ringer, olive stuffer, manufacturer of exploding cigars, or whatever. This dressed-up version of the old parlor game, Who Am I?, won the 1950 Michael Award of the Academy of Radio and Television Arts and Sciences (the Oscar of the industry) as the best panel show on the air.

The Name's the Same, ABC-TV, is an example of self-plagiarization. On this show the panel—Abe Burrows, actress Joan Alexander and orchestra leader Meredith Willson, under the guidance of comedian Robert Q. Lewis as emcee—must guess the prominent name that adorns a non-prominent contestant. The 2,000 letters this show receives weekly seem to indicate that the world is populated largely by people with names like B. O. Plenty, Trinity Church, Mona Lisa, Mickey Finn, Pearl Harbor, Napoleon Bonaparte, Mae West, London England, Peter Rabbit, Ten Million and Elsie Borden. But, surprisingly enough, it took two of the show's researchers 15 hours on the telephone, calling Maxwells in 14 cities, to locate an Elsa Maxwell who was not the famous party giver—relatively conventional though the name is.

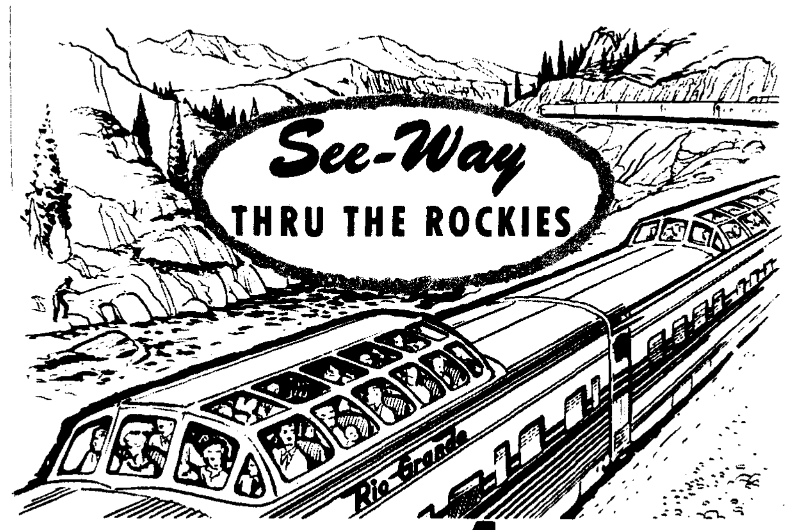
Winner Take All, NBC-TV, emceed by Bill Cullen, is a standard quiz-giveaway program. Beat the Clock, CBS-TV, handled by Bud Collyer, is a giveaway on which a contestant tries to execute some ludicrous stunt, involving anything from mud pies to Ping-pong balls, within a set period of time.

It's News to Me, CBS-TV, emceed again by John Daly, asks a panel composed of Joan Alexander, actress Anna Lee, commentator John Henry Faulk and a guest, to identify a puzzling photograph, skit or prop (like a SHAPE license plate) that is relevant to a current news story. If the panelist can't identify the clue, he improvises a story about it (usually very convincingly) and a picked member of the audience must decide, for cash, whether the story is true or false. In addition, a person who has been an eyewitness of a famous event in the past, like Casey Jones's train wreck, also appears on this program each week, and the panel attempts to discover, by cross-examination, the event he witnessed.

The sixth show, The Web, CBS-TV, is a mystery-drama. It is the Boys' answer to a network vice-president who said, "I dare those guys to do just one show without a panel seated behind a desk, just one where you could see the performer's feet."

With these six shows, Mark Goodson and Bill Todman expect to gross around $1,500,000 in 1952. Besides the substantial cut of this gross that he will share with Todman, Goodson probably will receive an additional $75,000 or so (as he did last year) from Stop the Music, a program which he helped originate—and which may go down in history as the one that drove Fred Allen from radio and led him to coin the immortal line, "We'll soon have a program starring a big, glossy refrigerator that gives away people." (Ironically, the Boys' big project for the future is a comedy quiz show which they are now preparing for Fred Allen, at the request of NBC. The format is still a dark secret, but the show is expected to be ready for fall telecasting.)

The fact that all this has been accomplished in just six years apparently has brought little peace of mind to the two young entrepreneurs (Goodson is thirty-seven, Todman thirty-five). They are both unflinching worriers. They have, in fact, carried the art of fretting to its ultimate conclusion. They now worry about their



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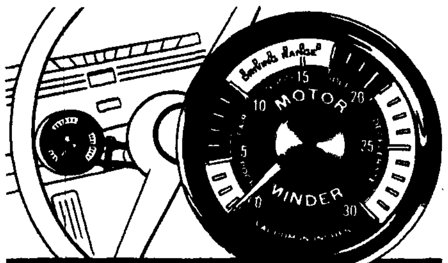

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worrying. Todman recently said, "My friendly, I tell you that I wish Mark would give me a calendar of what he's worrying about, so I could concentrate on something else." And Bluma Goodson—who was a West Coast social worker before she married Mark in 1941—says, "They both spend hours worrying about which hours of the day they should set aside for worrying."

While their worrying techniques differ—Mark does his most effective fretting while seated, but Bill has to pace the floor to reach his peak performance—they use them indiscriminately and make no distinction between big, medium and little worries. They will, for example, be quite understandably concerned about whether or not a sponsor is going to renew his contract. And they will worry, with equal intensity, about the matter of precedence in their personal billing.

Even so trivial a matter as the proper disposition of a soggy pie can cause them grave anxiety.

Recently, in the waning moments before Beat the Clock was to be telecast, the Boys called a hurried conference of their production staff. A stunt on the program involved six lemon meringue pies, one of which had baked into it a strap into which a contestant could sink his teeth.

The contestant, with his hands behind his back, had to locate and pick up this pie within 30 seconds. Obviously, the more pies he had to plunge his face into, the merrier the joke. The worrisome question was: Where should the key pie be placed in relation to the other five?

Not an "Average" Contestant

After due cerebration, a consensus emerged: the average person would probably begin in the middle of the row of pies and work to the right. So the pie was placed at the left end of the row—which, as it turned out, was where the contestant started, and ended.

Aside from their incessant fretting—and a shared interest in fine clothes and 18-carat masculine jewelry—the Boys have little in common. Goodson is taut and sedentary, round-faced and pale, with graying hair and a tendency to overweight that drives him to dieting and gymnastics. Todman is taut and restless, thin and tanned, with dark hair and an exaggerated interest in his pulse and temperature.

Mark is a compulsive worker, with no real interests aside from his work, who has had only six weeks' vacation in 11 years—four at the insistence of his wife, two on doctor's orders. He is a perfectionist in anything he undertakes; when he began to play bridge he kept a book of instructions at his side and refused to make a bid or a lead until he had consulted it. His mind is keenly analytical and he is, at heart, ardently pessimistic. He says, "I'm the kind of guy who, when I once worked in a fish market, always got picked to dive through the brine and get the last herring out of the barrel."

He is quick-tempered, sharp-tongued, and extremely critical. One panelist in his employ says, "You give a show that has the audience falling out of the balcony with laughter and he's still not satisfied. What's he want, blood?"

Arlene Francis looks at it differently. "Ol' Legree cracks the whip," she says, "but he's usually right and we wouldn't be as good as we are without him."

Mark's daughter Jill, nine, and his son Jonathan, six, see their father in a still different light. "He's very jolly," Jill says, "specially when he's spanking you. You know it's just a big joke."

Mark carries a note pad and pencil with him, even to the beach, and if he goes to or gives a party the guests are immediately put to work playing some game that he is experimenting with as the possible basis of a show. His wife thinks he is afraid to relax for fear he will enjoy it. While he is concerned with appearances, and wears a Burgundy silk smoking jacket when entertaining at home, he thinks nothing of offering his guests cigars from an old Mason jar he uses in lieu of a humidor.

Mark is undomesticated. He strews his clothes through all nine rooms of his apartment, and probably couldn't name the color of his living-room walls. He sleeps through two alarm clocks, but once he has awakened, after his wife has prodded him for the fourth time, he is so insistent on getting to the office on time that he often asks her to drive him to work, because locating a taxi might take up precious minutes.

Todman is a hard worker, too, once he gets to work. However, he looks upon vacations with favor and is such a sun worshiper that, according to his partner, he has been called "the only man who can stretch himself into one dimension on the beach, so he can toast on all sides at once." Bill also rides, fishes, swims and practices target shooting, with less concern for perfection. He has an agile mind, is highly intuitive, and is so optimistic that in his early days when he was "still struggling for a couple of bills," he went to a lawyer friend, Herbert Hutner, and asked quite seriously to be briefed on the income tax problems he would face when he earned more than $50,000 a year.

Bill has a soothing quality and frequently follows behind, unruffling where Mark has ruffled. He keeps an eye on his partner during the broadcast of their shows and when he sees Mark's expressive face begin to settle into glaring lines of disapproval he warns him, "Get that look off your face before you paralyze the talent."

Bill has one deep interest aside from his work, a passion for medicine. There is hardly a man of his acquaintance who has not received a slice-by-slice description of the operation he underwent recently. He travels with a pint flask full of varicolored pills suitable for any emergency, and he once revealed the true depth of his affection for a girl by presenting her with a leather case containing, it is said, remedies for any sickness induced by sea, air, food, drink or overindulgence of any variety. His wife Frances, who was a Richard Hudnut make-up expert before he married her in 1950, had their first child in April. Bill's family doctor, Sidney Greenberg, says, "Thank Heaven I wasn't the obstetrician!"

Bill is a neat, domesticated ash-tray emptier who enjoys shopping with his wife for household furnishings and knickknacks. On occasion, he will even set the table and wipe the dishes, and as he sits in his apartment, polishing and oiling his collection of carpenter's tools, he dreams of a baby-littered house in the country, preferably one in a slight state of disrepair.

Unlike Mark, he has no trouble getting up in the morning. Getting to the office is his problem. His wife asks, "Can anyone explain how a man can spend 20 minutes

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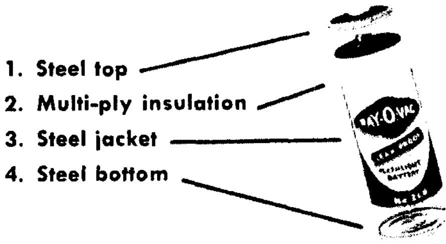

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putting on a pair of socks?" Bill may not get to the office as promptly as Mark but his early-morning presence is still felt. He keeps his staff informed of his morning progress with a series of telephone communiqués: "I've finished showering . . . Just got through shaving, any calls? . . . Putting on my hat and coat, be there immediately." On many occasions, his secretary says, she has known him to cover the two miles between his apartment and the office in less than an hour.

Once both Boys reach their office—occupying half the seventh floor of the New York CBS Building, on East Fifty-second Street—their minds focus on the problems of the day with a furious energy, and no known pandemonium can distract them. There is, indeed, a question whether the growing daily decibel output of their offices can safely be contained much longer within the confines of their present walls.

It is, they proudly point out, a yelling, shouting, arguing office. "If you can't scream, you can't qualify," Bill says. Furthermore, all screaming and shouting has to be done in an argot that only faintly resembles English. If things are satisfactory, "Everything's George"; if things are unsatisfactory, "It's strictly Tom"; if things are all mixed up, it's "A big megillah." Last night's show was "a bomb" (flop), this morning's idea is "cock-a-mamy" (crazy), and everyone had better stop "potching" (fussing) around and come up with a workable new "Schlongg" by this afternoon—a Schlongg being any trick devised for Beat the Clock which results in a drip, splash, plop, smear or gush. An interoffice argument can start over whether Schlongg should be spelled with one or two *g's*.

There is, in addition to all of this gibberish, an incessant buzzing of buzzers and an unending jangling of telephones. At one time, the Boys even gauged their degree of success by the number of telephone lines leading into their private offices.

John Turner, formerly their director of programs, says, "A few months ago, when there were 14 lines leading into the whole office, they felt sort of hurt because only 10 of the lines were bridged into their private offices. They each had two telephones, each telephone had five buttons, and each button was backed up by a flashing light—red, yellow, green, blue or white. Who could guess which line a particular call was coming in on? No one. But, though they'd already achieved the ultimate in confusion, they still weren't happy. So then they each had a panel of buzzers, and since they were never sure which buzzer buzzed where, they'd press 'em all—and the whole office staff would head for the exit.

"Lights . . . buzzers . . . bells, it was like a gigantic pinball machine, except that you couldn't tilt it. Finally, to bring order out of chaos, I put in a switchboard, and told them they could have only two lines each. This precipitated a crisis: I was trying to isolate them from the world, how could they operate in a vacuum, I was amputating their antennas. They finally settled for six lines apiece—bridged, naturally, for three-way conversations."

The Boys gravitated toward each other at first meeting, before they were ever aware of their mutual love of frenzy, and would have combined as a team four years earlier than they did had it not been for someone known only by his initials (call them L.Z.). A CBS interoffice memo, dated April 14, 1942, reads:

"Winner Take All"

"I have discussed this proposed quiz show with Mr. B . . . and we both agree that it is certainly not the type of program that we should promote as a 'C.B.S.' idea. It is a glorification of gambling with a disproportionate emphasis upon raising the ante. We might as well dramatize a poker game! Sorry, but we can't approve.

L.Z."

As a result, it was 1946 before CBS got around to glorifying Winner Take All. This show was the Boys' first joint venture. It was conceived by Mark, while he was working as an announcer with Station KFRC, San Francisco. Having failed to sell the idea on the West Coast, he brought the script East with him when, in the summer of 1941, he and his bride sold their car to finance their invasion of New York.

Near the end of 1941 he got a job as emcee of a local quiz program, Battle of the Boroughs, and first met Bill, the show's writer. Mark showed his script to his new friend who, with his usual optimism, said, "Why don't you let me sell that for you? I think Bill—you know, Bill Paley over at CBS—would go for it." Unfortunately, L.Z. was a roadblock in the path leading from William S. Todman to William S. Paley, then president, and now chairman, of CBS.

During the ensuing four years, the Boys went their independent ways. Mark rose, as an emcee and announcer, into the $15,000-a-year class and then suffered an inexplicable case of mike fright which left him paralyzed in front of a microphone. He thereupon started all over again, as a radio writer, director and producer, and

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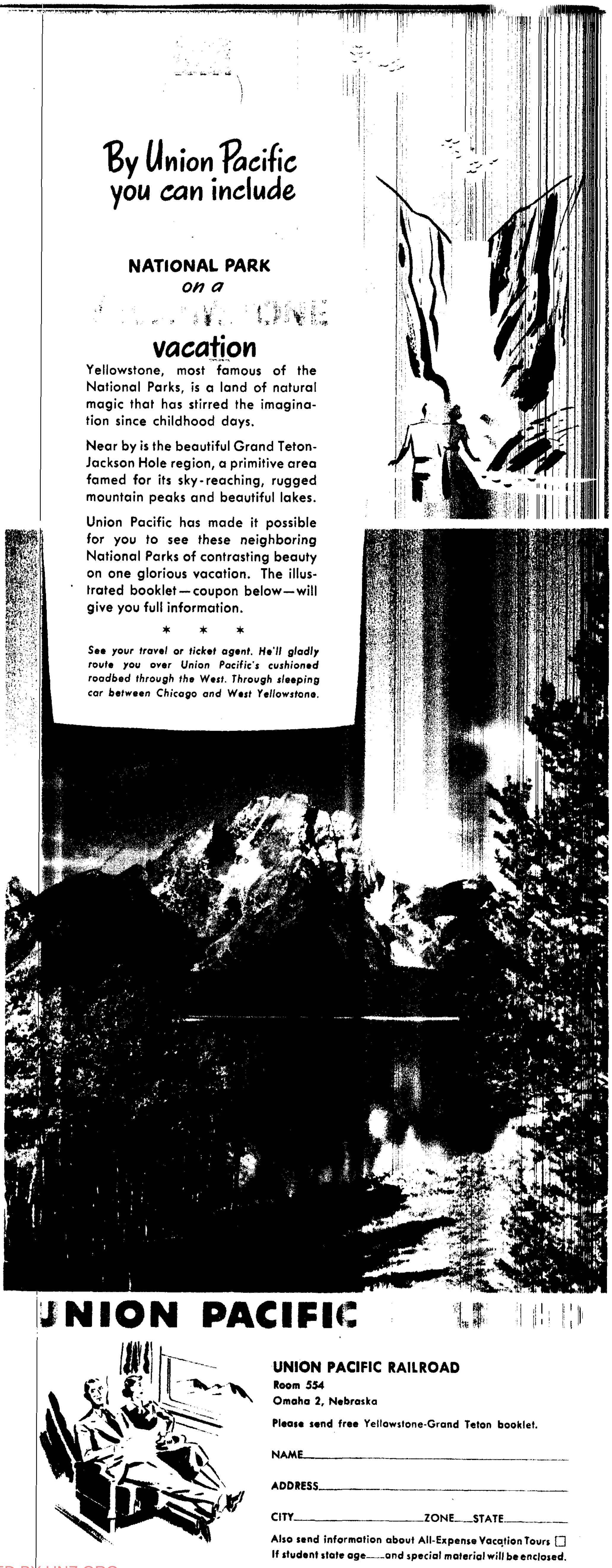

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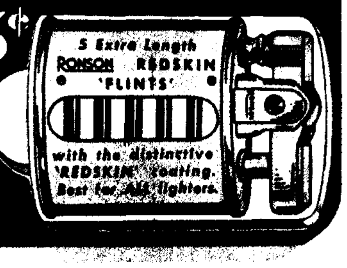

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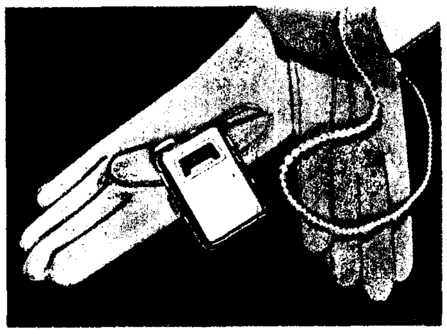

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developed so rapidly that he was chosen, from all of the directors available, to direct the mammoth wartime Treasury Salute program, for which he received the Treasury's Silver Medal Award.

Bill, meanwhile, free-lanced as a script writer, director and producer and had one year in which he earned $18,000. He passed out jobs to Mark, when he was in a position to do so, and Mark, in turn, used him as a writer on the Treasury program. Early in 1946, the CBS program department asked Bill to submit some ideas. One of the four program suggestions he sent in was a revised script of Winner Take All. CBS, ignoring the other suggestions, asked to hear an audition record of Winner (a sample performance of a show, recorded just as it would go out over the air).

Auditioning at Slight Cost

The Boys, at that point, had more nerve than capital. They bummed the use of a recording studio, late at night, and pressed their friends into service as contestants. Bill directed the show, Mark served as emcee. They spent $5.10 on the actual record, promised a sound engineer $5 if the show sold, and borrowed applause and laughs from transcriptions of Jack Benny and Bob Hope shows. After the record was cut they blew their friends to $5 worth of ham-and-eggs. It was probably the lowest-priced audition record in history. But it enabled Todman to present Winner Take All to Bill—you know, Bill Paley over at CBS. It was an immediate sale; CBS loaned the team a desk, and, as of June 3, 1946, they were in business.

Now, 13 shows and six years later, the Boys find that they have gone through two phases. During the height of the radio giveaway craze, when they were distributing $3,000,000 worth of prizes annually, on shows like Winner Take All, Hit the Jackpot and Beat the Clock, they became known, according to Variety, as "the biggest merchandising stunt in show business." Then, following another trend, they made their remarkably successful transition from radio to television and the panel show.

Not all of their efforts have been unqualified commercial successes; programs called It's In the Family, By Popular Demand and Rate Your Mate are cases in point. But it was one of their least successful shows, Spin to Win, that taught them their most valuable lesson.

This was a radio giveaway program with a jack-pot question based, as usual, on "a gimmick"; the contestant had to guess the name of a recorded song, played backward. The Boys, in their rush to get the show on the air, prepared a reverse recording of only one song, When I Grow Too Old to Dream. They took it for granted it would be weeks before any contestant could fathom the gibberish that results when music is played in reverse. They assured the manufacturers who contributed the $7,000 worth of merchandise for the opening jack pot that they could count on having their product plugged five days a week for at least four weeks.

On the first broadcast the first contestant guessed the title of the song; no one yet understands how she did it. This left the boys, in mid-broadcast, with their jack pot down, and no second record or new jack pot with which to carry on; they staggered along to the end of their air time with the aid of records and small talk. It cost them $7,000, which the show never earned back, to learn never to take anything for granted. Even though it was accepted as a freak occurrence, they had to pay for the merchandise given away on the first jack pot in order to lure the disgruntled manufacturers into putting up the merchandise for a second jack pot.

Today, the governing law of their office is Never Assume Anything. Whatever their staff has double-checked, the Boys recheck. No detail escapes their earnest attention; they even have to know why a director decides to use a 17-inch lens instead of a 15-inch lens for a specific camera shot. When they are working on the format of a new show they spend endless hours experimenting with it and scanning it for flaws before they will even submit it to a dry-run.

These formats do not come to them as hot flashes of inspiration. "They're the result of hours and hours of contriving," Bill says. "Strictly sweat jobs." The genesis of What's My Line? was a question. Some now-forgotten person asked them if, at parties, they ever tried to guess the occupations of the other guests. This led to the thought that they might be able to build a quiz game around occupations.

After endless discussion, they came up with a concept of a roving camera that would pick up an individual in an audience or on the street, with the guessing, somehow, being left up to the televiewer. This idea was eventually discarded in favor of a cross-examining panel and selected contestants, whose unusual occupations would pose a difficult problem for the panel. Then the endless details had to be worked out, from the method of penalizing the panel to the way in which they should reward the contestant. It took hours just to come up with a satisfactory guest "gimmick."

"At first," Mark says, "we planned a serious show, with no idea of playing it for laughs. As a matter of fact, we had a psychiatrist and a personnel man on our trial panel. Then, when we gave the show some trial runs before sample audiences, we discovered it was full of laugh potentials, so we switched some more and played it for comedy." The Boys estimate they spent more than 250 hours putting the finishing touches on What's My Line?; they somehow managed to spend eight hours just making up their minds to call it What's My Line? instead of What's Your Line?

Five nights a week, Mark and Bill willingly sacrifice their home life in order to supervise personally the actual telecast of their shows—a task most producers leave in the director's hands. They even take turns at warming up the studio audience and selecting the contestants for a show, a thankless job usually handled by the announcer.

When a Poet Stole the Show

Even so, things happen that they can't control. When a panelist on What's My Line? thoughtlessly asked a poet to give a sample of his work, they had to stand helplessly in the wings, having neither a lasso nor a gun with which to correct the situation, while the man recited half the show away. Another time, on the same show, the mild-mannered man in civilian clothes whose occupation was supposed to stump the panelists was exposed in 10 seconds. He was a motorcycle policeman—and he had once given panelist Arlene Francis a ticket. There was nothing the Boys could do to restore balance and timing to that performance.

Any group of interrogators asked to ferret out the profession of Goodson and Todman probably would have almost as little trouble as Miss Francis had in identifying the cop; their elegantly conservative dress and specialized patois are trade-marks of the industry. Yet despite their present close association with the radio and television business, neither of the Boys had any idea of getting into it during their early days.

Bill—the son of F. S. Todman, author of a number of books on finance—was born in New York in 1916 and spent his youth in private schools and summer camps. He went to Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, to prepare for a medical course but, while there, discovered he had a flair for writing and an interest in the theater. Also, he says, "I've too idealistic a conception of what a doctor should be. By the time I got my B.S., I'd decided that maybe a doctor's role called for more than I could give it. And at that time I was very tired, educationally. So I didn't continue."

He got a job in a chain of department stores, serving, among other things, as a sort of glorified window dresser. But he found no balm for his weariness in the role

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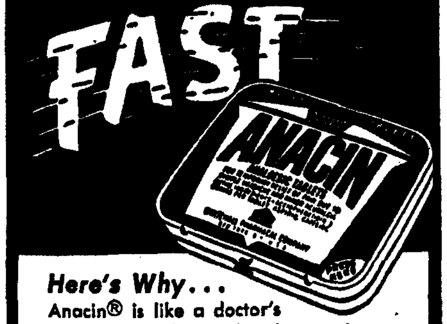

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of a clothing dummy's valet. He then walked the streets until he found a small advertising agency that was willing to appoint him head of its nonexistent radio department, at $30 a week. With his new title, he met a lot of people who really were in radio. Through them he wangled a couple of odd jobs and, within a year, launched himself as a free lance and stayed with it successfully until he joined Mark.

Lester Osterman, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and one of Bill's oldest friends, says, "All of us thought he was doomed to failure and a fool not to go in with his father. He surprised everyone but himself. I don't think he ever had any doubts—he'd bought two wrist watches with sweep second hands long before he had a show of his own to time."

Mark was born in Sacramento, in 1915. He spent his youth as a newsboy, attending public schools, and sneaking hamburgers as other youngsters sneak cigarettes, because his father was a strict vegetarian. Mark worked his way through the University of California at Berkeley, and won a Phi Beta Kappa key. He had thoughts of becoming a lawyer but, after meeting a man named Ralph Edwards on the campus and later, during his final undergraduate year, watching Edwards hit the golden jack pot in New York with a show called Truth or Consequences, he decided to abandon the law for radio.

In his senior year, as the result of his successful participation in campus theatricals, he got a job directing a local radio show, The Kay Matinee, sponsored by the Kay Jewelry Company of San Francisco. After graduation he went with KJBS, in San Francisco, as a general handy man around the studio and, later moved to KFRC as staff announcer.

For that station, in 1938, he wrote, directed and emceed his first quiz show, Pop the Question; the contestants threw darts at balloons and the color of the balloon they hit determined the amount of money they would win if they answered a question correctly. In 1940 he doubled in brass as an announcer and as the proprietor of Mickey's Kosher Sandwich Stand at the San Francisco World's Fair. Neither venture enriched him and, after he married in 1941, his wife lent him the extra amount of courage he needed to make the break and head for the town where the big jack pot waited.

He called on Ralph Edwards his first day in New York, and found that successful entrepreneur being shampooed and manicured in his own office. "Then," says Mark, "I knew New York was for me." He felt that way even after Edwards told him, "I'll introduce you to anyone or everyone, but it'll still be a tough fight, boy"—and even after the first radio executive Edwards introduced him to advised him to return to San Francisco because "You're much too serious to succeed in radio."

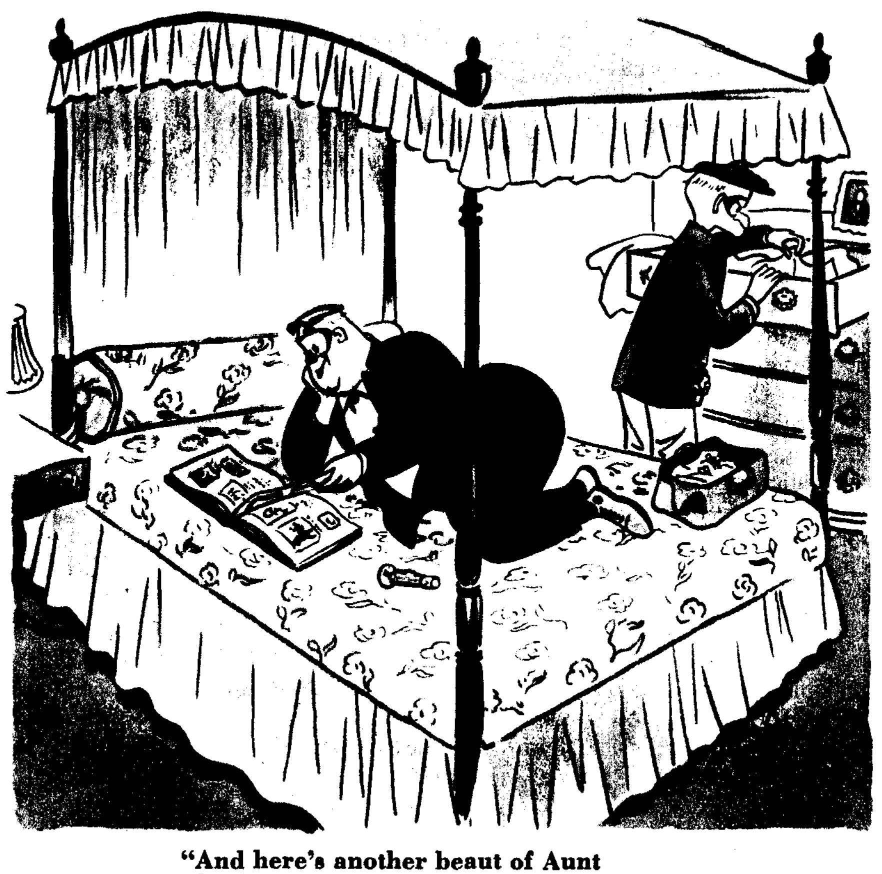
As predicted, New York played hard to get, and it was five months before Mark earned a dollar: a friend got him a job as a contestant in a radio pie-eating contest, which he won. He made $10. Two months later, he landed his job with Battle of the Boroughs and met Bill.

Things have changed considerably since those parlous days, but the Boys, still competitive and ambitious, are far from satisfied. They have goals. They are both unabashedly fond of money and intend to make more of it. Bill says, "My friendly, may I tell you that I like loot. Not only for what it buys, bless it, but for what it stands for." Mark enlarges on the subject, "To me, money is mostly a symbol of success and applause. Of course, I've had too many mashed-potato-and-catsup lunches not to enjoy what it buys. But, if I had to, I think I could get along again without a spare camel's-hair coat."

And they both have a speculative eye on Broadway. Mark would like to direct and produce plays. Bill would like to write and produce a musical comedy. As Mark explains it, "We get to feeling we're on top of the heap and then, suddenly, there's a flash of lightning and we realize we're standing on top of a molehill, surrounded by some mighty towering mountains."

It's the consensus of their associates that two guys who make a daily practice of producing manufacturers of exploding cigars and people named B. O. Plenty and Trinity Church at a moment's notice should have no trouble locating a couple of slightly used alpenstocks, when they're ready to go mountain climbing. THE END

BUTCH



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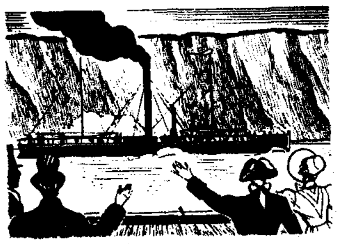

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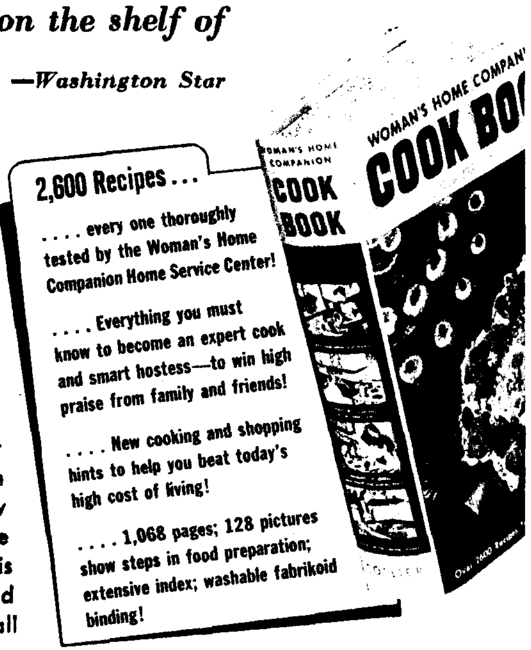

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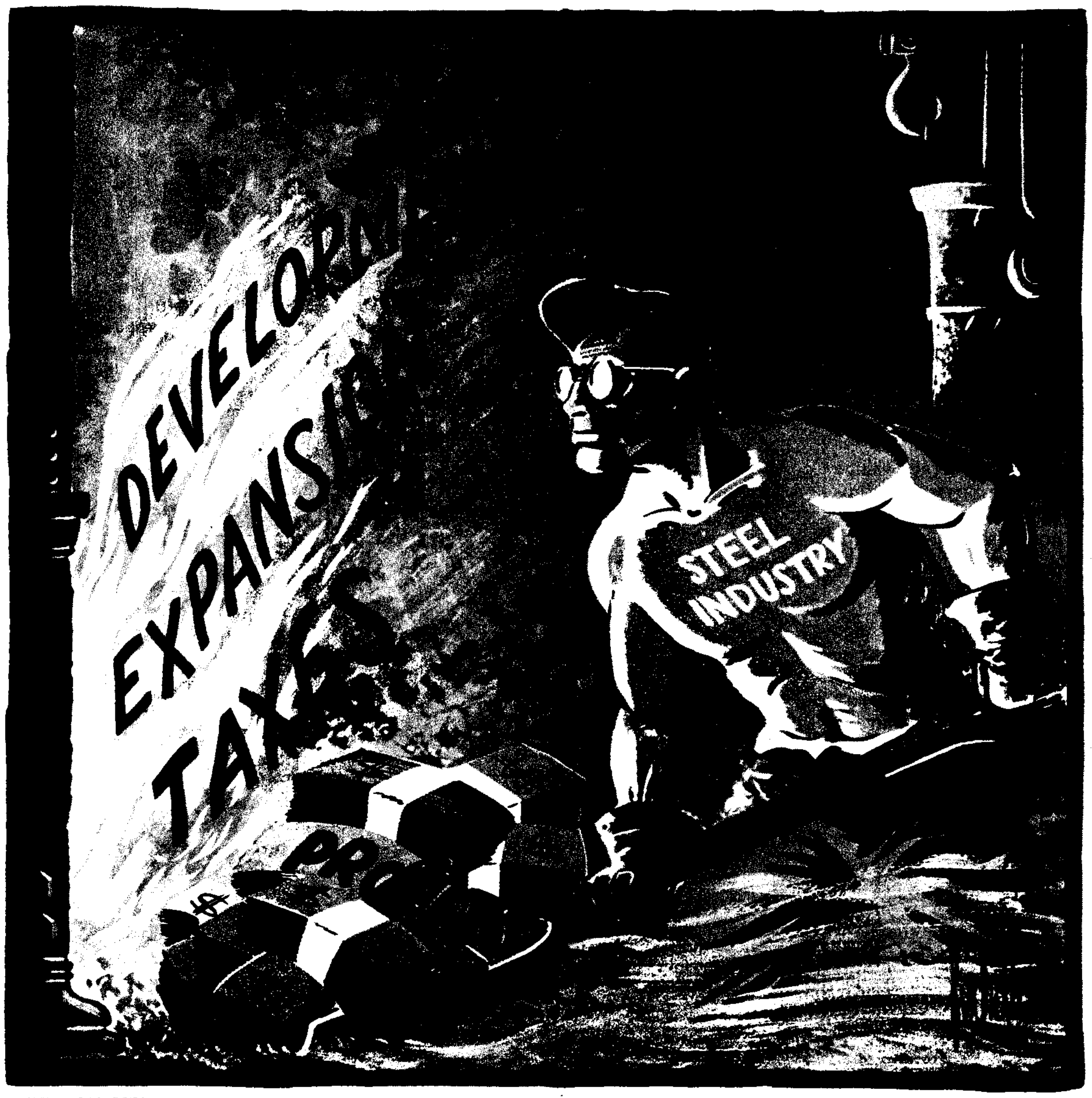

JOHN FISCHETTI

Profits Fire Up Progress

THERE WERE A FEW THINGS that Mr. Truman forgot to mention in his speech announcing the government's seizure of the steel industry. The President remembered to call the steel companies greedy. He remembered to quote their profits—before taxes, that is—and to call those profits extremely high. He was able to assure the country, on the basis of those quite unrealistic figures, that the industry was well able to give the steelworkers the biggest pay increase they had ever received, absorb an estimated billion dollars annually in added labor costs, and keep steel prices where they were.

But Mr. Truman neglected to say anything about some things that the "greedy" steel industry is doing with its actual, much-smaller-after-taxes profits to help ensure the country's safety and prosperity, as well as to keep the steel companies in business. For instance, he ignored a huge expansion and development program resulting from the fact that the continental United States is running out of high-grade iron ore. The demands of World War II hastened the exhaustion of the vast Mesabi Range in Minnesota and of the lesser sources. Engineers today estimate that the supply of high-grade ore in this country will be gone in from 10 to 20 years, depending on the rate of consumption.

To offset this depletion the steel companies have done two things: they have looked outside the country for new ore fields, and they have gone to work on perfecting processes to convert the low-grade ore which is found here at home. Their successful search for new sources of supply has taken them, among other places, to Liberia (Republic Steel), to the dense equatorial jungles of Venezuela (United States Steel and Bethlehem), and to the cold and barren wastes of Labrador (several major companies). But the successful search is only the beginning of a complicated and expensive undertaking.

Developing a new field means more than bringing in machinery and digging ore. It means building railroads and, where possible, harbor facilities. It means buying rail equipment, buying or building ships, constructing whole new towns—houses, schools, churches, stores, everything. It also means, incidentally, that such programs as these are advancing, through employment and better living conditions, the essential purposes of the President's Point Four plan.

The locating and developing of new ore sources will cost literally billions of dollars. And American steel companies are willing to spend those billions if they have them. One company alone, Republic, has committed itself since the war to a development and expansion program costing $450,000,000. About $150,000,000 of that sum will come from present and future borrowing. But $175,000,000 will have to be taken out of profits and depreciation allowances.

All of this, naturally, is not being done out of pure altruism. The steel companies want to remain in operation, and they want to remain solvent. But in the course of achieving those ends they are assuring the steelworkers of continuing employment, and they are assuring the country of a continuing supply of steel, not only for civilian uses but for the present emergency—and for the far greater emergency that all-out war would bring.

These are some of the factors in the steel picture that Mr. Truman overlooked, either willfully or through lack of information. He did not say, in his proposed "solution" of the steel controversy, what was to be done about securing for the country a safe and adequate supply of future raw material. He did not say whether our dwindling resources are to be simply ignored, or whether the government proposes to add a few billions to an overloaded budget and take over the development job itself.

We trust that, before this appears in print, wiser counsel than the President's will have found a fair and reasonable balance between the steelworkers' demands and the steel companies' ability to pay without curtailing their foresighted plan to put new ore fields into production before the present ones give out. But even so, such action will not erase the memory of Mr. Truman's partisan, dogmatic and demagogic speech. It will not justify his highhanded and legally dubious seizure of the steel industry as the penalty for nonconformity. Leaders of labor, incidentally, are aware that this penalty can work both ways. As James P. Shields, Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, said recently: "In the light of the Cleveland decision (a federal court injunction against a New York Central strike), and the seizure of the steel industry, this nation is faced with the specter of continuing and expanding involuntary servitude unless present seizure tactics are wiped out on constitutional grounds."

Nor will any future action dissolve the suspicion that his whole performance was dictated by a consideration of the hundreds of thousands of potential Democratic votes among the steelworkers, and the hopeful consequences of appeasement, rather than by a regard for the health of the country's economy and industry, and the welfare of the population as a whole.

Another Soviet Lie Exposed

WHEN IT COMES TIME to pick the next Pulitzer prize winners, we trust that the awards committee will consider the New York Times's service in calling the Reds' bluff about the American use of "germ warfare" in Korea.

This charge, perhaps the most loathsome of all the Reds' countless lies, was backed by photographic "evidence" in the Peiping press, which purported to show disease-bearing germs and insects, and one of the bombs that dropped them. The Times asked leading scientists and Air Force officials to examine the photographs. Their findings: the germs and insects were either harmless or not the type that carry the alleged diseases; the "germ bomb" was a bomb which the Air Force uses to drop propaganda leaflets.

We are glad once again to see a private American publication stand up to the Red propaganda machine and vindicate the truth. And since the Times is a newspaper of world circulation as well as world renown, we hope its refutation will eventually reach the people who were the target of the big lie—the Asiatic masses whom Stalin and Mao have tried to infect with the poisonous germs of hatred for the United States.

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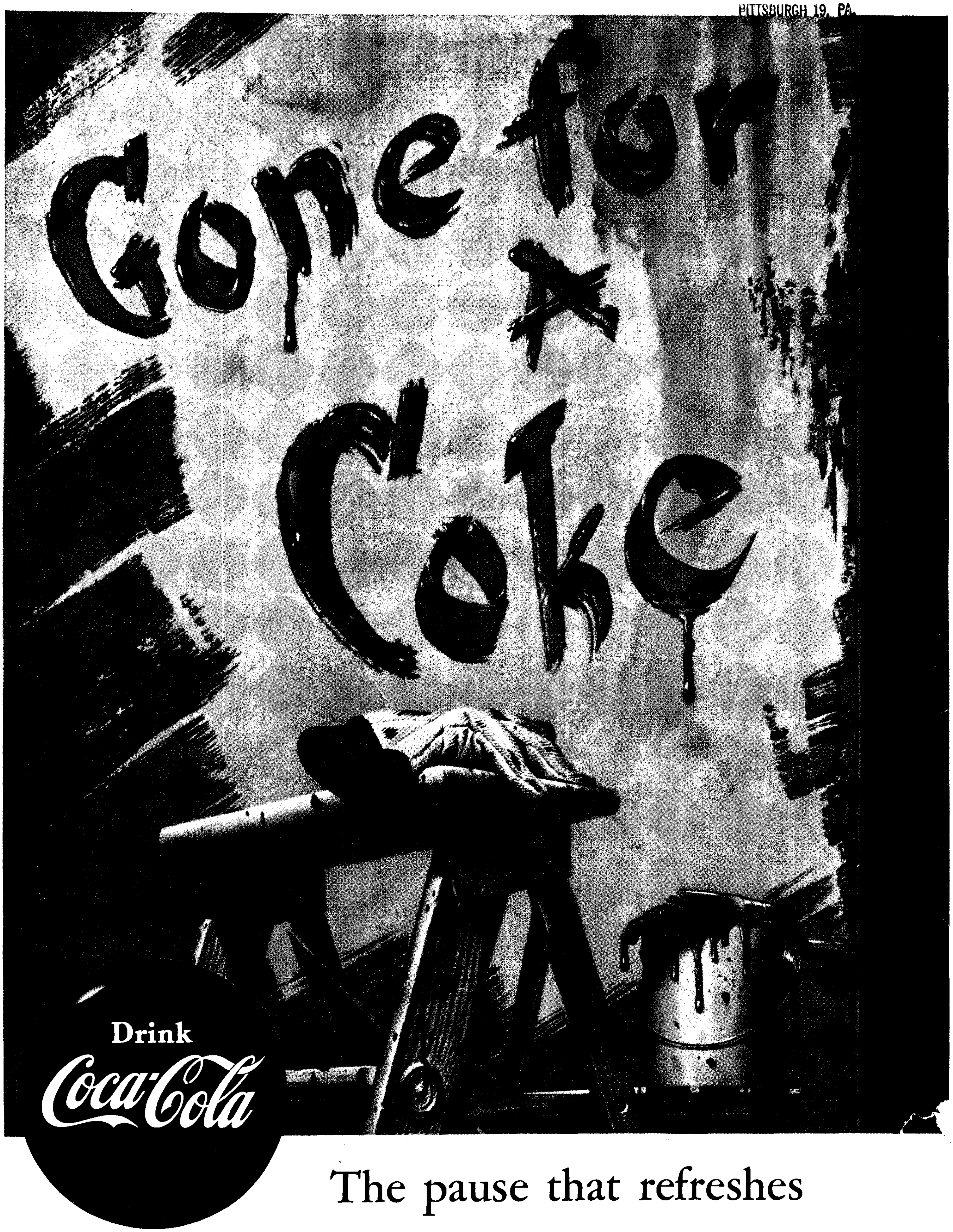
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